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New Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson

EDITED BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

[FIRST PAPER]

LADY COLVIN has consented to the printing of the following hitherto unpublished letters and portions of letters addressed to her by Robert Louis Stevenson, chiefly in the early days of their friendship (1873–1876). She had for long felt them to be too intimate and unreserved for the general eye, but her reluctance has now yielded to lapse of years. Those who possess the printed volumes of Stevenson's correspondence will easily tell where to place and how to understand this new matter; but for other readers a few words of introduction seem necessary.

It must be borne in mind, then, that the years to which most of these letters belong were years when Stevenson's character was as yet unformed and his life beset by many difficulties—his years, in a word, of *Sturm und Drang*. In his case the *Sturm und Drang* were specially severe; partly from the native fire of genius in his blood, partly through his extreme diffidence and uncertainty as to his own powers and purposes, still more by reason of the painful misunderstanding, chiefly on religious grounds, which existed for the time being between himself and his father; and not a little, lastly, through the reaction of his temperament against the uncongenial austerity of the climate, moral and mental, of his native Edinburgh.

All these elements of disturbance were working dangerously in him, together with the strain arising from physical ill-health, when he first met Mrs. Sitwell (now Lady Colvin) on a visit at a country rectory in Suffolk in his twenty-third year. In her he found from the first the full measure of womanly understanding and sympathy of which his nature was in need. Her helpfulness was presently backed by the technical advice and encouragement of Sidney Colvin; and under these joint influences he quickly began to find his feet in literature, and to win acceptance for his work in the best periodicals of the day. Several of the schemes begun at this time and mentioned with eagerness in his letters came in the end to nothing; others of his efforts were readily accepted by such editors as Philip Gilbert Hamerton (*The Portfolio*), George Grove (*Macmillan's Magazine*), and Leslie Stephen (*Cornhill Magazine*).

The three letters first following are indicative of Stevenson's state of mind and health in the months next following his Suffolk visit of 1873. The first was written

*** The notes and explanations added to the following correspondence have been kindly supplied by Sir Sidney Colvin; the references to letters already printed are to the four-volume edition of 1911 (Scribners).

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after a brief stay in London at the end of August and beginning of September; the second a few days later, after a terribly trying scene with his father consequent on his having fallen away from orthodox Christian beliefs under the influence, as the father supposed, of his cousin "Bob"—that is, Robert Alan Stevenson, Louis's senior by three years, already a dazzlingly original and stimulating talker, afterwards one of the most interesting of recognized critical authorities on the theory and practise of the fine arts. The third letter was written a couple of months later, after Stevenson had broken down badly in health and been peremptorily ordered abroad by the wise physician, Sir Andrew Clark, consulted on the suggestion of his London friends and privately warned by them of the nature of his home troubles.

[17, Heriot Row,
EDINBURGH,]
September, 1873.

I went away so happy on Saturday night, my dear friend; I could not contain my happiness and the people that passed looked at me with a point of interrogation for a long way. You need not be afraid of my writing so; it is all right and I cannot tell you how good a thing it is for me that I came to London and saw you. I am still rather tired, but well. I cannot pretend that I am glad to be back in Edinburgh. I find that I hate the place now to the backbone and only keep myself quiet by telling myself that it is not for ever.

They were glad to see me and in a kind of way so was I; but that is a horrid subject.

I just finished in a hurry; this is not a letter but an intimation. Good-bye,

Ever your faithful friend,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The pleasure has not yet passed out of my nerves; I feel so quiet and pleasant to myself.

[EDINBURGH,]
Tuesday, Sept. 9th, 1873,
11.40 P. M.

I was sitting up here working away at John Knox, when the door opened and Bob came in with his hands over his face and sank down on a chair and began to sob. He was scarcely able to speak at first, but he found voice at least, and I then found that he had come to see me, had met my father in the way and had just brought to an end an interview with him. There is now, at least, one person in the world who knows what I have had to face, and what a tempest of emotions my father can raise when he is really excited. I am so tired at heart and tired in body that I cannot tell you the result tonight. They shook hands; my father said that he wished him all happiness, but prayed him, as the one favour that could be done him, that he should never see him between the eyes again. And so parted my father and my friend. To-morrow I shall give more details.

Wednesday.

The object of the interview is not very easy to make out; it had no practical issue except the ludicrous one that Bob promised never to talk Religion to me any more. It was awfully rough on him, you know; he had no idea that there was that sort of thing in the world, although I had told him often enough—my father on his knees and that kind of thing. O dear, dear, I just hold on to your hand very tight and shut my eyes. If it had not been for the thoughts of you, I should have been twice as cut up; somehow it all seems to simplify when I think of you; tell me again that I am not such cold poison to everybody as I am to some.

3 P. M.

I hope you are well. To continue the story, I have seen Bob again, and he has had a private letter from my father, apologizing for anything he may have said, but adhering to the substance of the interview. If I had not a very light heart and a great faculty of interest in what is under hand, I really think I should go mad under this wretched state of matters. Even the calm of our daily life is all glossing, there is a sort of tremor through it all and a whole world of repressed bitterness. I do not think of it, because it is one of those inevitable fates that no thinking can mend. As Luther said "Ich kann nicht anders—hier stehe ich—Gott helfe mir."

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And yet I did not wish to harm any one; and don't; and I *would* do what I could, if I could do anything.

Now, don't get bothered about this. It has been as bad before any time this last year, and then I had no one to talk the bitterness to.

I am afraid this letter is incoherent a little; but this and yesterday have been rather bad days with me. How poor all my troubles are compared with yours; I am such a scaly alligator and go through things on the whole so toughly and cheerily. I hope you will not misunderstand this letter and think I am *Werther*ing all over the place. I am quite happy and never think about these bothers, and I am sure if you were to ask my father and mother they would tell you that I was as unconcerned as any Heathen deity; but "heartless levity" was always one of my complaints. And a good thing, too. "Werena my heart licht, I wad die."

I take it kind in Nature, having a day of broad sunshine and a great west wind among the garden trees, at this time of all others; the sound of wind and leaves comes in to me through the window, and if I shut my eyes I might fancy myself some hundred miles away under a certain tree. And that is a consolation, too; these things *have been.*

> "To-morrow, let it shine or rain,
> Yet cannot this the past make vain;
> Nor uncreate and render void
> That which was yesterday enjoyed."

I have the proof of it at my heart, it never felt so light and happily stirred in the old days. Just now, when the whole world looks to me as if it were lit with gas, and life a sort of metropolitan railway, it is a great thing to have clear memory of sunny places. How my mind rings the changes upon sun and sunny! Farewell, my dearest friend,

R. L. S.

[LONDON,]
Nov. 4, 1873,
3.30.

My dear friend, Clark is a trump. He said I must go abroad and that I was better alone. "Mothers," he said, "just put fancies into people's heads and make them fancy themselves worse than they are." My mother (with some justice) denied this soft impeachment. However, they are evidently bent on my return in six weeks at longest; I hope they may find resignation, for methinks I shall manage to disappoint them. All seems to go well; they are rather (I think) pleased than the reverse with what they have heard (I have only seen my mother) and the admirable placidity of their minds does not seem to be at all perturbed. I had a slight spar with my mother this afternoon about my movements to-morrow. She said "You shall not have everything your own way, I can tell you." I said "I don't expect it, but surely I may please myself as to where I am to sleep." She caved in incontinently and asked it as a favour, whereupon I facilely gave way and promised.

8.30.

Your note is come. Thanks. I go to-morrow to Dover. Thursday night I shall be in Paris; Friday, Sens; Saturday, Macon; Sunday, Avignon. I should like a little note at Avignon. How difficult it is to write on paper that has been folded already. By the way, the whole scheme came out during dinner. I was to have been despatched to Torquay with my mother; Clark disposed of all that at one breath; they think no end of Clark.

Do keep well and be strong and jolly; and let me hear that you are blooming. I do look forward to the sun and I go with a great store of contentment—bah! what a mean word—of living happiness that I can scarce keep bottled down, in my weatherbeaten body. Do be happy.

Ever your faithful friend,

R. L. S.

The next letter was written at various stages of his invalid journey to the South of France.

DOVER, Nov. 5th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I came down to-day in company with a man who regaled me with the chronicle of accidents that had befallen him. He had broken in his time seven ribs, a collar bone, a leg and an arm, and seemed not one penny the worse. The country was very lovely, one grand spread of russet and green, and to the Medway, which accompanied us a little way, I quite lost my heart. To-night it blows most lamenta-

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bly, and the noise of both wind and sea dins in my ears. I fear I shall not have a pleasant crossing.

My father was much delighted with you, as I knew of course he would be; but you and Colvin have so lamentably overdone your solemnity that you have given rise to an entirely new theory of my illness. I have been in "the very worst possible hands," my illness is almost entirely owing to your society; and so forth. Are they not perplexing people to deal with?

I have an article in my head which I think might do for the Portfolio; you see you always inspire me.

PARIS, November 6th.

We had a very bad passage; there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth all round me; the table in the centre of the cabin was overset and an avalanche of bags, camp-stools, coats, etc., was sent down to leeward, one heavy lurch, to the great discomfiture of many. I was not sick; wherefore I rejoiced greatly. I am very tired or I should have had a great deal to say to you. As it is I must just say what I *would* have said. I would have said a lot about the *smell* of foreign towns, which you will be able to supply; and a lot also about effects of poplars, which seem to me sometimes quite perfect, especially rivers winding hither and thither in a discreet diplomatic way and always between poplar colonnades. There were two English ladies in the carriage with me going to Italy under the guidance of a man; all three stolid, obtuse, and unemotional. It did make me angry to think that a third of the money that will be spent in hawking these dull creatures through all that is sunny and beautiful would suffice to take you, with all your eager sensibilities and quick nerves.

It is not nine yet, and I am overcome with sleep. To-night I arrived tired in a great city after nightfall; and I did the same on the Saturday before last; only how different were the two arrivals! To-night I was going a stranger among strangers; and on Saturday I was coming *home*.

I went out and dined at a café and then smoked a pipe up and down the streets. It was cold a little but I could not resist the lights and the pleasant sound of the new language in my ears. McMahon's address is pasted up everywhere, and political pictures fill the windows.

I sleep ten and lie in bed twelve hours consistently. I have had breakfast and have just crawled upstairs to get a rest. My room is on the sixth floor, although they make it out to be the fourth floor only by dint of calling one the entresol and not calling another anything at all.

I just stop to remark upon French dogs, which seem to me more French considerably than the French people. They are charmingly national. I saw two to-day reading McMahon's message, or pretending to read it, with patriotic concern.

I am half in doubt whether I shall go on to-day or not but I shall if I am able. Paris is cold, and wearies me a little besides, and then I do wish to get settled and have my books and papers all about me once more and be able to write to you in comfort instead of shivering up here among the sparrows. I am very like a sparrow on the housetop, by the bye: by a peculiar disposition of the neighbouring roofs, the idea that one is in the open air is almost irresistibly forced upon one in this *numéro dix-ter*, and there is nothing in the temperature to belie it.

I am growing gradually more rested while I gossip with you. I wish to go to the Poste Restante, just *in case*, and thence to some good booksellers to inquire about a lot of books on the French Calvinists which are necessary to my little Covenanting game. It amuses me hugely to go on writing thus.

If I only were not tired I would write such lots; but my spine is beginning to crawl. So goodbye,

R. L. STEVENSON.

After spending some weeks at the Hotel du Pavillon, Mentone, varied by a short visit in my company to Monte Carlo, Stevenson settled again for the rest of the winter at Mentone, at the Hotel Mirabeau (now, I believe, defunct), in the Eastern bay, and there found much pleasure in the society of two Russian sisters, Madame Garschine and Madame Zassetzky. Such society was entirely new to him, nor had Russian character and manners been illuminated for English readers

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then, as they have been now, by scores of famous translated novels and others, scarcely less remarkable, by English students of the country. Of these two ladies of the Russian aristocracy, his elders by some fifteen or more years, the senior and more dashing, Mme. Z., it presently appeared, had a standing *liaison* of her own at home. Her gentler sister, Mme. G., was unattached, and soon began to take an interest in Stevenson which, as will be seen by the innocent confessions of the following letters, he feared for a while might be tenderer than he was prepared to reciprocate. But their relations presently quieted down into those of a comfortable and mutually interesting friendship—for to these Russian ladies this brilliant and bashful Scottish youth afforded a study quite as new as that which they presented to him. Of the two children mentioned, one, Pella, was a girl of some seven or eight, of no particular interest; Nelitchka, a two-year-old or little more, was of a childish charm which gave Stevenson endless delight. Which sister was the mother of which child, or of both, was a mystery he was never allowed to solve. The "Robinet" mentioned in this letter was a bush-bearded French landscape painter, sometimes known as "le Raphaël des cailloux" from the more than pre-Raphaelite minuteness of his treatment of the foreground detail of pebbled shores; a devout Catholic and reactionary, and withal the best of genial good fellows.

[MENTONE, January, 1874,]
Friday.

I have been altogether upset this evening and my quiet work knocked on the head. I told you I did not understand the Russians; but I didn't tell you altogether why; indeed, I don't know if I quite *can* tell you yet. But the reason is this: I don't know what Mme. G.'s little game is with regard to me. Certainly she has either made up her mind to make a fool of me in a somewhat coarse manner, or else she is in train to make a fool of herself. I don't care which it is (though I sincerely hope it is the former) if it would only take a definite shape; but in the meantime, I am damnably embarrassed and yet funnily interested. It is very funny. They must want to make a fool of me; and yet they must suppose me to be *such* a fool. It is too coarse for a joke. I wish you were here to tell me which it is. I have not thought it necessary to say anything about my own opinions in the matter, and I won't.

It is very odd what a fool they must think me. I can*not* get over it. Now, to-night, Mme. Z. asked to examine my hand. It was evidently a put-up thing, because I had asked her before and she did not do it. Well, she had hardly looked at it before she gave a little start and a cry (she is a finished actress), then followed some hasty, rather excited talk between her and her sister in Russian, and then Mme. Z. said: "Il y a quelque chose ici que ma soeur me défend de vous dire," and then after a pause, "Et cependant je crois bien que vous comprenez." A chair next Mme. G. became vacant, she motioned me to take it and talked to me for a long time quite sincerely and nicely about anything you like. I took the first occasion of leaving the chair and going away; when up gets Mme. with a sort of fling and changes her seat also, saying something to her sister quite angrily in Russian.

You must understand that since my illness I have been unspeakably timid, bashful and blushful—I don't know why—and I suppose that that is where the humour of the thing lies.

There is a first report. We shall see how this goes on. I feel easier now I have told you how the thing stood; I did not care to tell you of the very vague and possibly foolish notions that I have had before, but to-night has cleared the matter up so far; and it now must be one of two things—a deliberate plant or an affair, which may bother me. It makes it all the more difficult for me to know how to act, that I really do like Mme. G., and am sorry for her; feelings that will not be lessened at all by this plant; if only she would be done with it. You know my impersonal way of liking people and how I would no more change my admiration for a person because I suffered from her than I would for the grace of an aloe because I pricked my finger with it or for the ocean because it drowned for me my dearest friend. Mme. G. is a very fine organisation whom it gives me pleasure

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to study, a pleasure which will be neither increased nor diminished by this business, however it turns out.

Saturday.

A rainy day has kept the Russians at home, so I know no more than last night. Although I think more and more that Madame's intention was to get up a sorry little flirtation with as much seriousness as these things admit of, I am still pleased by thinking that the crass, almost brutal, stupidity that I exhibited last night may put an end to it.

I wish I could hear how you were. I can't make out what has come to my hand; I can't write legibly in the new position, and in the old I can't write at all. I am very well but utterly stupid; more utterly stupid than ever. Stupidity can't go further now, *Dieu merci!* My head is sewed up altogether. No unpleasant feelings, no fluidity, no creeping; only perfect stupidity.

9 o'clock.

Yes, I have succeeded, I think, in getting this thing straightened up. Mme. G. has been, as ever, very nice and *interested* with me this evening, and there has been no more bosh. This gives me great pleasure. Mme. Z., in giving characters all round (for a forfeit) said of me: "Monsieur est un jeune homme que je ne comprends pas. Il n'est pas méchant, je sais cela, mais après, ténèbres, ténèbres, ténèbres, rien que des ténèbres." That I understand for the best also; I believe it means that they are quite befogged with me and give me up. I am sincerely glad things have turned out thus; for I am very happy here among these people, and I was afraid there was going to be a difficulty. I don't think there will be now.

I am very well, feel very much as I did before the breakdown, that is to say, quite alive again, but useless, shaky, and nervous. I think S. C. would find a change in me, but I thought I should have recovered into good health, and not into my old shaky health as I seem to be doing.

Sunday.

Yes, I adhere to both my good statements of yesterday; I am better; and the Russian difficulty—the Eastern question, so to speak—is solved. Both of the ladies are very kind and jolly to me to-day, and this is the second without any foolishness up to now. They are both of them the frankest of mortals, and have complained to me, in one way or other, that I am to them as some undiscovered animal. They do not seem to cultivate R. L. S.'s in Muscovy. It has been rather a curious episode.

Robinet and I went this evening to tea with them; Mme. Johnson was ill; so neither she nor her husband could go. Well, my news is pleasant; the conversation was interesting as usual—Mme. Z. is certainly a very clever woman. But to-night it turned out that they know Mill and Spencer; that Mill's death was regarded as a calamity in Russia; that they are people of like views with us. At present, their word is to support the Empire, the people being unfit for power and the Empire lending itself to all advances; but their opinions are most hopeful. It does one's heart good and gives one great hope for Russia. I wish you could know these two women; you would like them. As for me, I think I am at my ease now; they have changed their manner to me greatly and I do think there is an end of the nonsense. I know that Mme. Z. has now an exaggerated notion of my talents and character, and that will help. I have ceased to play the stupid, and take things as they come, and it seems to pay.

Monday.

Yes, I am much better, very much better I think I may say. Although it is funny how I have ceased to be able to write with the improvement of my health. I shouldn't wonder if I returned into a schoolboy phase. Do you notice how for some time back you have had no descriptions of anything; the reason is that I can't describe anything. No words come to me when I see a thing just now. I want awfully to tell you, to-day, about a little "piece" of green sea, and gulls, and clouded sky with the usual golden mountain-breaks to the southward. It was wonderful, the sea near at hand was living emerald; the white breasts and wings of the gulls as they circled above—high above even—were dyed bright green by the reflection. And if you could only have seen, or if any right word would only

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come to my pen to tell you, how wonderfully these illuminated birds floated hither and thither under the grey-purple of the sky!

Mademoiselle Pella made another attempt at killing her mother (her aunt), but her aunt (her mother) was there and she does seem to have a sort of sway over the child which the other has not; and yet how the child hates her!

I am the worst writer in the world. You can't tell how I hate that; it is a continual series of shameful surprises for me, now, to write, even a letter to you; I don't manage to say what I mean.

I think I may send off this letter to-day. I have certainly come to a stage; I think to the last stage. However, I am quite tranquil and cheery and well. I shall expect with interest a wise letter from you.

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[MENTONE, February, 1874,]
Tuesday.

Yesterday I could not write somehow. Your letter has just arrived—hurray! that sounds better—and the bird of paradise. I have more to tell you, of course, about the Russians. I am just a little afraid I am behaving badly. They amuse and interest me immensely. They are the only nice people really in Mentone; and so I have now given way altogether and spend all my time with them. I do think it is all right, however. I am quite as much with the one as with the other. I will tell you about yesterday; and you can judge for yourself. At lunch Mme. G. sat next me; in the afternoon they were sitting on the beach, and as Mme. Z. was writing, I camped on Mme. G.'s shawl and talked for, I daresay, about an hour. At dinner Mme. Z. came and sat next me, and, after dinner, as Nellie had been sick and was at home, she had to go back and asked me to come with her. Until Nellie went to bed, we amused her, and then we sat and smoked cigarettes together, and talked marriage and society and all sorts of things until Mme. G. came in from the Hotel about nine. I offered to go, as in duty bound, but was made to stay and stopped with the pair of them until half past ten. They really are two of the splendidest people in the world. I will tell you something about both of them that will interest you. 1st. The Princess: What breaks her heart is Germany. "I wish," she says, "to found Society upon love, and here I find the happiest possible families, consisting of a learned professor and a kitchenmaid. Even Goethe was happiest with his kitchenmaid. If I could, I *wouldn't believe* in Germany." 2nd. Mme. G. All I know about her is from Mme. Z. She is reserved about herself. However, she is so bigoted in the views that we hold, so convinced that all paltering with error only does harm that she has never been to church since she has married. Consequently, the peasants believe she is a devil. They know, however, that she takes better care of them than anyone else, and this is not an uncommon scene. A woman, in childbirth, sends for her, and beseeches her to make the sign of the Cross ("because we know that you have Satan in you") before she touches her. Madame is inflexible. "I have nothing to do with either God or Satan," she says always. "You know *me*, and you know whether I come to you with a good intention or no. If you think I don't, you should not let me come, and I will go away again." Isn't that a strange person? and a fine person? I *do* wish you could know these two women; you would like them and they would interest you, just as I like them and am interested in them. Mme. Z. has had ten kids; this, she says, explains her ignorance; her ignorance does not need much explanation as there is not much of it. Mme. Z. did not come to lunch. Mme. G. was there and we had a talk which enlightened me a good deal as to her character. We somehow got on to Christ. "J'en suis amoureux," she said, "I have never loved any man I have seen. I want to have been one of those women who did love him and followed him." This Christ business explains the bigotry.

I have bought a new hat, a brigand sort of arrangement. I don't think it partakes much of the perpetual loveliness of old marbles. There is a delicate bloom upon it that the first shower, I know, will remove. It is probably glue, and if so, God knows what may be the result on the coherency of the whole structure.

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In health, on this beautiful day, I am perfect. I have been sitting alone by the sea, with a sunshade between me and the sun, and feeling just as happy as I could be and telling myself all manner of nice things. Corsica was just visible on the horizon and, what was far more lovely, ranges of delicate cloud-mountains, white and faint and far-away, in the intense pale blue; for the blue has a way of being at once intense and pale; even of ceasing to be blue altogether, and changing into a nameless whiteness, like that at the heart of a violet (I think, or a pansy?) that somehow, is to me like a perfume. The gulls, as usual, sailed by continually, tilted, and on the watch for fish.

10.30.

O yes. It's all right. These people like me now, and it's all right, I feel sure. I have spent this evening also with them —Robinet and I—and they *are* nice. I am awfully lucky to have found them. Mme. Z. says she will let Nelitchka go on the stage if she has the vocation, as seems likely. N. is a darling and no mistake.

Wednesday, 4 o'clock.

Nothing to-day to tell you, except that the weather is lovely and I am well and stupid. I have quite got over my fears about what you know and take the goods that the Gods supply me withal, contentedly and unenquiringly. Nelitchka is still seedy, and I have not seen her once to-day, which is a privation.

Thursday.

I hope my last letter did not bother you; I was bothered myself a little when I wrote it. I am not bothered now. Mme. G. is very nice to me, sweet and serious. Mme. Z. has a great idea that I am very clever, I think; indeed, they both have. You know it is with me, as with you; people will take me for being cleverer than I feel. Only I understand it in my case. I do say and think nice and true things; people observe that; and they cannot tell the want of *suite* and fibre, the defect of strong continuousness, that there is behind it all.

I wonder if I was wrong to write to you as I did last? I don't think so. I do want always to write what is up in my mind; besides it was a matter about which I wished counsel. And God knows, I don't understand it yet. The extreme niceness that is shown now, far more than before, is still inexplicable to me. I am disoriented—all abroad. However, not unpleasantly now.

I have been all the afternoon in the garden playing with Nellie and talking to Mme. Z. She has written three comedies (almost farces as far as I could judge from her description) which have been very successful. Mme. G. did not appear at all upon the scene. It was she who asked me in and she left the moment I accepted the invitation. Nellie made my life a burden to me, playing hide and seek and making me eat bread whether I would or not; we are now excellent friends. Mme. Z. demanded "à quand les noces?" But I have a serious rival in M. Robinet, whom she calls "Nenet," and whom, as he walks with her arm in arm with his legs doubled, she regards as a little boy.

Friday.

My dear friend, I cannot write this morning, and I wanted to write. You must just take my adieux without any embellishment.

Ever your faithful friend,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

His correspondent had been visiting a sister in Paris and was now returning to London. The "paper" is one of his early essays for *The Portfolio*. "Walt Whitman" is a study of that poet on which he was already engaged, but which he did not get executed to his satisfaction till five years later.

[MENTONE, January, 1874,]
Monday.

I just wish to say good-night to you. To-day has been windy, but not cold. The sea was troubled and had a fine fresh saline smell like our own seas, and the sight of the breaking waves and, above all, the spray that drove now and again in my face, carried me back to storms that I have enjoyed, O how much! Still (as Mme. Z. remarked) there is something irritating in a stormy sea whose waves come always to the same spot and no further. It looks like playing at passion; it

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reminds one of the loathsome sham waves in a stage-ocean.

To-morrow, you go, and to-morrow night, the straits will be again between us. Absence from you brings home distances to me wonderfully, and I have a sort of bird's eye picture of the space that separates us always under my eye. I am afraid my letters will again cease to amuse you, for I have got used to my surroundings and begin to take the people a little more as a matter of course.

No, my paper is not good, it has the right stuff in it, but I have not got it said. I am afraid S. C. when he comes, will be disappointed. I did not tell you he had written me such a jolly note, saying he hoped a great deal from me. It is very nice of him, but I am not so good a card as he thinks; it is very doubtful to me if I shall ever have wit enough to do more than good paragraphs. However, a good paragraph is a good paragraph, and may give tired people rest and pleasure, quite as well as a good book, although for not so long; a flower in a pot is not a garden, but it is a flower for all that, and its perfume does the heart good. So let us take heart of grace and be happy.

Tuesday.

The weather is all right again, soft and sunny and like summer. For some days, I have been off work, owing to cold, etc., but to-morrow I hope to get to it again; this unhappy Walt Whitman. I generally find myself no good, when it is in the question. O, your last letter was just what I wanted.

Thursday.

I am better again, having been indifferent out of it, these two last days. The work still lies over, my malison upon it all! I send you a picter of me, which I think looks like a hunchback, but they say it is like me when I am looking at people a little puzzled. Mme. G. says the under lip requires to be doctored up with a little Indian ink, or something, which she is going to do for her copy.

The Prince Galitzin has arrived. I do not quite know yet if I like him. I am still plodding away at John Knox and doing a pleasanter spell of work over the Waverley Novels.

I see what they mean about the picture; if you cover the lower part of the face, you will see a hard, funny, puzzled sort of smile around the eyes.

Sunday.

Yesterday was such an admirable day, I had a long walk (for me) in the olive yards, the coolth was delicious; imagine that in March. It was curious how every person I met in the course of my walk spoke a different language: French, English, Russian, Mentonese—it might have been the plains of Heaven with the great multitude made perfect out of all tongues and nations spread abroad in happiness over them.

Yes, I think I rather like this Russian Prince; certainly not so well, however, as the ladies: I have begun to give Pella lessons in English, by the way. Just time to catch post.

Ever your faithful friend,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[MENTONE, February, 1874.]
Friday.

Yesterday afternoon for the first time for a day or two I had a good long talk with Mme. G. I wish I could make up my mind to tell you what she said, for I should like to know if you would agree with it: I have been quite confused and upset every time I have thought of it since. If I am like what she says, I must be a very nice person! There is not a cloud in the sky, as you may see by this. Poor woman, she seems to be suffering more than ever. I hear that her husband is ill; and, as (I have been told) she never means to go back to him, I daresay this may account for something in her changed looks.

S. C. heard yesterday, and I was pleased to hear about G. Eliot. Look here, do you know that I am getting really better? I shall be better soon, and able to work and be about all that you want me, and be to you what you know I wish to be.

Saturday.

I have lost my penholder; so this must go in pencil. I had a bad day yesterday, one of those days, you know, when life seems one *impasse*, one impossibility. Everything looked wrong to me, and I was sick at heart. The weather was grey

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and blustering, as it might have been in Edinburgh, and I went labouring up and down the beach in the wind, and in a passion with myself—at least a sort of sham passion, a little froth on the top of a great dead-sea of discouragement. I am out of it again a good deal; but you know, there the thing does remain a little. These things do not pass in a night's time: I shall have a bad time again likely enough, this afternoon. You don't know that about me; when I am discouraged, I am discouraged; I feared I should not be strong enough to take a position when I went home, and would let myself be drawn into a false one; and everything else in the same way looked black and impossible, and blockaded by impenetrable walls.

I may tell you also, while I am in the Jeremy mood, that I am discontented with myself. All that Mme. G. told me the other day (and I believe she meant it) —all that you have told me, *all that you feel for me*—is so much better than I feel myself to be that I begin to loathe myself as an imposture. When you see "Ordered South" you will understand how I prefer "the shadowy life that we have in the hearts of others," because it is so much more beautiful and noble, to the vulgar little market-place of petty passions that I know bitterly to be myself. Is it all a dream, dear? Lift up your eyes, and you will see that I am not worthy, and turn away.

I am so glad now to be sure, and thoroughly to understand that past difficulty. It was all, as I see now distinctly, something got up between jest and earnest—three parts at least in jest—by Mme. Z.: the other never had a hand or an interest in it.

Sunday.

I wonder how you are, and I don't know whether to send this off or wait until I hear from you. I am a little tired and stupid still, this morning, and have nothing to say, except that I do not fail to think of you; nor shall ever. Also I begin to be somewhat homesick and impatient—not for Edinburgh, as you may fancy; and on the whole I am somewhat low at heart. This is all because it is February—don't think much of it. If I could only knock, this forenoon, at the door of No. 15!

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(To be continued)

Respite

BY ELIZABETH KEMPER ADAMS

THE soft June dark enfolded us; the breeze
Told us of wood and field and wayside brier
And the wild grape in flower; the small choir
Of pool and grasses shrilled antiphonies;
And we, rapt by the moment even as these,
Footed an unknown road without desire
To see beyond the scintillant dip and spire
Of fireflies weaving lambent fantasies.
Now, when great verse, music, or mountain height
Brings me the searching loneliness of dreams
Too high for compass of our mortal breed,
I think that kinder to my human need
Were the soft darkness of that summer night,
Fragrant and sown with myriad fiery gleams.

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A cheese-vender with his wares spread out on a portable table under a great red umbrella.

Surrounded by a crowd of "bonnes ménagères" eager to buy, at perhaps, four sous less per kilo than the price in the many little "épiceries." There are in addition many interested observers of the proceedings; and generally on the lee side of the pile of cheeses I observed from the "terrasse" of the "Café de la Victoire" him whom we have nicknamed "the philosopher." He never buys a cheese, but stands close by, where the fragrant odors easily reach his nostrils.

Sketches of Vence

BY F. N. MARVIN

A PLEASANT TOWN IN A QUIET AND SUNNY CORNER OF POST-WAR FRANCE

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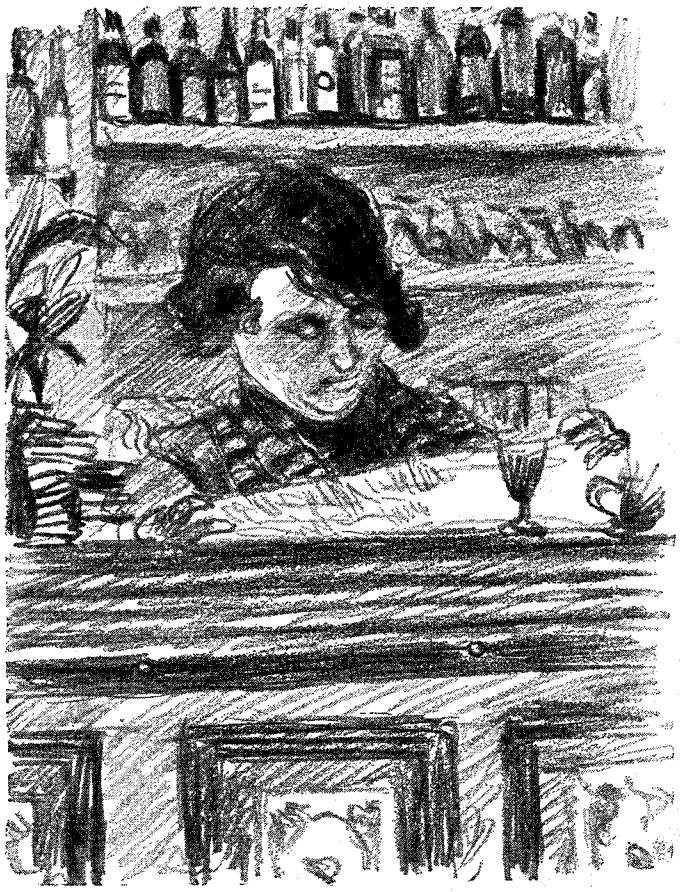

Inside the "Café de la Victoire" one finds the genial host, M. Brum, always ready to take a hand at cards with one of his many customers. His wife calmly presides behind the throne-like bar at one side of the café, and most competently looks after the money end of the establishment; as in France—for the financial side of affairs in shops and cafés—one must, as a rule, "cherchez la femme."

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The toilet of the café takes place quite early.

All the chairs are placed on top of the marble tables while the entire floor is carefully scrubbed; and last of all Madame mounts, here and there on a table, with a napkin, and cleans the many mirrors.

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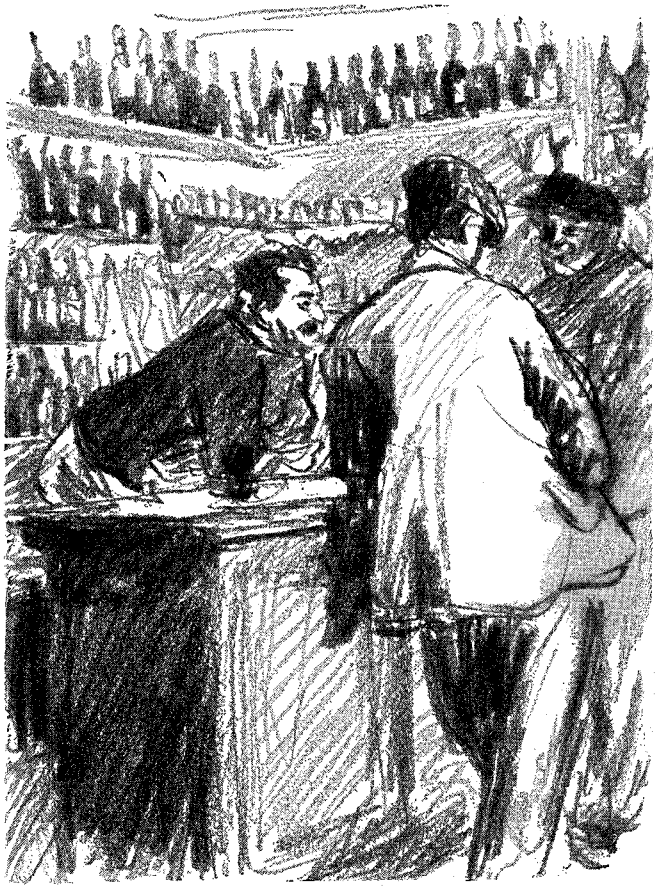

At one end of the bar two masons are chatting for a few moments with the landlord while absorbing their "apéritif"—the wall beyond them a gay background of many-colored bottles.

Before long some farmer will drop in for his early glass of white wine, which will make his many hours of very hard labor in the fields seem shorter.

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The jolly old cobbler.

For forty years and more, he has never failed to appear here, several times a day, and drain his glass of good "vin rouge," his motto being, so he says: "Never too much, and never too little." And for forty years, as he sits in the doorway of his little shop near by, innumerable are the gay little songs he has sung as he pegs away at his work.

I hope his many friends—which is the same as saying the entire population of the village—will for forty years more hear him singing in his shop; and that the "habitués" of the "Café de la Victoire" may touch glasses with him for as many happy years more.

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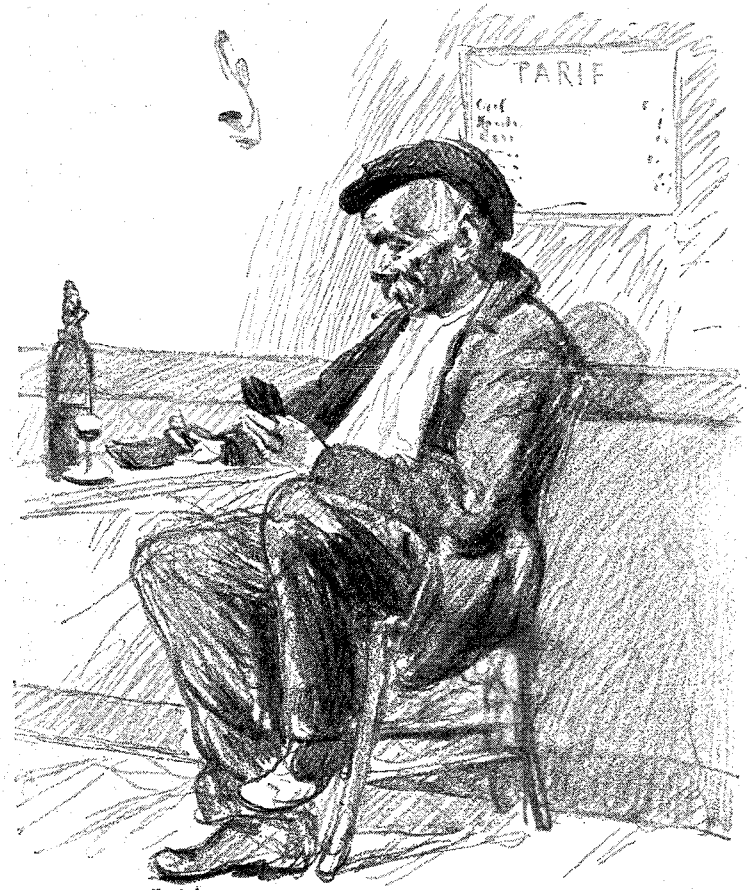
Life is not unduly strenuous in Vence, for in a corner of the café I see the saddler passing a quiet hour over the morning paper while he sips a cup of "café noir" in which are, perhaps, a few drops of rum.



In the afternoon the card games begin, and always one of the first to arrive is old M. Victor, the baker, who—while waiting for a partner —beguiles the time with a few games of Solitaire.

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From early morning till late at night the life in the little café shows a most interesting succession of local "types."

Near me I hear "Antoine," who has the reputation of being the best shot in Vence, relating how he just missed that fox in the wild mountain country back of Vence.

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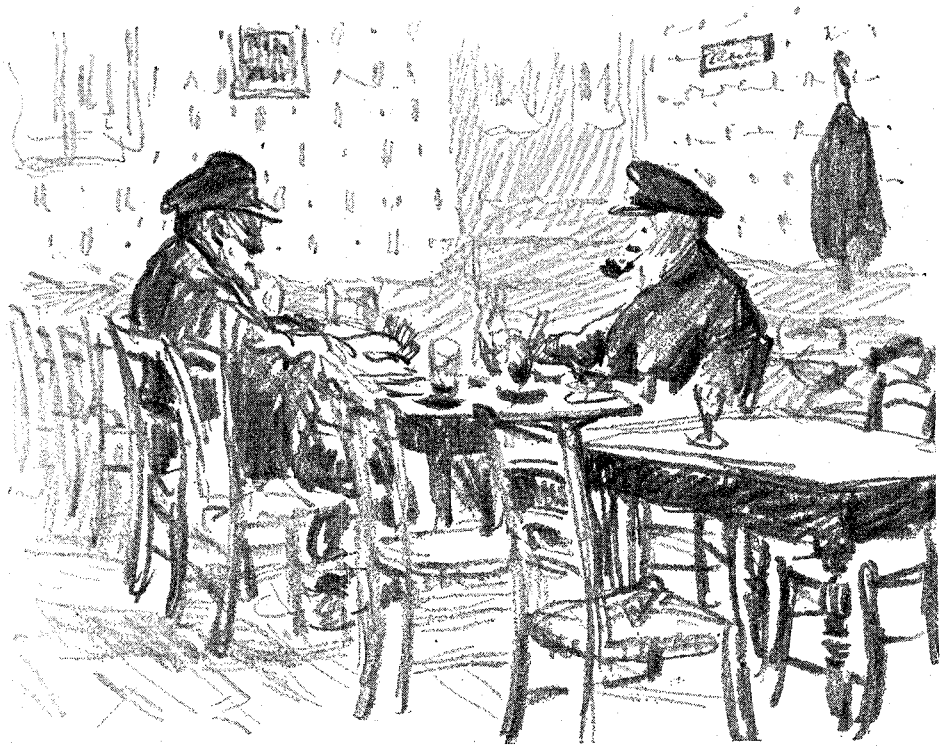

Soon the card-players drop in, and the tables gradually fill up with couples of elderly men who enjoy their quiet game for hours.

And while the evening game of quadrettes is going on, the landlord and his wife are occupied, over in the corner of the café, preparing for the "fête" day—to-morrow. From several large brown barrels they have drawn out (through a rubber tube) the good white wine of St. Paul—a neighboring village—into many bottles; she is pasting on the yellow labels, and he is applying the red sealing-wax to the tops.

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In the evening there is an animated crowd of all ages and classes, and the café becomes a truly democratic club. Well-to-do and poor, young men, old men, and boys all join in a game of quadrettes—the losers remaining as interested spectators of those still playing, until, late in the evening, the final winning couple proudly carry off the prize—a wild hare, or, perhaps, a dozen rail-birds.

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The Plum-Colored Coat

BY F. J. STIMSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

IT was on the railway from Kandy to Nuwara Eliya. As is the custom in India, we travelled with most of our luggage in the car. But going early, to get if possible a carriage for ourselves and our belongings, we found the only first-class carriage already in one corner occupied by a nice old lady. She looked as if she came from Boston, and was evidently of the salt of the earth of that well-salted city. My wife and I took possession of two of the unoccupied corners; making upon the third a pile of a huge "jumbo" bag, a portable bathtub, and three valises, with two dress-suit cases, a roll of rugs, a lady's hat-box, and a well-filled golf bag upon the fourth. It was the least that we needed to take us round the world. More fortunate in his third-class carriage our "boy," a Cingalese courier whose entire worldly possessions consisted of a tooth-brush in the pocket of the one kimono-like garment, which he wore, and the tortoise-shell comb in his back hair. It is fair to say that when he left us, three months later, at Singapore, he had accumulated the contents of two new dress-suit cases. But at the time we envied his simplicity.

The more so when, just as he was finishing our pyramids, the door opened, and two ladies appeared (not so evidently from Boston, but unmistakably American), young and pretty, each with a suggestion of black about her dress, and accompanied by two obsequious British officers and quite a platoon of hotel servants. They looked inquiringly, not at my wife, but at me. The lady from Boston gathered in her skirts; they passed in front of my wife; and the boy, at a sign from me, began laboriously undoing the pyramid in front, I helping him by squeezing the rug and golf bag (Nuwara Eliya has one of the loveliest golf-links in the world, a mountain valley of greensward, ringed by tumbling waterfalls, and traversed by a foaming mountain torrent over which you have to drive fourteen times, and your ball is retrieved from the rapids by little girl caddies who swim like ducks), and shoving the bathtub under my seat, where it made a most uncomfortable prop for my long legs. This done, the older one settled herself by the window and the younger and the prettier remained standing, talking across me to the officers outside. Nothing remained for me to do. My wife looked at me quizzically. Just as the train started, I offered my corner seat with the best grace I could muster. Both thanked me effusively, then turned to receive an emotional good-by from the two young subalterns, bareheaded and waving their hats. "Isn't he good-looking?" I heard one whisper to the other, and a gleam in my wife's eye told me that she had heard it too. The lady from Boston looked her disapproval; I buried myself in a newspaper; further conversation seemed impossible. Not at all. The older of the two widows (for widow one, at least, evidently was) addressed my wife. "Don't you just love travelling in India? You have so much room in these big cars." And she gratefully sank down into my seat, perching her feet upon the bathtub.

"Shan't I remove that tub?" said I. But, as I bent to do so, she smiled.

"Not at all. I like it." And she carefully pulled down her gossamer skirt to further below the knee. Had it not been for this movement, I might not have noticed a segment of black silk stocking above a very pretty ankle. But making quite sure that this was now covered, she went on: "We've got our tickets round the world, you know. And I've got to be in N'York for the fall styles. My friend here, she's independent; she can

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The door opened, and two ladies appeared.—Page 662.

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do as she likes. She stops off at Frisco. But I'm Grace Gramercy, you know. And I buy beside—for Lord and Taylor and for Jordan and Ma'sh." So far, I had had the conversation to myself; but at this point my wife woke up, and even the lady from Boston showed signs of interest.

"Jordan and Marsh, you mean. But I see, you're from Boston."

"Not me. I've left that burg for keeps. But I was married there."

"And you're the famous Grace Gramercy that writes in the newspapers?" It was my wife who spoke. No one could resist such engaging frankness.

"That's awful sweet of you. It ain't no swell copy; but the ladies like it, and, of course, I let my houses in ahead on what I'm going to say and they stock up."

My wife was beginning to be amused. "And now you've been through India?" she asked.

"Yes, and Burmah, and Japan, and China. Say, I think those pretty little Burmeses girls smoking cigars as long as your arm are just too cute for anything, don't you?"

"I'd like to go through India," said the Boston lady to my wife, "but I've got no servant, and——"

"You don't need no servant," interrupted the California lady. "Why, we went down to the train the very first day, and we had no servant, none at all (these words most meticulously separated, as if to make up for the grammatical slip before), "and we didn't even know what car we had, and say, those Indian cars, do you know them? They're just great, really great, I mean, and you have them all to yourself, only there ain't no carpet, and no beds, and no porter to make up the beds if there was any—just shelves like where the beds ought to be—and the hotel man found us ours, and I said: 'Where's our berths?' And one English officer went and got us mattresses and another got us blankets and sheets and we just naturally thought they were the trains'— Not at all! They were all those nice officers'! What they slept on, I don't know; but, say, we didn't have any trouble all over India! And we'd always heard those English officers were so stuck up! Not at all!"

My wife gave a chuckle expressive of anything but surprise, but the lady from Boston pursed her lips. "So now you're going round the world?"

"Been round. That is to say, we shall be. Only, my friend here, she wants to get off at Italy or some place and go home through Paris. Say," the younger and more engaging one continued, looking at me, "you're just the gentleman who can tell her. Where does she want to go?"

I pulled myself together. "That depends on what she wants to see. If you can't do Greece, Sicily is wonderful. Then, the Tuscan hill towns, and the Italian lakes, and a bit of the Dolomites——"

"Hill towns and lakes?" interrupted the other. "Say, we Californians are just fed up on scenery!"

"I thought you wanted something out of the beaten track," said I, abashed.

"My friends ain't never heard of them. They'll want to hear about the places they've heard talked about. The Golamites, did you say? What are they?"

"Just mountains," said I humbly. "But you could take them in on your way to Vienna."

"What the lady ought to do," said my wife, coming to my assistance, "is to get off at Cairo—see the streets, you know—then see Naples—the Bay and Vesuvius—Rome and the Pope—back by the Riviera, Monte Carlo—Mont Blanc—a bit of the Rhine to Paris—some weeks there—a week in London, in the season, the time to be presented at court——"

"Oh, I'd love that—and the Pope—but do you think I could work it!"

"My husband will give you letters," said my wife unmercifully.

"Don't pull her leg," said the beauty, to my great relief. My wife subsided, and the Boston lady chipped in:

"You say you once lived in Boston?"

"Born there. In Melrose Highlands." The Boston lady looked as if she were trying geographically to place Barataria or Berengaria. "But while I worked for Jordan and Ma'sh I had an apartment on Derne Street. You know Derne Street?" This suddenly to her interlocutrix who looked taken aback but admitted it. "Well, I used to lunch on ice-creams at Copeland's, on *Tree*mont Street, or at

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Parker's when I had time, and to go from Derne Street to *Tree*mont Street you have to go over Beacon Hill. Say, Boston's a queer place!"

"Hilly?" I revived to suggest.

She looked at me as if I had been a Just gentlemen, and the girls that work on charities, and don't go in for a good time! But I tell you, they have real swells there! This old man, that I used to meet——"

"Where?" said I.

"And one day he stopped, to fetch me a rug."—Page 666.

fresh discovery. "Queer people. Queer old men. And awful stuck on themselves." So I subsided, and it was the turn of the old Boston lady to continue the conversation. "Do tell us how queer we are!"

"I was just coming to that. Oh, I don't mean in any objectionable way—just kind of old-fashioned, you know. Ladies that never go south of Boylston Street or north of Mount Vernon, and men that just don't do anything at all.

"Didn't I just tell you? Every day, going to lunch, over Beacon Hill. He was an old man—older than you are—and he wore a plum-colored coat."

Again the gleam in my wife's eye, and again the nice old lady redeemed the conversation. "Why did he do that?"

"That's just it—that's Boston. Guess he wore breeches and silk stockings at night." I was foolish enough to try to get back at her.

"You never saw him at night?"

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"I said, he was older than you are. And his name was Sullivan Oliver Faneuil. I didn't move in 'them suckles.'"

Was her occasional lack of grammar intentional? I went on, respectfully:

"Old Mr. Faneuil. I remember him very well. He never did anything."

"Yes, he did, young man. Ain't I telling you what he did? And at night, too. I was with him all one night." My wife looked as if she thought her quite able to take care of herself, at the end of any sentence.

"It was this way. It was this way. It was on the *Cappadocia*. You remember the *Cappadocia?* Old tub."

"She was indeed," I hastened to explain. "Our only Boston Cunarder."

"Just so. And they stuck us on her. Me and my friend here, and a lot of saleslaadies that was seeing Paris at the firm's expense. And the only other passengers except a lot of commercial gents was this Mr. Faneuil and his wife. Of course, she wouldn't look at the likes of me, but say! Didn't they rubber a lot? Those commercial gents?

"Just up to the limit. I won't say, we weren't drinking champagne every day—and at lunch, too—and we had the best cabin on the ship, better than the Faneuils—and you know my friend here—and I was better looking then than I am now—" She paused to impale my look of denial on a pin-point glance, and continued in her stride: "And I won't say, he didn't look at us. But I thought he was too proud to speak, at first; but he walked on deck every day, fifteen turns with his wife and then fifteen turns alone, after each meal; and then I used to see them both go down and walk among the steerage passengers. And one day he stopped, to fetch me a rug. 'You've only done ten turns,' I said, and he laughed, just as natural as that, and we sat down and talked like old friends. 'I've met you before,' he said. 'About a thousand times,' I said. 'You live in one of those purple-window-glass houses up on Beacon Street.' 'And you go into the Common by the Joy Street gate.' Now, how did he ever know that?"

I was chastened, and forbore any suggestion.

"Well, it won't surprise you to learn, we grew as thick as thieves. And he introduced me to his wife. Say! you should 'a' seen those commercial gents bug out their eyes! But he set them down all right, all right, just where they belonged so their teeth chattered, and they didn't rubber on me no more, save with befitting respect."

"Did you find out why he wore a purple coat?"

"Old top, I was just a-coming to that. I never did. He didn't wear it on the deck. But he wore a purple dress coat at the captain's dinner—" There was a long shrill whistle, and the brakes were crowded on, throwing us all forward. My boy poked his head in through the window.

"It is only a wild elephant on the track," said I, as I assisted my fair interlocutrix off my knees. "Go on with Mr. Faneuil." But they were too much interested in the pachyderm, and it was not until that animal was shoo'd off the track, much like a big pig, into the jungle, that Miss Gramercy proceeded.

"Well, as I was saying, that night we ran upon the rocks——"

"What rocks? You were talking about Mr. Faneuil when we—were interrupted."

"Yes, I was telling you how Mr. Faneuil was a gentleman. Well, we did run upon the rocks that very night—it was in a dense fog, at Cohasset—and in the morning one small tug came down to take us off, us cabin passengers—have I told you, there was only about twenty of us, and thirteen hundred in the steerage? And they were howling like mad. And the captain told them that the ship was in no danger, and they only howled the more. They were mostly dagoes—Catholics, anyhow—and I saw the priests going among them, but it did no good. And the captain promised them there'd be a big ocean-going tug down in a few hours, but this only put 'em wild, seems as if they were going to rush the gangway. The sea was calm enough then, but it seemed to be breezing up, and if she shifted round to the northeast it weren't the place for yours truly, and I didn't more than half like it myself. Thoreau—you've read 'Cape Cod'?—tells of a big wreck and hundreds drowned there. Meantime the commercial gentlemen were getting

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"'Oh, I don't think we want to go up in that little tug,' he said."—Page 668.

aboard the little tug already, going down a single gang-plank from the top deck; and it looked as if there might be trouble. 'Wait a minute, I'm going down,' said Mr. Faneuil to his wife. And, naturally, we started to follow. But he didn't go down the gangway into the tug; he went down into his own cabin, and when he came out, he had on his best coat. And then he, and his wife following, they went down among those people in the steerage. They knew them well—I've told you how they used to visit them all through the voyage? And I saw him talking among them a lot. They just crowded around him and for one minute their yelling stopped.

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"'Mr. Faneuil! Mr. and Mrs. Faneuil!' called out the chief steward, at the gang-plank.' (The *Cappadocia* was a little ship, and from the bridge you could hear all over the steerage.) 'All aboard!' Mr. Faneuil waved his hand, but we couldn't hear what he was saying; we could see him talking to the steerage passengers. The captain took a speaking-tube, a trumpet, I mean. 'Mr. Faneuil! Mr. and Mrs. Faneuil! The tug can't wait!'

"Mr. Faneuil we now saw come forward to the rope that was stretched across the steerage just under the front of the bridge; it was guarded by two young officers with drawn revolvers; the crowd of panicky passengers pressing close after him, his wife with the women and children just behind. 'Oh, I don't think we want to go up in that little tug,' he said. 'My wife is afraid of being seasick. Besides, I'm all dressed for dinner.' (I've told you that he had put on his purple coat.) 'You're going to have dinner on board?' and those steerage passengers were just hanging onto every word.

"The Captain looked down at him closely, for several seconds, as if he were taking an observation. 'Certainly,' he said; 'I'll be down at six o'clock. Cast off there!' Well, you just ought to have seen those people quiet down. The sailors dropped the hawser and hauled in the gang-plank without a peep. And the tug disappeared in the fog, and nobody seemed to miss it. And Mr. and Mrs. Faneuil stayed up in the steerage until dinner time, dress coat and all, and she in her open gown, and the passengers (steerage at that, there weren't any second and the first had all gone) quiet as lambs. And say, (oh, well, of course, we stayed too) we did have champagne that night! Even the captain came down for five minutes, and the rest of the dozen, we sent up to the steerage. And the next morning, when the big tug came down, we got off at dawn, and we came up into Boston under our own steam. And say, you should have seen those steerage passengers when the old gentleman landed! This time he went down first, with his wife, on the dock at East Boston; and there was some cheering."

I was silent. We all were silent.

"I always used to see him when I went to Boston, I took dinner with them, at their house on Beacon Street. But, of course, he's dead now." She stopped. I liked her, by this time; but she rounded on me violently: "And yet you say, he did nothing with his life?"

"He wore a plum-colored coat," I said.

Night of Rain

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

BETTER the empty sorrow in the dark,
The crying heart, the crying eyes that stare
Blindly till morning, than the bitter flare
Of rainy street-lights, threaded spark to spark
To lure me from this room in my distress,
Out where you pass—far out beyond my sight.
Better to grope in this small space of night
For sleep, or peace, or any nothingness.

You are not here, and you will not return;
And if you came—the door is shut, and locked,
And sealed with pride, and barred across with pain;
And now it is for quiet that I yearn. . . .
I should but lie and listen, if you knocked—
Rain in my heart, and at my window rain.

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Can Labor Save Europe?

BY HENRY DE MAN
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I AM one of those socialists who in the World War fought for a supernational ideal: a Europe united on the basis of political democracy. When the war was over I thus formulated my conclusion in the book which described my spiritual experiences as a soldier:* Europe can only be saved by becoming a unity, and the only force which might accomplish this is organized labor.

A distinguished American who visited me in Brussels about a year later asked me if I thought that events had thus far justified my hopes. His question was not purely academic. "Europe," he said, "cannot recover without the help of America. America needs a reconstructed Europe, but is sceptical about Europe's ability to achieve the unity without which there can be no reconstruction. This distrust of Europe may disappear as soon as any power shows itself capable of unifying the quarrelling national interests. If labor is that power, it will not matter if the new Europe calls itself socialist, in spite of the scant sympathy this word finds with the ruling powers in America. If they are convinced that a peaceful and disarmed Europe is possible only as a federation of socialist labor governments, they will back that horse in spite of its name. But they are not convinced. Can you convince me?"

I do not know whether I succeeded in satisfying my friend that evening; but I have been hard at work all the time since trying to persuade myself.

The first conclusion I arrived at in the process was that the answer to my friend's question does not at bottom depend on whether, and how, labor is ever going to get into power in the chief European countries. It depends far more on how it is going to use that power if it ever gets it.

I have no doubt that, unless the whole fabric of European industrial civilization collapses before that time, and converts its working classes into a mass of starving paupers glad to return behind the plough share or to be used as cannon-fodder for a last suicidal war, labor will ultimately conquer political power in all the big European countries. It is bound to do so on the strength of its numerical superiority in countries where the majority governs.

On the other hand, European labor is practically unanimous in professing the socialist faith in internationalism, and the desire to do away with armaments, economic frontiers, secret diplomacy, and other causes of war. And yet, in spite of all this, I would not dare even now to give an unqualified answer to the question of my American friend. For there is a difference between European socialism's striving at internationalism and its capacity for realizing it.

Any student of politics knows how imperfectly the professions of faith of human movements symbolize the actual impulses that—for a very large part unconsciously—animate them. A man may profess love of his neighbor, although at heart he feels driven to hate him. Very often even, his profession of love will be the louder as his temptation to hate grows stronger. This does not necessarily make a hypocrite of him; he may be deceiving nobody but himself; he may be trying to strengthen his higher impulses against the lower ones that contradict it. If that be true of individuals, how much more true is it bound to be of groups of men united by common political views or religious beliefs! What a field for every kind of deception, where so many different interests and temperaments are involved, where the emotionalist confronts the strategist, and the cunning of the wire-puller meets the candor of the devotee!

*"The Remaking of a Mind," Scribners, 1919.

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But there is more. Even if the actual impulses that animate a movement could at any time be accurately represented by its dogmatic or programmatic expression, what would be true at that particular moment would most likely cease to hold good at another. States, sects, and parties keep changing their character along with the human relations and conditions from which they arise; and the old formulæ of the aims they stood for then will either be discarded, or more often assume a new meaning, or even cease to have any meaning at all. The more rapidly a movement grows and evolves, the speedier it will shift the relation between its unformulated impulses and its formulated aims. And surely no big movement in history has ever grown and evolved faster than the labor movement in Europe, which is itself the outcome of the sweeping and swift economic changes that modern industrialism has brought about.

Consequently, there is no word in the political terminology which has as deeply modified its meaning within the last century as the expression "socialism" itself. Less than a generation ago it still meant to the bulk of European working classes what it means to the mass of American labor now: the concern of a few idealists and cranks anxious to put society on a radically new basis. To-day one can imagine that G. B. Shaw was expressing a very real attitude when, in one of his recent plays, he made an Asquith-like prime minister say that he had no objection to calling himself a socialist if his voters agreed to call the present condition of England socialism.

There is another and weightier reason yet why one can safely predict that, no matter how completely socialism may conquer the field, the state of things it will bring about will necessarily be quite different from what its exponents are now driving at. The way in which any mass movement forces its consummation involves a terrific amount of optical illusion. Its perspective is wrong not only in that it sees the goal much closer than it is, but because its very image is distorted by the passions of strife.

This discrepancy between ideals and results is due to two facts: the means a movement uses to achieve its purpose modify this purpose in the long run; and the men who outline its programme must usually hand over the uncompleted task to others, who are different because they have grown up under conditions which the activity of their predecessors themselves has modified. There is no better illustration of this than the adventure of the Russian bolshevists. They conquered political power to establish communism. To retain this power, they had to do all kinds of things that were quite different from what they had set out to do. They conciliated the peasants by breaking up the remnants of communal landownership and turning them into small landowners. They encouraged patriotism and military submissiveness with their own people through their fight against foreign invasion. They fostered nationalism amongst the peoples of the Near East in order to weaken the British Empire. After a while, to keep industry going, they had to call the bourgeois managers and traders back to the positions of which they had been deprived. So the means they had to use have made the men of 1923 as different from the men of 1918 as the third French Republic differs from the ideal of 1789, or present-day American institutions from what their founders meant them to be a century and a half ago. And who can fail to see that the ideas of the next communist generation in Soviet Russia will differ as widely from those of the present rulers as the conditions that have formed the latter's minds when they were living as exiles in western Europe differ from the atmosphere that now reigns in the government offices of the Kremlin?

So let us gather our idea of what socialism will be not from the words of its own leaders, however sincerely they may be meant, but from a study of the changing conditions under which the labor movement evolves and acts.

The precedent of 1914 should encourage us thus to discriminate. That the socialist workers of Europe did not succeed then in preventing the outbreak of war, does not prove much. That might be explained by lack of power in the decisive contest with the elements that made for war. But that, the war having broken out, the bulk of socialists in all

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fighting countries took part in it, proves a good deal. It shows that, in spite of all the resolutions in favor of international brotherhood that had been passed by conferences and conventions, there was more response to war-cries to be found in the subconscious depths of the socialists' souls than they had known themselves when they were passing those resolutions.

I once heard a psychoanalyst argue that, as war had broken out and put a check on industrial and party struggles, taking part in it provided the workers with the only available outlet for the fighting instincts which they normally manifest in strikes or political contests. Surely this argument throws some light on the remarkable facility with which most socialists in 1914 reversed the direction of their pugnacity. But it does not explain why this reversal happened. Why, for instance, did they not continue to use their fighting instincts to oppose war? The few socialists who did not follow the crowd, like Karl Liebknecht in Germany or some conscientious objectors in England, certainly found plenty of opportunity to manifest their combative instincts in fighting *against* war.

A somewhat less one-sided observer would have known that there always has been a close connection between the struggle for socialism and that for national independence; so that any government which could make its people believe that this independence was at stake, was sure to find no less response with the socialists than with the other citizens. The attitude of European socialists during the war has proved this. Their attitude since then has proved something more, namely, that socialism outgrows its original cosmopolitan ideas to the same extent to which it conquers power and passes from the stage of propaganda into that of realization.

All along the nineteenth century, the labor-unions and socialist parties have been in the forefront of the struggles for national independence. The First Internationale was born in 1864 as the outcome of joint action by French and English workers' unions in favor of the independence of Poland. The first big political rising in which it took part, the Paris Commune of 1871, started as a protest against the inability of the Thiers government to uphold the territorial integrity of France. In the countries which had not yet achieved national unity when socialism began to be heard of, like Germany and Italy, men like Lassalle and Mazzini symbolized the intermingling of socialist and patriotic motives. During the earlier stages of British socialism its spokesmen attracted more notice by their protests against the oppression of Ireland, India, and Egypt than by their indictment of capitalism at home.

The International Socialist Conferences which up to 1914 had been trying to outline the policy of labor in case of war, invariably started from the assumption that nothing could be demanded from the workers of any country that would be contrary to national independence, or to the striving of oppressed nationalities to gain such independence. In consequence, the only thing which the socialists of the countries at war since 1914 had in common was their universal claim that, by fighting their governments' war, they were faithfully carrying out the Internationale's resolutions that recognized the socialists' duty to take part in a war of national defence. When the end of the conflict brought into existence a plethora of new states on the ruins of the Hapsburg and Romanoff monarchies, there was hardly one of them which did not owe its birth to the initiative of socialists. This is true not only of the new states within and along the borders of the former Russian Empire; even farther west, the birth of the two biggest new republics, Poland and Czechoslovakia, is symbolized by the names of two socialists, Pilsudski and Masaryk.

To state these facts is not to accuse socialism of treason to its ideal. To such a charge any socialist would answer that, far from being an obstacle on the road to internationalism, the self-government of nations is a condition which has to be fulfilled before peaceful and increasingly close relations can be established between them.

The argument is sound, and certainly justifies the policy as being in accordance with socialist doctrine. But to justify a policy is one thing; to study its consequences is another, and a more important one.

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National autonomy may be a condition to internationalism, but it does not necessarily lead to it, and indeed may lead to quite different results. As labor gets a larger share in the government of countries, its interests in each particular country become more closely interwoven with those of the state, and of the other classes represented by it. New responsibilities will then compel new attitudes. It is only then that labor's ability to make internationalism something more than the recruiting slogan it was until 1914 will be put to a real test.

Every movement based on such universal impulses as those on which socialism is founded necessarily begins by assuming a universal view-point and by emphasizing its catholicity. It will do so as long as it remains in its purely proselytic stage. As it gains the power it has been craving for, as it penetrates the institutions of the social order which it wants to change, it gradually adapts itself to these institutions. Thus socialism, which began as a universal creed, could not avoid the imprint of the institutions of a continent which is not a Cosmopolis, but a medley of states, with interests and traditions so different that for many centuries periods of war have merely been alternating with periods of preparation for war.

The first socialist Internationale, in the sixties and seventies of the previous century, was a centralized association, with national branches submitting to the authority of an international board. It could afford to be so organized, because those branches were mere sects preaching the same creed in various languages. But when, toward the end of the century, the Second Internationale was created, those sects had gained a certain amount of industrial and political power in their respective countries. Consequently, the Second Internationale has up to this day never been more than a very loose federation of national bodies, every one of which is left to judge by itself as to where its interests lie even in case of war. The general council of the First Internationale consisted mostly of members of a cosmopolitan Bohème of exiles from their homelands. To-day every member of the corresponding body of the Second Internationale either is a cabinet minister in his country, or has been one recently, or expects to be one soon; and as to the competing Third Internationale, it is practically run by the Russian Government itself. One can judge thereby to what extent European socialism has become "nationalized" within half a century.

This tendency of movements to differentiate into smaller units as they gain power strikes me as being so universal that it might almost be formulated as a sociological law. All great religious movements which started with a universal impetus have suffered a similar fate. It has been spared to neither Buddhism nor Christianity; and even the most coherent of the ecclesiastical units into which Christianity has dissolved, the Roman Catholic Church, has to make growing concessions to this segregating force. The same thing that is now happening to the socialist movement did happen, though in a different and slower fashion, to the social class whose rise to power preceded that of the wage-earners. When the ancestors of the present capitalist and middle classes began their onslaught on feudalism, they also formulated their programme in universal terms. The great upheavals of the human mind that heralded it—the Renaissance, the Reformation, rationalist philosophy, classical economy—all carried a message meant for man at large. One of the weightiest charges the burghers brought against the princes was that they involved the nations in senseless quarrels and wars. The final struggle of the bourgeoisie for political power brought about a universal alignment of the peoples against their rulers. Just as the Declaration of Independence had been for North America, the French Declaration of the Rights of Man was a bugle-call to the whole of Eurupe; and the wars that followed 1792 were waged to make it the constitution of mankind.

And what did it all come to? The same classes that have made the world an economic unit under the banner of commercialism and industrialism have become the prisoners of the feudal and monarchical institutions they had conquered, but which also conquered them. The logic of national competition, militarism, and war carried things to its own conclusion, and

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the facts of old age became a derision of the ideals of youth. The nineteenth century, the century of the bourgeoisie, became the age of exasperated struggles between states, of imperialism and unprecedented armaments, ending in the murderous conflict of 1914. Even now, in so-called peace-time, the capitalist governments seem seized by a mad desire to destroy the very foundations of the economic world-unity which capitalism itself has built up.

Will the present rise of the working classes verify, by a parallel development, the pessimistic version that history repeats itself, and that humanity progresses like the pilgrim's procession of Echternach: three steps forward and two steps backward?

I do not know. Yet there are indications that the conquest of state power is at least menacing European socialism with a fate similar to that of the industrial and commercial classes that fell victims to it before. In Russia leaders with as cosmopolitan a philosophy as can be dreamt of, who came into power as the very effect of their protest against war and nationalism, have needed war and militarism in order to stay there. Their government is founded on military compulsion, and their moral support with the masses on patriotism. The Baku Congress showed them as the fosterers of militant and aggressive nationalism in the East, and their support of Kemalism proves that their concern about Constantinople is very much of the same nature as that of the late Czardom. There is only one obstacle that stands between them and the use of their army—in spite of the warning precedent of Napoleonism—as a means to impose Sovietism on the world, and that is opportunity. They have sent armies under the red flag to conquer Georgia, whose troops were fighting under the same flag. When they were marching on Warsaw in 1920, the Polish socialists were amongst the most eager to rally around their government and join in repelling the invaders.

True, in western Europe, where the Second Internationale holds sway over the working masses, there is at least one thing that unites them across the borders: their desire to avoid war. But it is still largely platonic in its effects, because it involves no disentanglement from the associations and conditions out of which war arises. The labor parties of England, Germany, France, Belgium, etc., are merely trying to find another way than war to settle conflicts between states; but they do not dissociate themselves from the national interests that give rise to those conflicts—much less, at any rate, than one might gather from the laboriously hatched unanimous resolutions of their joint conferences. Even at those conferences the French and Belgians will be moved by the desire that their countries should get as much reparation from Germany as they can, and the Germans by that of keeping the bill as low as possible. The British standpoint, it must be admitted, is much more identical with the interest of Europe at large. But this exception proves the rule. For the very aloofness of British labor and liberalism is curiously in accordance with the interests of the British merchant in his trade, and that of the British worker in his job and in his wages. They are much less concerned about reparations than the French or the Belgians, because they have no reparations to receive. There is no point of the reparation programme which roused them to such strong opposition as the delivery of two million tons of coal a month to France, Belgium, and Italy; but then they had found that this was excluding British coal from continental markets, and therefore lowering British coal prices and British miners' wages.

The only labor party in western Europe which is frankly for complete and immediate disarmament in its own country, without waiting for the others to make the first move, is the social democratic party of Holland. But when it appeals to the voters on this platform, it puts the greater emphasis not on a universal view-point, but on a Dutch interest: saving money to the exchequer and reducing taxes.

All this is human enough, and quite within the logic of using political means toward a political end. In the long run, however, it is much less the end that determines the means than the means that bring about the end. For the means are real, whilst the end is a mere reflection of their tendency in the mirror of mind.

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Moreover, all these instances show how fallacious is the belief of most socialists and communists in universal class interest as the only factor that determines the attitude of the workers. If nothing but class interest counted, the capitalist class would have created the United States of the World, instead of fighting the World War; since its purely economic interests are just as much the same all the world over as those of the proletariat.

It is to the variety of competing interests, then, that we shall have to turn in the last analysis for an explanation of labor's attitude.

Let the American reader not forget that in Europe socialist ideas are much more determined by interests than in America. On the new continent, socialism is still a purely propagandistic movement of ideas, quite distinct from the labor movement as expressed by the labor-unions, for instance. In Europe, the terms labor and socialism are practically interchangeable. Here also socialism expresses views, but views created and modified by mass interests. Now, the interests of labor are far from being uniform. Any individual worker is a member of many more economic communities than that of class. No better proof of that than the American worker, just because he is so little affected by the ideals of socialist intellectuals. He is not less attached to his country than to his union, because his job, his wages, and the opportunities of his children depend on the prosperity and the good government of his country. He has no objection to believing that the workers' interests are the same all the world over, and he thinks the idea of universal brotherhood fine and grand; but he does not like the Jap and the negro, he despises the Bohunk whose competition depresses the artisan's wages, and he wants to keep the immigrants out.

The European worker's psychology reacts in exactly the same way wherever conditions are similar.

Not all the worker's interests are antagonistic to those of his employer. They are both dependent on the prosperity of their trade, for one thing. The Lancashire cotton operative is just as interested as his boss in cheap raw cotton and a big market, and he will support any policy of his country that can give him both these things. The German miner in Upper Silesia is interested in a Polish-German frontier that will not cut off his industry from its markets. When the war was over, the Belgian worker was quite naturally concerned, as a worker, that Germany should return the stolen machinery and rolling-stock and, as a taxpayer, that she should help to reconstruct the devastated areas. When the International Labor office discussed the prohibition of lead paint to protect the health of the painters, the Australian workers' delegation opposed the measure because they feared it would throw the Australian lead-miners out of their jobs.

Though there is little sense in dividing society into two classes, producers and consumers, there is a very real antagonism of interest between the producers and consumers of any particular commodity, and this antagonism also affects the workers. They will be affected more and more by it as their share in the management of their industry increases, which it is doing all over the world, through collective bargaining, wage-scales, co-partnership, producers' co-operation, protective legislation, shop councils, and guilds. One can already visualize what conflicts of interest are bound to arise between the workers under a guild system, say about bread or coal prices, railway fares, or building costs.

There are indeed enough anticipations under the present system to judge by. Workers' co-operative societies are anything but free from conflicts between workers-managers and workers-employees. The recent history of the co-operative movement, especially in England and Germany, abounds in illustrations. The labor-union movement itself is constantly being torn by conflicts not only between professional interests, but between the producer's interest in a particular trade and the consumers' interest in the rest of the workers. I witnessed three examples myself in Berlin last year, within a few weeks from each other. When the printers struck for higher wages, they were opposed by the other unions, because the labor papers could not appear; an actors' strike threw the board of the co-operative workers' "Volks-

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bühne" into the managers' camp; and the executive body of the German labor-unions outvoted a demand from the bakers' union for the suppression of night shifts in big bakeries, because it would deprive the other workers of fresh bread.

Now, all the sources of conflict that can exist between various bodies of workers may assume national aspects. This will unavoidably happen to the every-day antagonism between the producers and the consumers of agricultural products, where one country represents the sellers and the other the buyers. National conflicts will be equally unavoidable where some countries hold natural resources needed by others; I once heard Karl Radek say, with sneering contempt for the sentimental scruples of Wilsonian humanitarians, that Soviet Russia had to take Georgia as the gateway to Baku because a communist country needed oil as much as a capitalist one. Also, at present a number of indispensable raw materials and food-stuffs are being supplied by colonies, for which international socialism claims autonomy; if they take advantage of that autonomy to cut off those supplies by using them themselves or otherwise, will there not be, to say the least, a clash of interests?

Even so, to consider economic interests alone as a source of conflicts between nations is to take too narrow a view of the problem. There are other causes of community feeling which contradict the statement of the communist manifesto of 1848 that "the workers have no country." This may have been true of the European proletarians of that time, who had "nothing to lose but their chains." Indeed, they were without a voice in the government of their country, with no right to collective bargaining about their conditions of labor, and in a condition of practical illiteracy that kept them as completely outside of the borders of civilization as any barbarians ever were. But this is no longer true, in the era of almost universal labor-unionism, collective bargaining, protective legislation, universal suffrage, compulsory elementary education, and with practically no country or town in Europe in the government of which organized labor does not have a share. The workers are no longer outcasts of a civilization to which their own strivings have given them access.

This civilization, however, differs in different nations. Therefore the working classes of Europe are much more differentiated nationally than they were in 1848. As members of the same national communities as the other classes, they share their national idiosyncrasies, traditions, and prejudices, just as they share their language.

The absence of such national characteristics with socialists is a purely intellectual assumption. It is constantly contradicted by facts. Watch even the super-class-conscious élite from which delegations to international labor conferences are recruited. They will pass splendid and well-meant resolutions on internationalism; but when the meeting is over and the brother delegate has cast off his official attitude, you will hear the English cracking unflattering jokes at the Scotch and the Irish, and expressing contempt at the inferior ways of continental tribes; the French swearing at the execrable foreign food which denotes an inferior civilization; the Americans feeling prouder than ever of being citizens of the biggest republic in the world; and all of them will hasten to join their countrymen in a group where they can enjoy their own language, their own ways, and their own songs. Unguessed amounts of subconscious prejudice and hatred, even between members of the same Internationale, have found their expression in the war; for amongst socialists too a German will feel a calling to teach others a superior view of "Kultur," a Russian communist won't need much scratching to be found a Russian, a Czech will hate a German, and an Englishman will misprize everybody else.

Now I am well aware that the improved means of communication which have made possible the modern state as an amalgamation of smaller local units, are now working toward the higher synthesis of world-citizenship. A fast-increasing number of people are gaining such knowledge as will enable them to understand and love other nations besides their own. But the working classes are having access to this nascent cosmopolitan culture at a very much slower pace than the well-to-do, for the same reason—lack of oppor-

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tunity and leisure—that made them a century late in cutting their way through to national civilization. Real cosmopolitans are practically confined to the upper classes; they are extremely rare amongst the workers. The members of an international gathering of diplomats, of financiers, or simply of idle rich, are much more likely to understand each other, no matter how sharply their interests may be clashing, than an international trade-union conference, no matter how strongly its members may be convinced of the identity of their purposes. When I think of the enormous responsibility that rests on the shoulders of European labor as the chief element that can make for peace through understanding, I sometimes shudder to realize how difficult it is to bring about this understanding between people whose outlook is so much more local than their interests.

In the course of twenty years I have attended nearly two hundred international labor gatherings of various descriptions, either as a delegate or as an interpreter. I met only one French delegate who was able to address a meeting in a language other than his own. I know of only one English trade-union leader who speaks French and German enough to make himself understood. And among the leaders of the social-democratic party in Germany, for whom so much depends on finding the key to the psychology of foreign peoples, I know of only two who have lived abroad long enough to widen their outlook, and both are septuagenarians! The only countries where the cosmopolitan élite among socialists amounts to anything are the small neutral states, which are of much less account in world-politics. This condition is the main source of labor's weakness as an international factor. For the first condition to any human achievement is that there should be men who have already consummated it in the spirit. There would be no United States of America if there had not been Americans to will them; a united Italy presupposed the existence of Italians; how can a united Europe be built if there are no Europeans to build it?

To my friend's question—"Can labor save Europe?"—I would answer therefore: Perhaps Europe is not to be saved; perhaps it is too deeply torn by conflicting interests and passions, which have put their imprint on the souls of the workers themselves, to be able to establish the unity without which it is doomed to disappear as a factor in our industrial civilization. Then this civilization would achieve its next stage on another continent, like America, whose younger soil is not so blood-drenched. But *if* Europe is to be saved, labor alone—this I believe as firmly as ever—can do it, because it is the only big power that really wants to stop war. However, even if it succeeds in doing so, it will not do away with national antagonisms and conflicts; it will merely be creating another less destructive way of solving them. Even the latter possibility is of such tremendous importance that every man and woman in the world should wish Godspeed to those who are honestly striving to attain it. At the same time, the support European labor can get from other quarters, as well as the strength it will have to find in itself, to achieve that formidable task, can be effective only if it is based on facts—not on delusions which would no more stand the test of a new catastrophe than did the dreams which were shattered by 1914.

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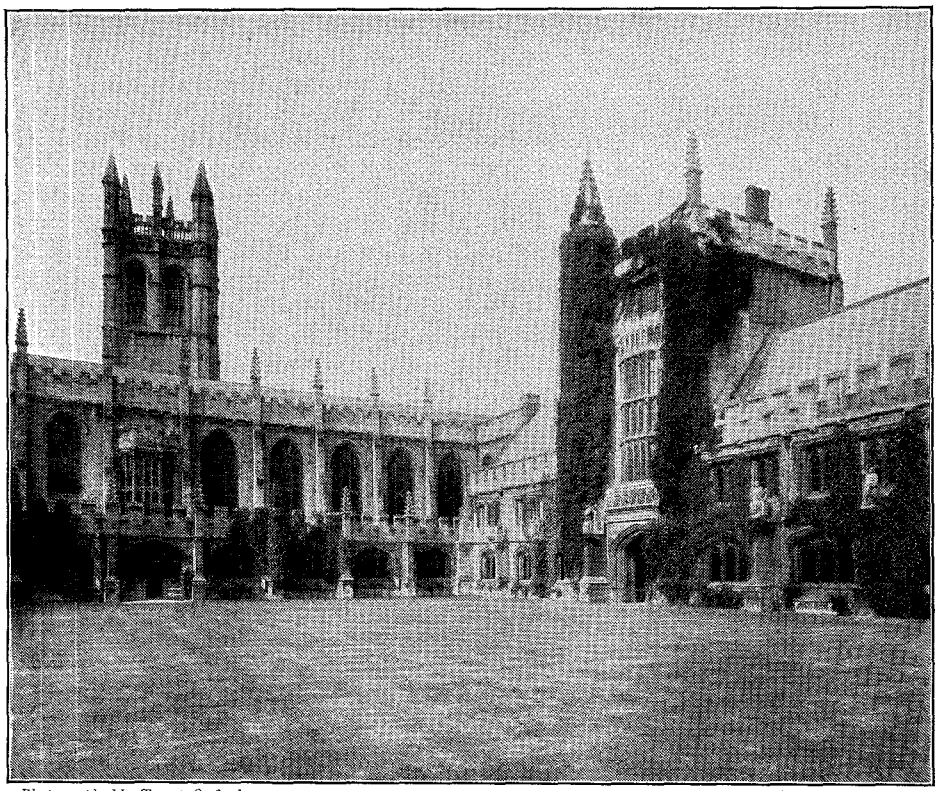

Photographed by Taunt, Oxford.

Magdalen Quadrangle and Towers.

What the American Rhodes Scholar Gets from Oxford

BY FRANK AYDELOTTE

American Secretary of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust; President of Swarthmore College

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IN a sense there are as many answers to this question, which the editor of SCRIBNER'S has put to me, as there are Rhodes Scholars who have gone to Oxford. If in the heat of journalistic effort I am led to ignore individuals and to speak of "the Rhodes Scholar," as if they were all alike, equally happy in their capacities and in their experiences, I hope the reader will not forget, as I do not, that what men get out of Oxford is like what they get from most other opportunities, pretty directly proportioned to what they put in—that the eye sees what it has brought with it the power of seeing, and that students learn mostly only the answers to questions which they already have in their minds. More than of most universities is this true of Oxford. Here, it may be truly said, is God's plenty in the way of educational opportunity; but here also the student is left in the utmost degree of freedom to take or to leave, according to his choice. Good things are not forced upon him. He must have the will to take, he must know what he wants,

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and he must have the good manners not to grab.

I

THE most obvious thing which the Rhodes Scholar gets from Oxford is a degree, and such is the objectiveness of Oxford's academic requirements and such the sincerity of her standards that it is a degree to which a definite meaning can be attached. No restriction is placed upon the Rhodes Scholar's course of study. He may read for any degree, from B.A. to Ph.D., in the same wide range of subjects, from Classics to Agriculture, which would be offered by an American State university. The ordinary degree is the B.A., and the Rhodes Scholar, if he enters for it, is expected to take the degree with honors. The Oxford Honors B.A. stands for a somewhat more specialized training than does our American Bachelor's degree. The course is pursued in a liberal spirit; but instead of attempting, as we do in the United States, to insure liberality by insisting upon a wide range of subjects, Oxford trusts to the breadth with which a single subject is treated. General knowledge of things outside his specialty, which the American student gets by taking a large number of miscellaneous courses, the Oxford student gets by general reading—a much more economical way.

The requirements for any Oxford degree look on paper rather less extensive and ambitious than do those for the same degree in an American university. What the English academic discipline lacks in extent as compared with ours is made up in thoroughness. The requirements mean all, or more than all, they say. The method of examination is such as to make cramming of little avail, and a man must depend for his showing on what he really knows. The difference between English and American standards for undergraduate work may be understood by looking for a moment at the type of men who get the highest academic distinctions in the two countries. In the United States these distinctions may be won by a man of first-class ability, provided he is moderately faithful to his work throughout his four years; or they may be won by a man of average ability who works early and late, makes every minute count, and fulfils every requirement to the letter. It may be questioned whether we have in the United States any academic honors the standard for which is so high as to demand the latter type of work from the former type of man. The English idea of first-class honors is precisely this: that they should be obtainable only by a man of first-class ability who has done the hardest and best work of which he was capable.

The American student at Oxford misses almost all the academic machinery that he has been used to in his native university. At Oxford there are no "courses" in the American sense of the term. There are no record cards in the Registrar's office, no "signing up" for the lectures he expects to attend, no required number of hours per week, no daily assignments, no mid-term tests or hour exams. The Rhodes Scholar is a little puzzled on his first Monday morning, and on a great many mornings thereafter, to know just what he is expected to do at a given hour and moment. Shall he read this volume, or master such and such a table of dates, or attend such and such a lecture, or perchance wander down High Street in search of tobacco, or shall he spend a few hours in the shop of one of the delightful Oxford booksellers adding to the riches of his shelves in exchange for the inferior riches of his purse? The world of work and of play, and of a thousand delightful pursuits which lie midway between the two, is all before him where to choose. His only hard-and-fast academic engagement is to call on his tutor once a week at a specified hour to read an essay which he has written on a specified topic. There is a list of lectures which he may, or may not, find it to his interest to attend. To his surprise he will find his tutor frankly dubious about the value of following too many lectures, a doubt which the lecturer himself is likely to share. More than once have I heard Sir Walter Raleigh begin the term by explaining that his auditors would probably find his discourses of little value for "Schools." The lecturer keeps no roll of the members of his class, and it is the common practice of undergraduates to sample various courses at the beginning of the term and to continue

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only in those which seem to them worth while. This is the practice which one's tutor usually recommends. The result is that lecture courses at Oxford begin commonly with good-sized audiences which taper off to a small and faithful few by the end of the term.

The academic system at Oxford, if one may call it such, is wonderfully simple. The method is to prescribe not what the undergraduate is supposed to "take," but what he is supposed to know, to allow him a certain length of time in which to acquire that knowledge, and then to examine him in order to see whether or not he has acquired it. Even the word "acquire" is a little false to what Oxford expects of a man. Her theory of liberal knowledge is rather the development of power of thought, of grasp of a certain limited field of knowledge, than the acquisition of a store of facts, though the latter is, of course, necessary to the former. Whereas the American undergraduate takes courses, the Oxford man studies a subject.

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Cecil John Rhodes, from a miniature painted in 1896 by Miss Mary Helen Carlisle.

There is nothing new in this theory, nothing that would not be professed in any American university. What is new to the American Rhodes Scholar is the simplicity and directness with which it is acted upon. It is so easy for the elaborate and cumbersome machinery of the elective system to hinder the very educational process it is designed to further. It is so easy for the quantitative method of counting up hours in a registrar's office to get itself translated into a quantitative theory of culture. When the faculty of a university refuses to commit itself as to the necessary ingredients of a liberal education, when the elective system seems to be based upon some kind of democracy of courses in which one "hour" is equal to another no matter how many light-years of intellectual distance may separate their origins, it is easy for the student who is supposed to make the higher synthesis, supposed to fuse these diverse subjects into a unified body of knowledge and into a unified point of view toward life, to escape altogether the notion that any such synthesis is necessary or possible, and to come to think of education in purely quantitative terms. A man cannot do this at Oxford. The very lack of system brings him face to face with the reality of education.

The tutorial method of instruction is a natural outgrowth of the form of Oxford's academic requirements, and hence it is that American attempts to graft the tutorial method onto our ordinary system of instruction by courses have failed to produce the same results as come from the English system. The heart of that is the conceiving of undergraduate work in

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New York Times, Wide World Photos.

View of Oxford from an aeroplane.

terms of what a man should know, instead of conceiving it in terms of the processes by which that knowledge is to be acquired. At Oxford a man's work is outlined (in the book which corresponds most nearly to the catalogue of an American university, namely, the *Examination Statutes*) entirely in terms of the examinations which he must pass for his degree. He prepares himself for these examinations by his own efforts under the direction of his tutor. The tutor acts as guide, philosopher, and friend; he will help his charge by every kind of advice and criticism to make the most of his own abilities and of the instructional facilities provided by the university and the colleges; but he considers it no part of his duty to do the undergraduate's work for him. Success depends, more than anything else, on a man's own industry and initiative. It is fatally easy to waste a great deal of precious time getting down to work. On the other hand, a man who is able to plan for himself, and who has the energy and the initiative to work without constant supervision, can go as far and as fast as he likes. Perhaps capacity for independent work is the most important academic result of the Oxford system of education.

The American Rhodes Scholar gets from Oxford not merely a new attitude toward his work, but also a new respect for examinations. In the United States examinations are not, as a rule, viewed with much favor; and it is the fashion at present to consider them as a very untrustworthy means of measuring intellectual ability. There are not wanting those persons in England who believe that in their own country too much attention is paid to examinations and too great weight attached to their results. However this may be, the English have developed the fine art of examining to a very high degree of accuracy. This is proved by the fact that the results of the examinations at Oxford and Cambridge offer a good basis for prediction of success in after-life; there is not in the United States the discrepancy between success in college

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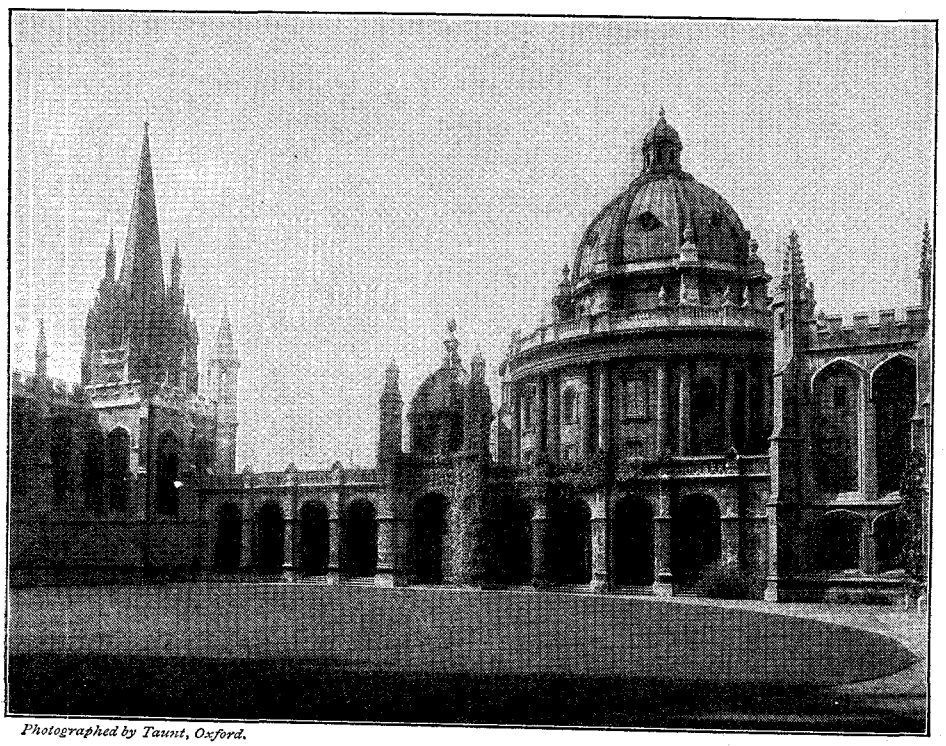
studies and success in after-life which our humorous writers would sometimes lead us to believe; but the correspondence is not so marked, especially in political life, in this country as it is in England. Oxford examinations are more severe but less pedantic than ours. It is a principle in England that a man shall not be examined by those persons who have the responsibility of teaching him. English examinations come at the end of a year or of two years of work rather than term by term, or week by week. They are usually of the essay type, and their attempt is to discover power of dealing with the subject rather than merely to test the memory for specific details. In the ordinary Honor School a man will have from seven to twelve three-hour papers following each other at the rate of two a day for the better part of a week. Cramming for such a series of tests is impossible. The advice usually given by one's tutor is to get away from Oxford, forget about books, and play tennis or golf for a few days before the examinations begin. In the examination-room a student confronted by a paper of ten or twelve questions will spend the first two hours on the two questions which he knows most about, answering each as exhaustively and thoughtfully as possible. In his third hour he will answer two or three more briefly but as well as he can.

In the English system a man is marked qualitatively on the basis of what he writes rather than quantitatively on the basis of what he leaves out. After the papers are all read he appears before his examiners for an oral, in which they have ample opportunity to test him on any topics which he did not mention in his answers. His effort must be to show at some points in his papers first-class work, which means in England answers which not merely contain information but are also well thought out and well written.

It is easy to see from what has been said that one of the most important things which a Rhodes Scholar gets from Oxford is a powerful impulse to re-examine all his conceptions of educational theory and practice. He goes to an in-



Photographed by Taunt, Oxford.

The Radcliffe and St. Mary's spire from the quadrangle of All Souls'.

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stitution where many things which are taken for granted in the United States are not taken for granted, or perhaps not believed in at all. He finds in England many things taken for granted which he, perhaps, had always thought dangerous or untrue. He may come back to America with his intellectual creed unchanged, but he can hardly come back without having thought through for himself the whole foundation of his educational beliefs, a process of the highest value whatever may be the result.

II

But life at Oxford is not all work. Indeed, the hardest part of an Oxford man's work is done in the vacations, and term-time (which altogether is a little less than twenty-six weeks in the year) is very largely given to living the Oxford life. From this life the American Rhodes Scholar gets a great deal that he could never get from books. For him, even more than for Englishmen, it is well worth while. In the first place, it is a very beautiful life, though the surface of it is, like the face of a glacier, overstrewn with a miscellaneous drift of academic stupidity and youthful folly which, at the first glance, more or less conceal the beauty that lies beneath. But at its heart Oxford life is worthy of its setting and worthy of the great words with which Matthew Arnold has praised its beauty and sweetness. It is not strange, but only seems so, that this beauty should come home to the undergraduate but slowly. One of the finest things which the American Rhodes Scholar will get from his Oxford experience he is likely not to get in the three years of his scholarship. Only in after years, on one of those visits which Americans show such a decided tendency to make back to the home of their English foster-mother, will he be able to see in true perspective the significance of these eager undergraduate days—days of intense effort, of struggle with great tasks, of listening to half-heeded words of great teachers, of light-hearted, high-spirited converse with men too many of the best of whom will visit Oxford quadrangles no more. Then some night as he walks back to his lodgings after dinner at High Table —that stateliest of all the rites of academic hospitality—the moonlight on sleeping walls and towers will thrill him with the sense of the tangled, interwoven beauty of this life that once was his.

If I were to single out from all the beauty and intensity and good-fellowship of this life the two things which are likely to mean most to the American, I should say they are talk and sport. Perhaps these are two things which occupy most of the waking hours of the average English undergraduate. If he spends four or five hours a day at his books and lectures, he is considered reasonably industrious, and may with good conscience spend ten or twelve on social affairs with his fellows, in numberless breakfasts, lunches, teas, coffees, and club meetings, or in keen athletic competition with them on the river or the courts or the broad playing fields with which the university and the colleges are so generously supplied.

My purpose is not to describe all this Oxford social life, but to say, or to suggest, if I can, what the American Rhodes Scholar gets from it. I am afraid I can only suggest, for human values of this kind are too complex and too rich for the abstract formulæ of educational discussion. The undergraduate learns from his fellows innumerable lessons in getting on with other people. He learns, or has the chance to learn, how to use his ideas in action rather than merely how to hold them suspended in his mind. Most Rhodes Scholars would say that Oxford talk is the best talk in the world. I do not believe that this is due so much to any peculiar virtue of the men who compose the university as to the fact that the life is so arranged as to provide the leisure and the stimulus for it. As to its educational value, most Rhodes Scholars would say that the testimony of such diverse characters as Cardinal Newman and Robert Louis Stevenson, which sounds rather extravagant to American ears, was no whit too strong. In the almost unique intimacy and good-fellowship of Oxford life, where for the moment men from every nation and every class are living together and surveying the nations of the earth in human and humorous companionship, the Rhodes Scholar, if he has in him the capacity for wisdom, learns the

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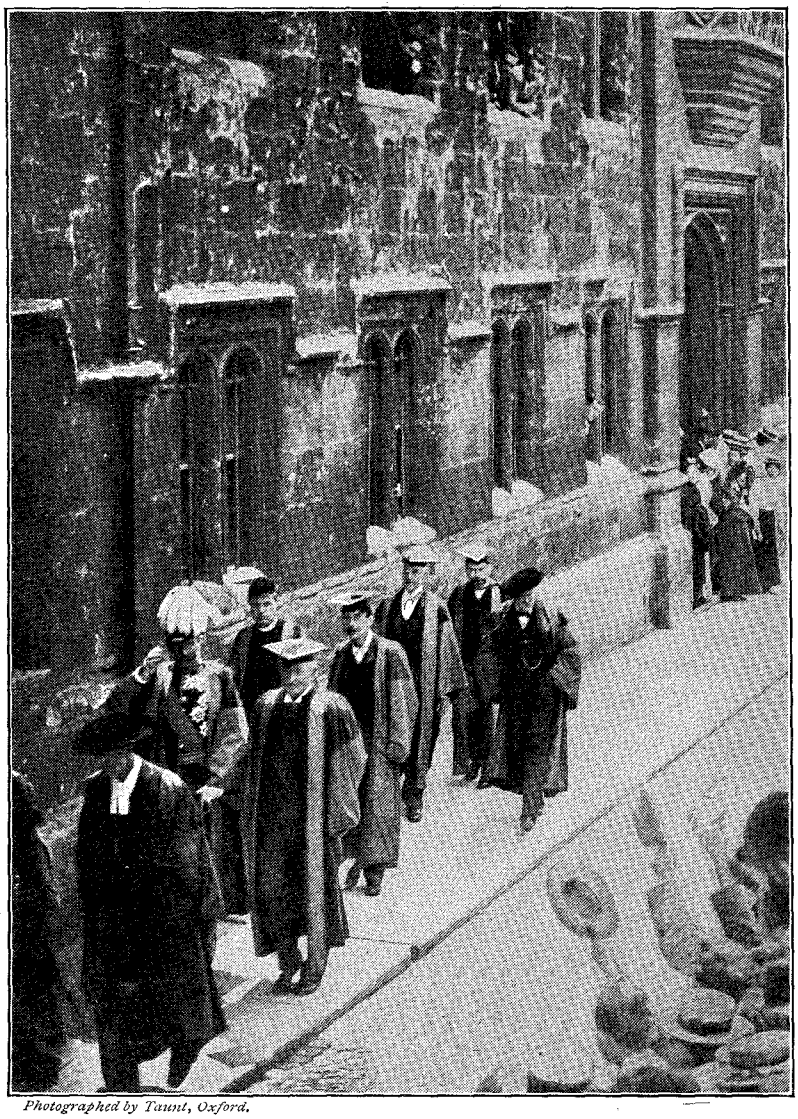

Photographed by Taunt, Oxford.

Rhodes marching in procession to the Encænia, 1899.

difference between an abstract formula and a living point of view. It is the seven years of plenty with him, a time when it is bliss to be alive and very heaven to be young. But he feeds intellectually on a rich diet which not every man can digest. The Rhodes Scholar will need all his characteristically scanty store of general information and more than all of the scanty American tolerance of ideas not current in the United States. If he have the capacity for assimilation, if he can become a part of what he meets, he may return from Oxford to the United States a citizen of the world.

Rhodes Scholars are usually athletes, but they have much to learn from Oxford sports, and they take eager pleasure in learning it. The difference between sport at Oxford and sport in the United States is almost the difference between work and play. In the United States athletics are managed by members of the faculty who have the rare gifts needed for such important work. Teams are coached and

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trained by experts. The costumes and implements are designed by other experts, all to the end of producing the maximum skill and efficiency of which the human frame and the human mind are capable. The result is greater public interest in athletic contests and probably a higher degree of athletic skill than is the rule in England, though this is difficult to measure, since neither country plays exactly the games which attract the greatest interest in the other.

At Oxford athletics are entirely in the hands of the undergraduates. There are no paid coaches; and if in a given college at a given moment no old player is available to coach the team or the boat, it is not uncommon to apply to the captain of a rival team for some useful suggestions and criticisms, which are sure to be given with the utmost candor and liberality. The management of athletics at Oxford is distinctly amateurish and could undoubtedly be improved in efficiency by American methods. Training is earnest but not scientific. The choosing of the members of crews and teams is left to the captain and such advisers as he may select. There are so many forms of athletics and participation is so nearly universal that there are almost no spectators at college matches, and fewer than in the United States at the major inter-university contests.

This sport for sport's sake at Oxford is one of the finest experiences among the many fine opportunities opened by a Rhodes Scholarship. Freed from the curse of spectators there is no finer moral and social training in the world than sport. Without the spectators, compulsion to win, which makes football such a nerve-racking occupation in the United States, no longer exists. Under the conditions obtaining at Oxford and Cambridge the idea that it would be a thousand times better to lose a game than to commit the slightest unfair action does not need to be argued. It is taken for granted just as it is taken for granted in every sport in the United States which has not become a spectacle for the crowd. The absence of spectators takes nothing from the keenness of the contest, but it makes that keenness a healthy, normal, human desire to win or to do one's best, rather than a frenzied feeling that the only two courses before the player are victory or suicide. The absence of spectators implies that the Oxford athlete must buy his own togs and pay his own expenses, which men do cheerfully. Playing fields are, of course, owned by the college, and the barge on the river and the expensive shells in which the crews row are paid for by the college boat-club. For the rest men buy their own equipment, and it is no uncommon thing for the members of a team of an Oxford college going to play a college in Cambridge to be assessed so much per head to pay the travelling expenses. All this simplification of sport gives a better opportunity for the emergence of its true moral and social values. These values exist just as truly in American college sports, and it is no small credit to the inherent sportsmanship of American players and coaches that they do persist, in the face of the terrific and often unscrupulous pressure of spectators and supporters who are interested not in the true values of sport but only in victory.

III

THE Rhodes Scholar spends one-half of his year at Oxford; he has a six weeks' holiday at Christmas, another five or six weeks at Easter-time, and four months in the summer. It is perhaps fair to say that something like half of what he gets from his experience comes from these vacations, when he has the opportunity to travel in England and on the Continent, and to study European life and languages. Not that the vacations are all play. Under the Oxford system term-time is the season for mapping out work, covering the ground hastily, getting together books, and listening to lectures: the hard grinding, filling in the chinks and reading round the subject in the way necessary for a creditable showing in the honor examinations must all be done in the vacation. Every vacation a man must make a careful balance between the demands of his Oxford work and the interest of foreign lands. The typical Rhodes Scholar way of doing this is to avoid too much travel, to settle in some English or Continental town, spend five or six hours a day on Oxford studies, and

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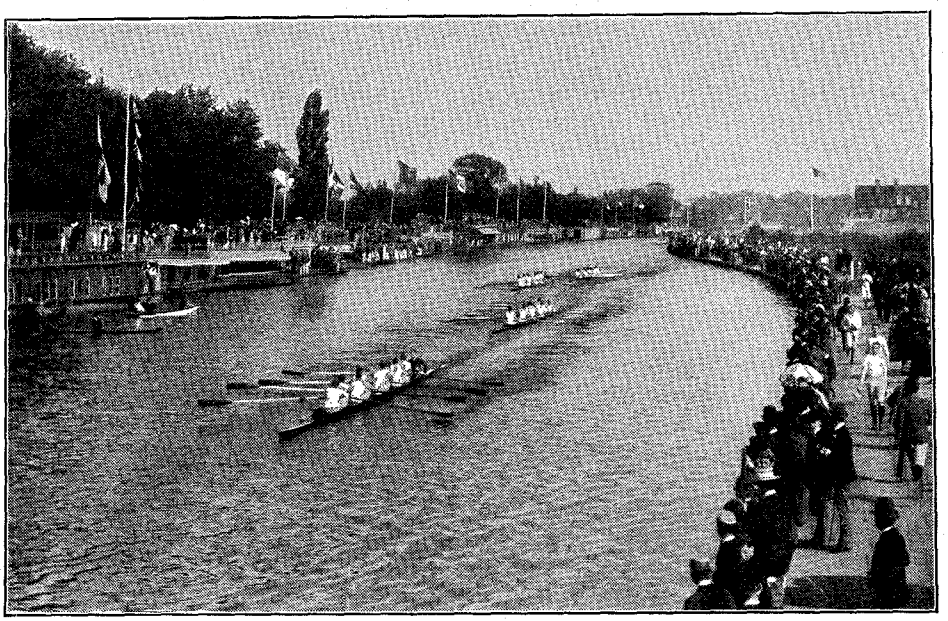
the rest of the day in seeing the sights and in learning the manners, and perhaps the language, of the people. The three years of a Rhodes Scholarship wisely spent will give a man a command of at least one European language, and perhaps a working knowledge of one or two more, together with that kind of understanding of English and Continental life which comes from living with the people, and which does not come from merely travelling through the countries.



Photographed by Taunt, Oxford.

An Oxford bumping race passing the barges.

Some men confine their vacations to England and the near-by countries of the Continent; some journey farther afield into Russia, the Balkan States, the Near East, and the Holy Land; an occasional Rhodes Scholar finishes off his Oxford career by returning home around the world. Since 1914 Rhodes Scholars have added to their knowledge of European peoples and to the credit of their own country by giving generous service to various movements for European relief during and after the war. Their record in Belgium with Hoover is well known. Not so well known is the fact that they were to be found, before the United States entered the war, with the British and French armies as ambulance-drivers and Y. M. C. A. secretaries—on the European fighting fronts, in Palestine, in India, and even in East Africa. Since the war they have gone almost everywhere with the far-flung line of American and English relief.

The result of these vacations, whether in war-time or in peace, is that the Rhodes Scholar comes back with some idea not merely of the English way of looking at life, but also of that of two or three European nations. He is an internationalist of a human rather than merely theoretical sort. This can hardly be said to simplify international problems for him. Perhaps it tends instead to give him an idea of their complexity.

If I may speak for myself and for the men whom I know well, I should say that the Rhodes Scholars have drawn from this experience the conclusion that the United States should play a larger and a more generous part in European affairs, that we should look at such problems as our tariff, the question of the participation in the League of Nations, and the question of the collection of war debts from a point of view wider than that of an American

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country town. No bafflement at the complexity of European national interests, no amount of distrust of the traditional methods of European diplomacy, no criticisms, however valid, of European social systems which, however different, seem, from an American point of view, to resemble each other in the difficulties which they place in the way of the able man of humble origin—none of these can make it any less true that we are one among the family of nations in a very small world rapidly growing smaller. The fact that we do not as a nation understand very much of what has gone on in Europe since the war and do not approve very highly of what we do understand—these facts should not, in the opinion of at least one Rhodes Scholar, prevent America, which has less war fatigue, less danger, and greater strength, from taking a wise and generous part in international affairs.

One of the most important things which a Rhodes Scholar gets from his Oxford experience is a changed attitude toward his own country. A Rhodes Scholar always returns to the United States a better American than he was when he went over. The fears which were widely expressed when the Rhodes will was made public, that three years at Oxford would make British subjects, or at any rate Anglomaniacs out of our American boys, have proved to be without foundation. Out of about six hundred Rhodes Scholars who have been elected since the scheme started in 1904 only one has become a British subject, and the others cannot be told from American college graduates, who have not enjoyed that experience, by any tendency to use the English accent or a monocle. Practically all the Rhodes Scholars have returned to the United States to live. A few have gone abroad as members of the diplomatic corps of the United States, or as representatives of American newspapers or business firms. The largest single group living abroad are those who have become American missionaries in China, and perhaps no Rhodes Scholars are better placed to serve their country than are these.

The Rhodes Scholar comes back a better American than he was when he went over, but he comes back less of a jingo. The jingo, like every other blusterer, is a man who is at heart not sure of his own cause. The attitude of the United States toward England has been for a century one of sensitiveness to criticism, of resentment of fancied slights on our own manners and culture, of a disposition to undervalue those intellectual and artistic achievements in which Europe has excelled us, and to overvalue those political and material goods in which we have excelled Europe. The American has often carried a chip on his shoulder because he was secretly conscious in some points of his own inferiority. The American Rhodes Scholar sees that he need take that attitude no longer. The energy and idealism of the people of the United States, and the good fortune of her position, have brought America to a place where she need no longer envy other nations their points of excellence, where her cue should be to thank God for her own blessings, to admire frankly and to study carefully the best of other countries in order, if possible, to add all good things to her own heritage.

The Rhodes Scholar sees this. He learns at Oxford and in England and on the Continent that his country, if not always in all things admired, is nevertheless never held in contempt by those whose opinions matter, but always respected, and, indeed, often admired beyond its deserts. He learns this best perhaps in Oxford, where young men from all nations live together in good-fellowship and discuss international problems with humanity and humour. The effect upon the American Rhodes Scholar is to teach him to hold up his head as the Cook's tourist does not. He finds that the angry flush no longer mounts to his cheek at an English criticism of the internal arrangements of a Pullman sleeping-car. His heart does not always fill with unalloyed national pride at an English sporting undergraduate's admiration of the fact that sixty thousand people spend a quarter of a million dollars to see a Harvard-Yale game.

The American Rhodes Scholar learns to respect his country as the jingo never does. He learns to be jealous of her action in those things that matter. Living in a country where, because of the extent

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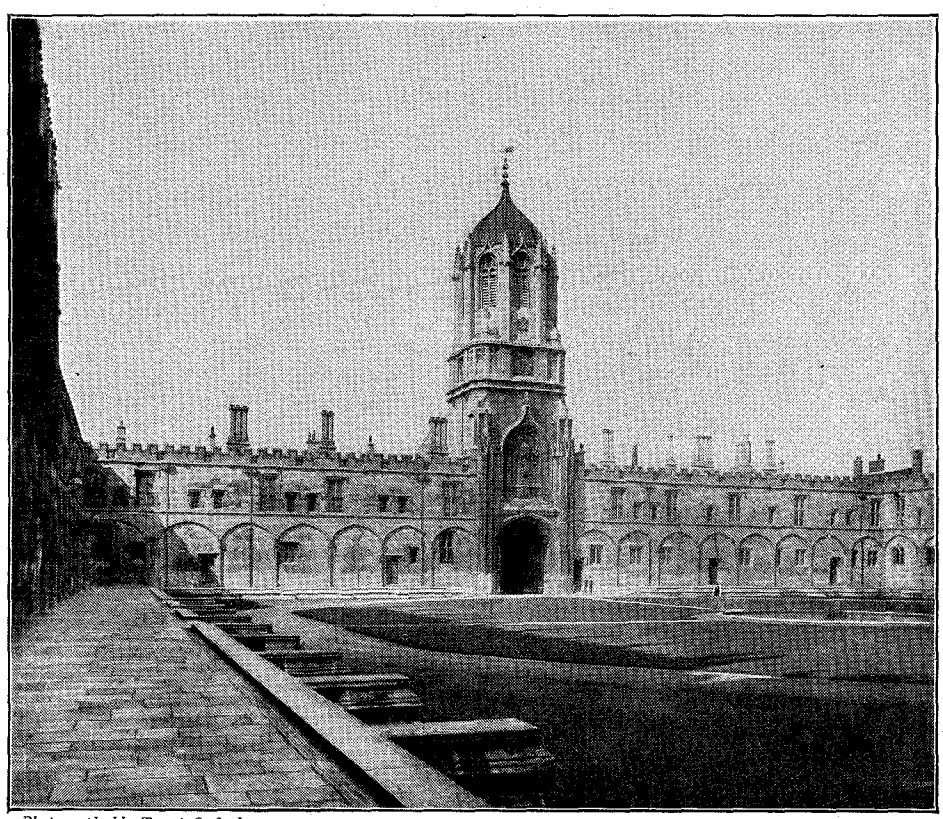
of that League of Nations called the British Empire, international problems are discussed more constantly and more intelligently than anywhere else on earth, he learns, or begins to learn, the lesson of the interdependence of nations; he learns to realize the necessity of understanding and serving the interests of others in order best to serve our own.

In the mere matter of foreign commerce the American Rhodes Scholar sees how interwoven are our interests with the prosperity of the whole world, a fact not generally realized by that great body of our citizens who are dependent on that commerce for bread, or at any rate for luxuries. And he comes back with the longing to have his country, which responds so quickly and so generously to the call of the plague-stricken and the starving, respond also to that less piercing but more important call of the best men of all nations for the help of the strongest in meeting the problems of the day, which, however met, threaten to tax the strength of civilization. And he would translate that call into action in our tariff legislation, in our attitude toward the League of Nations and toward the repayment of the Allied debts.

The Rhodes Scholar gets out of his Oxford experience an international point of view. He also gets from it a new conception of the kinship of the English-speaking nations of the world. One of the great surprises in store for him is the similarity which he finds between his own point of view and that of the Rhodes Scholars from the British Dominions—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. And as he returns time after time from the Continent, he wakes up with surprise to find that the differences which he noted at first, not always with approval, between English ways and his own are, as he learns to look beneath the surface, less significant, and that when he



Photographed by Taunt, Oxford.

Christ Church, Tom Quad.

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lands at Dover he begins to feel at home. Not that he learns to admire everything English. The typical Rhodes Scholar soon learns to talk and think less and less about "the English" as such. He thinks with Englishmen of like ideas, believing in one party and distrusting the others, feeling at home in one social group and disapproving of the ways of others, just as he would at home. He will not approve of all Englishmen, but he learns to argue with all of them, which is the important thing. Finally, he wakes up to the discovery, rarely made on this side of the Atlantic, that our civilization is English at bottom, and that common speech and common law are only significant of a common way of looking at life—a common belief in freedom, in individual effort, and in sportsmanship, which are the real heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race. And he comes to see, as Rhodes saw, that this code of life which preserves the peace among single men of wide individual differences, which stimulates individual initiative and yet makes possible common action, which places justice and integrity above cleverness, which loves institutions and distrusts logic, which (usually) makes reforms slowly, anxious always to unite the best of the old with the best of the new, trying to repair the building of the state rather than to tear it down and rebuild it again—that this point of view distinguishes the whole English-speaking race from the French of 1789, the Germans of 1914, and the Russians of 1920. He is likely to come furthermore to the belief that this point of view, if it could be applied to international problems as it has been so successfully to disputes between man and man, would work out slowly but surely the riddle of these perplexing times. Perhaps this is the truest and most valuable of all the ideas which the American Rhodes Scholar gets from Oxford.

A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANCES ROGERS

XXVI

FROM the little room where he sat at the foot of George's glossy white bed, Campton, through the open door, could watch the November sun slanting down a white ward where, in the lane between other white beds, pots of chrysanthemums stood on white-covered tables.

Through the window his eyes rested incredulously on a court enclosed in monastic arches of gray stone, with squares of turf bordered by box hedges, and a fountain playing.

Beyond the court sloped the faded foliage of a park not yet entirely stripped by Channel gales; and on days without wind, instead of the boom of the guns, the roar of the sea came faintly over intervening heights and hollows.

Campton's ears were even more incredulous than his eyes. He was gradually coming to believe in George's white room, the ward beyond, the flowers between the beds, the fountain in the court; but the sound of the sea still came to him, intolerably but unescapably, as the crash of guns at the front. When the impression was too overwhelming he would turn from the window and cast his glance on the bed; but only to find that the smooth young face on the pillow had suddenly changed into that of the haggard bearded stranger on the wooden pallet at Doullens. And Campton would have to get up, lean over, and catch the twinkle in George's eyes before the evil spell was broken.

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Few words passed between them. George, after all these days, was still too weak for much talk; and silence had always been Campton's escape from emotion. He never felt the need to speak in times of inward stress, unless it were to vent his anger—as in that hateful scene at Doullens between himself and Mr. Brant. But he was sure that George always knew what was passing through his mind; that when the sea boomed their thoughts flew back together to that other scene, but a few miles and a few days distant, yet already as far off, as much an affair they were both rid of, as a nightmare to a wakened sleeper; and that for a moment the same hideous vision clutched them both, mocking their attempts at indifference.

Not that the sound, to Campton at any rate, suggested any abstract conception of war. Looking back afterward at this phase of his life he perceived that at no time had he thought so little of the war. The noise of the sea was to him simply the voice of the engine which had so nearly destroyed his son: that association, deeply imbedded in his half-dazed consciousness, left no room for any other.

The general impression of unreality was enhanced by his not having yet been able to learn the details of George's wounding. After a week during which the boy had hung near death the great surgeon—returning to Doullens just as Campton had finally ceased to hope for him—had announced that, though George's state was still grave, he might be moved in a few days to a hospital at the rear. So one day, miraculously, the transfer had been made, in one of Mrs. Brant's own motor-ambulances; and for a week now George had lain in his white bed, hung over by white-gowned sisters of charity, in an atmosphere of sweetness and order which almost made it seem as if he were a child recovering from illness in his own nursery, or even a red-haired baby sparring with dimpled fists at a new world.

In truth, Campton found him as hard to get at as a baby; he looked at his father with eyes as void of experience, or at least of any means of conveying it. Campton, at first, could only marvel and wait; and the isolation in which the two were enclosed by George's weakness, and by his father's inability to learn from others what the boy was not yet able to tell him, gave a strange remoteness to everything but the things which count in an infant's world: food, warmth, sleep. Campton's nearest approach to reality was his daily scrutiny of the temperature-chart. He studied it as he had been used to study the *communiqués*, which he now no longer even thought of.

Sometimes when George was asleep Campton would sit pondering on the days at Doullens. There was an exquisite joy in silently building up, on that foundation of darkness and anguish, the walls of peace which now surrounded him, a structure so transparent that one could peer through it at the routed Furies, yet so impenetrable that he sat there in a kind of godlike aloofness. For one thing he was especially thankful—and that was the conclusion of his unseemly wrangle with Mr. Brant at Doullens; thankful that, almost at once, he had hurried after the banker, caught up with him, and stammered out, clutching his hand: "I know—I know how you feel."

Mr. Brant's reactions were never rapid, and the events of the last days had called upon faculties that were almost atrophied. He had merely looked at Campton in mute distress, returned his pressure, and then silently remounted the hospital stairs with him.

Campton hated himself for his behaviour, but was thankful, even at the time, that no interested motive had prompted his apology. He should have hated himself even more if he had asked the banker's pardon because of Mr. Brant's "pull," and the uses to which it might be put; or even if he had associated his excuses with any past motives of gratitude, such as the fact that but for Mr. Brant he might never have reached his son's side. Instead of that, he simply felt that once more his senseless temper had got the better of him, and he was sorry that he had behaved like a brute to a man who loved George, and was suffering almost as much as he was at the thought that George might die. . .

After that episode, and Campton's apology, the relations of the two men became so easy that each gradually came to take the other for granted; and Mr.

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Brant, relieved of a perpetual hostile scrutiny, was free to exercise his ingenuity in planning and managing. It was owing to him—Campton no longer minded admitting it—that the famous surgeon had hastened his return to Doullens, that George's translation to the sweet monastic building near the sea had been so rapidly effected, and that the great man, appearing there soon afterward, had extracted the bullet with his own hand. But for Mr. Brant's persistence even the leave to bring one of Mrs. Brant's motor-ambulances to Doullens would never have been given; and it might have been fatal to George to make the journey in the slow and jolting military train. But for Mr. Brant, again, he would have been sent to a crowded military hospital instead of being brought to this white heaven of rest. "And all that just because I overtook him in time to prevent his jumping into his motor and going back to Paris in order to get out of my way!" Campton, at the thought, lowered his soul into new depths of penitence.

George, who had been asleep, opened his eyes and looked at his father.

"Where's Uncle Andy?"

"Gone to Paris to get your mother."

"Yes. Of course. He told me——"

George smiled, and withdrew once more into his secret world.

But Campton's state of mind was less happy. As the time of Julia's arrival approached he began to ask himself with increasing apprehension how she would fit into the situation. Mr. Brant *had* fitted into it—perfectly. Campton had actually begun to feel a secret dependence on him, a fidgety uneasiness since he had left for Paris, sweet though it was to be at last alone with George. But Julia—what might she not do and say to unsettle things, break the spell, agitate and unnerve them all? Campton did not question her love for her son; but he was not sure what form it would take in conditions to which she was so unsuited. How could she ever penetrate into that mystery of peace which enclosed him and his boy? And if she felt them thus mysteriously shut off would she not dimly resent her own exclusion? If only Adele Anthony had been coming! Campton had urged Mr. Brant to bring her; but the banker had failed to obtain a permit for any one but the boy's mother. He had even found it difficult to get his own leave renewed; and it was only after a first trip to Paris, and repeated efforts at the War Office, that he had been allowed to return to fetch his wife, who was just arriving from Biarritz.

Well—for the moment, at any rate, Campton had the boy to himself. As he sat there trying to picture the gradual resurrection of George's pre-war face out of the delicately pencilled white mask on the pillow, he noted the curious change of planes produced by suffering and emaciation, and the altered relation of lights and shadows. Materially speaking, the new George looked like the old one seen in the bowl of a spoon, and through blue spectacles: peaked, narrow, livid, with elongated nose and sunken eye-sockets. But these changes of proportion were not what had really changed him. There was something in the curve of the mouth that fever and emaciation could not account for. In that new line, and in the look of his eyes—the look travelling slowly outward through a long blue tunnel, like some mysterious creature rising from the depths of the sea—that was where the new George lurked, the George to be watched and lain in wait for, patiently and slowly puzzled out. . .

He reopened his eyes.

"Adele too?"

Campton had learned to bridge over the spaces between his son's questions. "No, not this time. We tried, but it couldn't be managed. A little later, I hope——"

"She's all right?"

"Rather! Blooming."

"And Boylston?"

"Blooming too."

George's lids closed contentedly, like doors shutting him away from the world.

It was the first time since his operation that he had asked about any of his friends, or had appeared to think that they might come to see him. But his mind, like his stomach, could receive very little nutriment at a time; he liked to have one mouthful given to him, and then to lie ruminating it in the lengthening intervals between his attacks of pain.

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Each time he asked for news of any one his father wondered what name would next come to his lips. Even during his delirium he had mentioned no one but his parents, Mr. Brant, Adele Anthony, and Boylston; yet it was not possible, Campton thought, that these formed the circumference of his life, that in some contracted fold of consciousness there did not lurk a nearer image, a more secret name... The father's heart beat faster, half from curiosity, half from a kind of shy delicacy, at the thought that at any moment that name might wake in George's memory and utter itself.

Campton's thoughts again turned to his wife. With Julia there was never any knowing. Ten to one she would send the boy's temperature up. He was thankful that, owing to the difficulty of getting the news to her, and then of bringing her back from a frontier department, so many days had had to elapse.

But when she arrived, nothing, after all, happened as he had expected. She had put on her nurse's dress for the journey (he thought it rather theatrical of her, till he remembered how much easier it was to get about in any sort of uniform); but there was not a trace of coquetry in her appearance. As a frame for her haggard unpowdered face the white coif looked harsh and unbecoming; she reminded him, as she got out of the motor, of some mortified Jansenist nun from one of Philippe de Champaigne's stern canvases.

Campton led her to George's door, but left her there; she did not appear to notice whether or not he was following her. He whispered: "Careful about his temperature; he's very weak," and she bent her profile silently as she went in.

XXVII

GEORGE, that evening, seemed rather better, and his temperature had not gone up: Campton had to repress a movement of jealousy at Julia's having done her son no harm. Her experience as a nurse had disciplined a vague gift for the sick-room, and developed in her the faculty of self-command: before the war, if George had met with a dangerous accident, she would have been more encumbering than helpful.

Campton had to admit the change, but it did not draw him any nearer to her. Her manner of loving their son was too different. Nowadays, when he and Anderson Brant were together, he felt that they were thinking of the same things in the same way; but Julia's face, even aged and humanized by grief, was still a mere mask to him. He could never tell what form her thoughts about George might be taking.

Mr. Brant had judged it discreet to efface himself. Campton hunted in vain for him in the alleys of the park, and under the cloister; he remained invisible till they met at the early dinner which they shared with the staff. But the meal did not last long, and when it was over, and nurses and doctors scattered, Mr. Brant again slipped away with them, leaving his wife and Campton alone.

Campton glanced after him, surprised. "Why does he go?"

Mrs. Brant pursed her lips, evidently as much surprised by his question as he by her husband's withdrawal.

"Oh, I suppose he's going to bed—to be ready for an early start to-morrow."

"A start?"

She stared. "Why, of course; he's going back to Paris."

Campton was genuinely astonished. "Is he? I'm sorry."

"Oh—" She appeared unprepared for this. "After all, you must see—we can't very well . . . all three of us . . . especially with these nuns. . ."

"Oh, if it's only *that*——"

She did not take this up, and one of their usual silences followed. Campton was thinking that it was all nonsense about the nuns, and considering the advisability of going in pursuit of Mr. Brant to tell him so. He did not know how to face the prospect of a long succession of days alone between George and George's mother.

Mrs. Brant spoke again. "I was sorry to find that the Sisters have been kept on here. Are they much with George?"

"The Sisters? I don't know. The upper nurses are Red Cross, as you saw. But of course the others are about a good deal. What's wrong? They seem to me perfect."

She hesitated and coloured a little. "I

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don't want them to find out—about the Extreme Unction," she finally said.

Campton repeated her words blankly. He began to think that anxiety and fatigue had confused her mind.

She coloured more deeply. "Oh, I forgot—you don't know. I couldn't think of anything but George at first . . . and the whole thing is so painful to me. . . Where's my bag?"

She groped for her reticule, found it in the folds of the fur cloak she had kept about her shoulders, and fumbled in it with wrinkled jewelled fingers.

"Anderson hasn't spoken to you, then —spoken about Mrs. Talkett?" she began suddenly.

"About Mrs. Talkett? Why should he? What on earth has happened?"

"Oh, I wouldn't see her myself . . . I couldn't . . . so he had to. She had to be thanked, of course . . . but it seems to me so dreadful, so very dreadful . . . *our* boy . . . that woman. . ."

Campton did not press her further. He sat dumbfounded, trying to take in what she was so obviously trying to communicate, and yet instinctively resisting the approach of the revelation he already foresaw.

"George—Mrs. Talkett?" He forced himself to couple the two names, unnatural as their union seemed.

"I supposed you knew. Isn't it dreadful? A woman old enough—" She drew a crumpled letter from her bag.

He interrupted her. "Is that letter what you want to show me?"

"Yes. She insisted on Anderson's keeping it—for you. She said it belonged to us, I believe. . . It seems there was a promise—made the night before he was mobilized—that if anything happened he would get word to her somehow. . . No thought of *us!*" She began to whimper.

Campton reached out for the letter. Madge Talkett—Madge Talkett and George! That was where the boy had gone then, that last night when his father, left alone at the Crillon, had been so hurt by his desertion! That was the name which, in his hours of vigil in the little white room, Campton had watched for on his son's lips, the name which, one day, sooner or later, he would have to hear them pronounce. . . How little he had thought, as he sat studying the mysterious beauty of George's face, what a commonplace secret it concealed!

The writing was not George's, but that of an unlettered French soldier. Campton, glancing at the signature, discovered that it was that of his son's orderly, who had been slightly wounded in the same attack as George, and sent for twenty-four hours to the same hospital at Doullens. He had been at George's side when he fell, and with the simple directness so often natural to his class in France he told the tale of his lieutenant's wounding, in circumstances which appeared to have given George great glory in the eyes of his men. They thought the wound mortal; but the orderly and a stretcher-bearer had managed to get the young man into the shelter of a little wood. The stretcher-bearer, it turned out, was a priest. He had at once applied the consecrated oil, and George, still conscious, had received it "with a beautiful smile"; then the orderly, thinking all was over, had hurried back to the fighting, and been wounded himself. The next day he too had been carried to Doullens; and there, after many enquiries, he had found his lieutenant in the same hospital, still alive, but too ill to see him.

He had contrived, however, to see the nurse, and had learned from her that the doctors did not yet despair. With that he had to be content; but before returning to his base he had hastened to fulfill his lieutenant's instructions (given "many months earlier") by writing to tell "his lady" that he was severely wounded, but still alive—"which is a good deal in itself," the orderly hopefully ended, "not to mention his having received the Legion of Honour."

Campton laid the letter down. There was too much in it to be taken in all at once; and, as usual in moments of deep disturbance, he wanted to be alone, above all wanted to be away from Julia. But Julia held him with insistent gaze.

"Do you want this?" he asked finally, pushing the letter toward her.

"Want it? A letter written to that woman? No! I should have returned it at once—but Anderson wouldn't let me. . . Think of her forcing herself upon me as she did—and making you paint her

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portrait! I see it all now. Had you any idea that this was going on?"

Campton shook his head, and perceived by her look of relief that what she had resented above all was the thought of his being in a secret of George's from which she herself was excluded.

"Adele didn't know either," she said, with evident satisfaction. Campton remembered that he had been struck by Miss Anthony's look of sincerity when he had asked her if she had any idea where George had spent his last evening, and she had answered negatively. The recollection made him understand Mrs. Brant's feeling of relief.

"Perhaps, after all, it's only a flirtation—a mere sentimental friendship," he hazarded.

"A flirtation?" Julia's Mater Dolorosa face suddenly sharpened to worldly astuteness. "A sentimental friendship? Have you ever heard George mention her name—or make any sort of allusion to such a friendship?"

Campton considered. "No. I don't remember his ever speaking of her."

"Well, then—" Her eyes had the impatience he had seen in them on the far-off day when he had thrown Beausite's dinner invitation into the fire. Once more, her glance seemed to say, she had taken the measure of his worldly wisdom.

George's obstinate silence—his care not even to mention that the Talketts were so much as known to him—certainly made it look as though the matter went deep with him. Campton, recalling the tone of the Talkett drawing-room and its familiars, had an even stronger recoil of indignation than Julia's; but he was silenced by a dread of tampering with his son's privacy, a sense of the sacredness of everything pertaining to that still mysterious figure in the white bed upstairs.

Mrs. Brant's face had clouded again. "It's all so dreadful—and this Extreme Unction too! What is it exactly, do you know? A sort of baptism? Will the Roman Church try to get hold of him on the strength of it?"

Campton remembered with a faint inward amusement that, in spite of her foreign bringing up, and all her continental affinities, Julia had remained as implacably and incuriously Protestant as if all her life she had heard the Scarlet Woman denounced from Presbyterian pulpits. At another time it would have amused him to ponder on this one streak in her of the ancestral iron; but now he wanted only to console her.

"Oh, no—it was just the accident of the priest's being there. One of our chaplains would have done the same kind of thing."

She looked at him mistrustfully. "The same kind of thing? It's never the same with them! Whatever they do reaches ahead. I've seen such advantage taken of the wounded when they were too weak to resist . . . didn't know what they were saying or doing. . ." Her eyes filled with tears. "A priest and a woman—I feel as if I'd lost my boy!"

The words went through Campton like a sword, and he sprang to his feet. "Oh, for God's sake be quiet—don't say it! What does anything matter but that he's alive?"

"Of course, of course. . . I didn't mean. . . But that he should think only of *her*, and not of us . . . that he should have deceived us . . . about everything . . . everything. . ."

"Ah, don't say that either! Don't tempt Providence! If he deceived us, as you call it, we've no one but ourselves to blame; you and I, and—well, and Brant. Didn't we all do our best to make him deceive us—with our intriguing and our wire-pulling and our cowardice? How he despised us for it—yes, thank God, how he despised us from the first! He didn't hide the truth from Boylston or Adele, because they were the only two on a level with him. And *they* knew why he'd deceived us; they understood him, they abetted him from the first." He stopped, checked by Mrs. Brant's pale bewildered face, and the eyes imploringly lifted, as if to ward off unintelligible words.

"Ah, well, all this is no use," he said; "we've got him safe, and it's more than we deserve." He laid his hand on her shoulder. "Go to bed; you're dead-beat. Only don't say things—things that might wake up the Furies. . ."

He pocketed the letter and went out, still conscious of being followed by her gaze of perplexity.

Mr. Brant was smoking a last cigar as

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he paced up and down the cloister with upturned coat-collar. Silence lay on the carefully darkened building, crouching low under drifts of icy sea-fog; at long intervals, through the hush, the waves continued to mimic the booming of the guns.

Campton drew out the orderly's letter. "I hear you're leaving to-morrow early, and I suppose I'd better give this back."

Mr. Brant had evidently expected him. "Oh, thanks. But Mrs. Talkett says she has no right to it."

"No right to it? That's a queer thing to say."

"So I thought. I suppose she meant, till you'd seen it. She was dreadfully upset: . . till she saw me she'd supposed he was dead."

Campton shivered. "She sent this to your house?"

"Yes; the moment she got it. It was waiting there when my—when Julia arrived."

"And you went to thank her?"

"Yes." Mr. Brant hesitated. "Julia disliked to keep the letter. And I thought it only proper to take it back myself."

"Certainly. And—what was your impression?"

Mr. Brant hesitated again. He had already, Campton felt, reached the utmost limit of his power of communicativeness. It was against all his habits to "commit himself." Finally he said, in an unsteady voice: "It was impossible not to feel sorry for her."

"Did she say—er—anything special? Anything about herself and——"

"No; not a word. She was—well, all broken up, as they say."

"Poor thing!" Campton murmured.

"Yes—oh, yes!" Mr. Brant held the letter, turning it thoughtfully about. "It's a great thing," he began abruptly, as if the words were beyond his control, "to have such a beautiful account of the affair. George himself, of course, would never——"

"No, never." Campton considered. "You must take it back to her, naturally. But I should like to have a copy first."

Mr. Brant put a hand in his pocket. "I supposed you would. And I took the liberty of making two—oh, privately, of course. I hope you'll find my writing fairly legible." He drew two folded sheets from his note-case, and offered one to Campton.

"Oh, thank you." The two men grasped hands through the fog.

Mr. Brant turned to continue his round, and Campton went up to the white-washed cell in which he was lodged. Screening his candle to keep the least light from leaking through the shutters, he re-read the story of George's wounding, copied out in the cramped tremulous writing of a man who never took pen in hand but to sign a daily batch of typed letters. The "hand-made" copy of a letter by Mr. Brant represented something like the pious toil expended by a monkish scribe on the page of a missal; and Campton was moved by the little man's devotion.

As for the letter, Campton had no sooner begun to re-read it than he entirely forgot that it was a message of love, addressed at George's request to Mrs. Talkett, and saw in it only the record of his son's bravery. And for the first time he understood that from the moment of George's wounding until now he had never really thought of him in relation to the war, never thought of his judgment on the war, of all the unknown emotions, resolves and actions which had drawn him so many months ago from his safe shelter in the Argonne.

These things Campton, unconsciously, had put out of his mind, or rather had lost out of his mind, from the moment when he had heard of George's wounding. By and by, he knew, the sense of them, and of the questions they raised, would come back and possess him; but meanwhile, emptied of all else, he brimmed with the mere fact of George's bodily presence, with the physical signs of him, his weakness, his temperature, the pain in his arm, the oppression on his lung, all the daily insistent details involved in slowly coaxing him back to life.

The father could bear no more; he put the letter away, as a man might put away something of which his heart was too full to measure it. Later—yes; now, all he knew was the fact that his son was alive.

But the hour of Campton's entering into glory came when, two or three days

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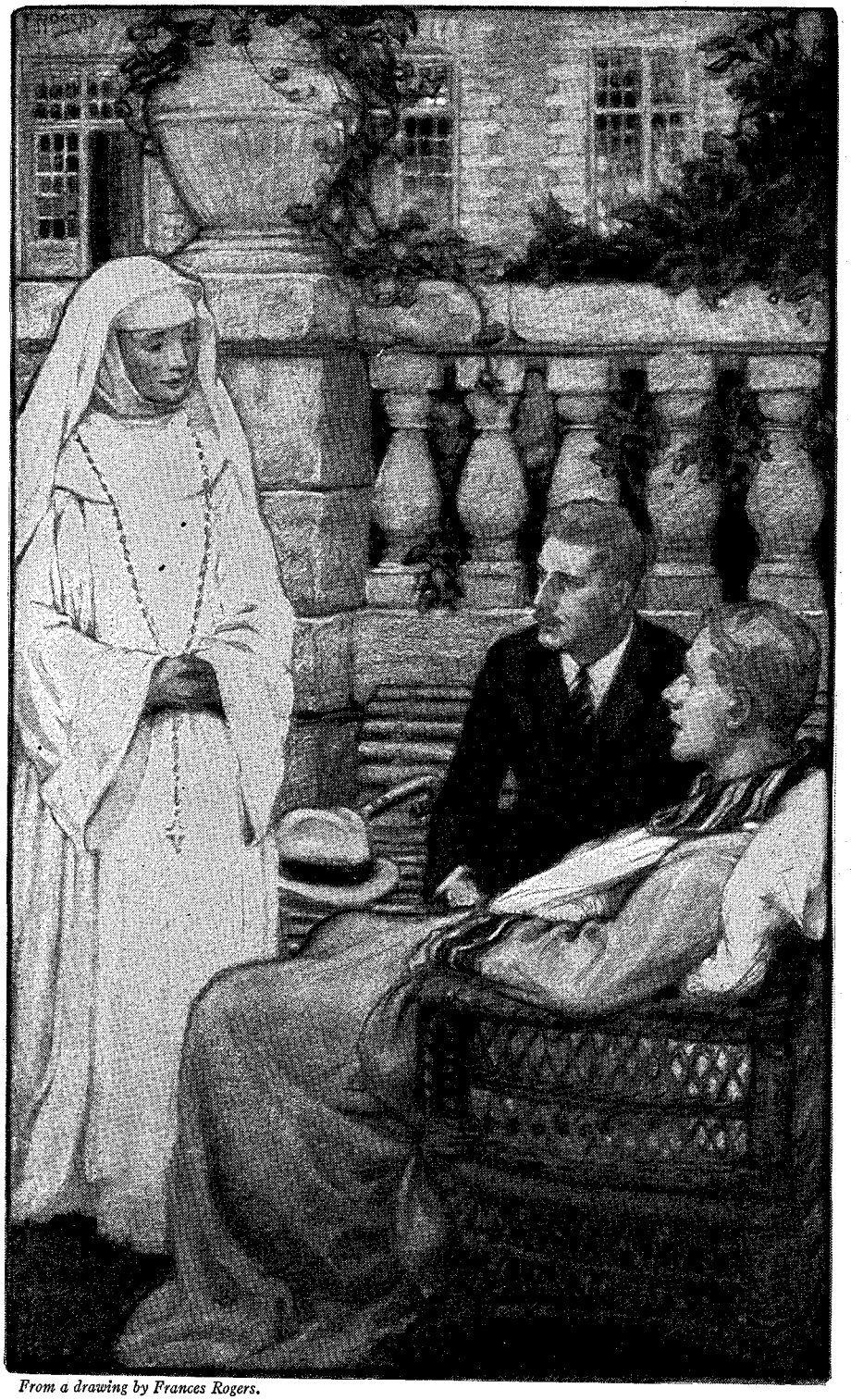

From a drawing by Frances Rogers.

George's eyes turned from his and rested on the little round-faced Sister.—Page 696.

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later, George said with a sudden smile: "When I exchanged regiments I did what you'd always hoped I would, eh, Dad?"

It was the first allusion, on the part of either, to the mystery of George's transit from the Argonne to the front. At Doullens he had been too weak to be questioned, and as he grew stronger, and entered upon the successive stages of his convalescence, he gave the impression of having travelled far beyond such matters, and of living his real life in some inconceivable region from which, with that new smile of his, he continued to look down unseeingly on his parents. "It's exactly as if he were dead," the father thought. "And if he were, he might go on watching us with just such a smile."

And then, one morning as they were taking a few steps on a sunny terrace, Campton had felt the pressure of the boy's sound arm, and caught the old George in his look.

"I . . . good Lord . . . at any rate I'm glad you felt sure of me," Campton could only stammer in reply.

George laughed. "Well—rather!"

There was a long silence full of sea-murmurs too drowsy and indolent, for once, to simulate the horror of the guns.

"I—I only wish you'd felt you could trust me about it from the first, as you did Adele and Boylston," the father continued.

"But, my dear fellow, I did feel it! I swear I did! Only, you see, there was mother. I thought it all over, and decided it would be easier for you both if I said nothing. And, after all, I'm glad now that I didn't—that is, if you really do understand."

"Yes; I understand."

"That's jolly." George's eyes turned from his and rested with a joyful gravity on the little round-faced Sister who hurried up to say that he'd been out long enough. Campton often caught him fixing this look of serene benevolence on the people who were gradually repeopling his world, a look which seemed to say that they were new to him, and yet dimly familiar. He was like a traveller returning after incommunicable adventures to the place where he had lived as a child; and, as happens with such wanderers, the trivial and insignificant things, the things a newcomer would not have noticed, seemed often to interest him most of all.

He said nothing more about himself, but with the look of recovered humanness which made him more lovable if less remotely beautiful, began to question his father.

"Boylston wrote that you'd begun to paint again. I'm so glad."

"Oh, I only took it up for a while last spring."

"Portraits?"

"A few. But I chucked it. I couldn't stand the atmosphere."

"What atmosphere?"

"Of people who could want to be painted at such a time. People who wanted to 'secure a Campton.' Oh, and then the dealers—God!"

George seemed unimpressed. "After all, life's got to go on."

"Yes—that's what they say! And the only result is to make me doubt if *theirs* has."

His son laughed, and then threw off: "You did Mrs. Talkett?"

"Yes," Campton snapped, off his guard.

"She's a pretty creature," said George; and at that moment his eyes, resting again on the little nurse, who was waiting at his door with a cup of cocoa, lit up with celestial gratitude.

"The *communiqué's* good to-day," she cried; and he smiled at her boyishly. The war was beginning to interest him again: Campton was sure that every moment he could spare from that unimaginable region which his blue eyes guarded like a sword was spent among his comrades at the front.

As the day approached for the return to Paris, Campton began to penetrate more deeply into the meaning of George's remoteness. He himself, he discovered, had been all unawares in a far country, a country guarded by a wingèd sentry, as the old hymn had it: the region of silent incessant communion with his son. Just they two: everything else effaced; not discarded, destroyed, not disregarded even, but blotted out by a soft silver haze, as the brown slopes and distances were, on certain magic days, from the windows of the seaward-gazing hospital.

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It was not that he had been unconscious of the presence of other suffering about them. As George grew stronger, and took his first steps in the wards, he and his father were inevitably brought into contact with the life of the hospital. George had even found a few friends, and two or three regimental comrades, among the officers perpetually coming and going, or enduring the long weeks of agony which led up to the end. But that was only toward the close of their sojourn, when George was about to yield his place to others, and be taken to Paris for the re-education of his shattered arm. And by that time the weeks of solitary communion had left such an imprint on Campton that, once the hospital was behind him, and no more than a phase of memory, it became to him as one of its own sea-mists, in which he and his son might have been peacefully shut away together from all the rest of the world.

XXVIII

"PREPAREDNESS!" cried Boylston in an exultant crow.

His round brown face with its curly crest and peering half-blind eyes beamed at Campton in the old way across the desk of the Palais Royal office; and from the corner where she had sunk down on one of the broken-springed divans, Adele Anthony echoed: "Preparedness!"

It was the first time that Campton had heard the word; but the sense of it had been in the air ever since he and George had got back to Paris. He remembered, on the very day of their arrival, noticing something different in both of his friends; and the change in the young man and in the elderly spinster had shown itself in the same way: both seemed more vivid yet more remote. It had struck Campton in the moment of first meeting them, in the Paris hospital near the Bois de Boulogne—Fortin-Lescluze's old Nursing-Home transformed into a House of Re-education—to which George had been taken. In the little cell crowded with flowers—almost too many flowers, his father thought, for the patient's aching head and tired eyes—Campton, watching the entrance of the two visitors, the first to be admitted after Julia and Mr. Brant, had instantly remarked the air they had of sharing something so secret and important that their joy at seeing George seemed only the overflow of another deeper joy.

Their look had just such a vividness as George's own; as their glances crossed, Campton saw the same light in the eyes of all three. And now, a few weeks later, the clue to it came to him in Boylston's new word. *Preparedness!* America, it appeared, had caught it up from east to west, in that sudden incalculable way she had of flinging herself on a new idea; from a little group of discerning spirits the contagion had spread like a prairie fire, sweeping away all the other catch-words of the hour, devouring them in one great blaze of wrath and enthusiasm and resolution. America meant to be prepared! First had come the creation of the training camp at Plattsburg, for which, after long delays and much difficulty, permission had been wrung from a reluctant government; then, as candidates flocked to it, as the whole young manhood of the Eastern States rose to the call, other camps, rapidly planned, were springing up at Fort Oglethorpe in Georgia, at Fort Sheridan in Illinois, at The Presidio in California; the idea was even spreading through the west, and the torch kindled beside the Atlantic seaboard already flashed its light on the Pacific.

For hours at a time Campton heard Boylston talking about these training camps with the young Americans who helped him in his work, or dropped in to seek his counsel. More than ever, now, he was an authority and an oracle to these stray youths who were expending their enthusiasm for France in the humblest of philanthropic drudgery: students of the Beaux Arts or the University, or young men of leisure discouraged by the indifference of their country and the dilatoriness of their government, and fired by the impatient desire to take part in a struggle in which they had instantly felt their own country to be fatally involved in spite of geographical distance.

None of the young men in question had heard Benny Upsher's imperious call to be "in it" from the first, no matter how or at what cost. They were of the kind to wait for a lead—and now Boylston was

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giving it to them with his passionate variations on the great theme of Preparedness. George, meanwhile, lay there in his bed and smiled; and now and then Boylston brought one or two of the more privileged candidates to see him. One day Campton found young Louis Dastrey there, worn and haggard after a bad wound, and preparing to leave for America as instructor in one of the new camps. That seemed to bring the movement closer than ever, to bring it into their very lives. The thought flashed through Campton: "When George is up, we'll get him sent out too"; and once again a delicious sense of security crept through him.

George, as yet, was only sitting up for a few hours a day; the wound in the lung was slow in healing, and his fractured arm in recovering its flexibility. But in another fortnight he was to leave the hospital and go to complete his convalescence at his mother's.

The thought was bitter to Campton; he had had all kinds of wild plans—of taking George to the Crillon, or hiring an apartment for him, or even camping with him at the studio. But George had smiled all this away. He meant to return to the Avenue Marigny, where he had always stayed when he came to Paris, and where it was natural that his mother should want him now. Adele Anthony pointed out to Campton how natural it was, one day as he and she left the Palais Royal together. They were going to lunch at a near-by restaurant, as they often did on leaving the office, and Campton had begun to speak of George's future arrangements. He would be well enough to leave the hospital in another week, and then no doubt a staff-job could be obtained for him in Paris—"with Brant's pull, you know," Campton concluded, hardly aware that he had uttered the detested phrase without even a tinge of irony. But Adele was aware, as he saw by the faint pucker of her thin lips.

He shrugged her smile away indifferently. "Oh, well—hang it, yes! Everything's changed now, isn't it? After what the boy's been through I consider that we're more than justified in using Brant's pull in his favour—or anybody else's."

Miss Anthony nodded and unfolded her napkin.

"Well, then," Campton continued his argument, "as he's likely to be in Paris now till the war is over—which means some time next year, they all say—why shouldn't I take a jolly apartment somewhere for the two of us? Those pictures I did last spring brought me in a lot of money, and there's no reason—" His face lit up. "Servants, you say? Why, my poor Mariette may be back from Lille any time now. They tell me there's sure to be a big push in the spring. They're saving up for that all along the line. Ask Dastrey . . . ask . . ."

"You'd better let George go to his mother," said Miss Anthony concisely.

"Why?"

"Because it's natural—it's human. *You're* not always, you know," she added with another pucker.

"Not human?"

"I didn't mean that you're inhuman. But you see things differently."

"I don't want to see anything but one; and that's my own son. How shall I ever see George if he's at the Avenue Marigny?"

"He'll come to you."

"Yes—when he's not at Mrs. Talkett's!"

Miss Anthony frowned. The subject had been touched upon between them soon after Campton's return, but Miss Anthony had little light to throw on it: George had been as mute with her as with every one else, and she knew Mrs. Talkett but slightly, and seldom saw her. Yet Campton perceived that she could not hear the young woman named without an involuntary contraction of her brows.

"I wish I liked her!" she murmured.

"Mrs. Talkett?"

"Yes—I should think better of myself if I did. And it might be useful. But I can't—I can't!"

Campton said within himself: "Oh, women—!" For his own resentment had died out long ago. He could think of the affair now as one of hundreds such as happen to young men; he was even conscious of regarding it, in some unlit secret fold of himself, as a probable guarantee of George's wanting to remain in Paris, another subterranean way of keeping him, should such be needed. Perhaps that was

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what Miss Anthony meant by saying that her liking Mrs. Talkett might be "useful."

"Why shouldn't he be with me?" the father persisted. "He and I were going off together when the war began. I was defrauded of that—why shouldn't I have him now?"

Miss Anthony smiled. "Well, for one thing, because of that very 'pull' you were speaking of."

"Oh, the Brants, the Brants!" Campton glanced impatiently at the bill-of-fare, grumbled: "*Déjeuner du jour*, I suppose?" and went on: "Yes; I might have known it—he belongs to them. From the minute I saw them at the station, with their motor waiting, and everything arranged as only money can arrange it, I knew I'd lost my boy again." He stared moodily before him. "And yet if the war hadn't come I should have got him back—I almost had."

His companion still smiled, a little wistfully. She leaned over and laid her hand on his, under cover of the bill-of-fare. "You did get him back, John, forever and always, the day he exchanged into the infantry. Isn't that enough?"

Campton answered her smile. "You gallant old chap, you!" he said; and they began to lunch.

George was able to be up now, able to drive out, and to see more people; and Campton was not surprised, on approaching his door a day or two later, to hear several voices in animated argument.

The voices (and this did surprise him) were all men's. In one he recognized Boylston's deep round notes; but the answering voice, flat, toneless and yet eager, puzzled him with a sense of something familiar but forgotten. He opened the door, and saw, at the tea-tray between George and Boylston, the smoothly-brushed figure of Roger Talkett.

Campton had not seen Mrs. Talkett's husband for months, and in the interval so much had happened that the young man, always somewhat faintly-drawn, had become as dim as a daguerreotype held at the wrong angle.

The painter hung back, slightly embarrassed; but Mr. Talkett did not seem in the least disturbed by his appearance, or by the fact of himself being where he was. It was evident that, on whatever terms George might be with his wife, Mr. Talkett was determined to shed on him the same impartial beam as on all her other visitors.

His eye-glasses glinted blandly up at Campton. "Now I daresay I *am* subversive," he began, going on with what he had been saying, but in a tone intended to include the newcomer. "I don't say I'm not. We *are* a subversive lot at home, all of us—you must have noticed that, haven't you, Mr. Campton?"

Boylston emitted a faint growl. "What's that got to do with it?" he asked.

Mr. Talkett's glasses slanted in his direction. "Why—everything! Resistance to the herd-instinct (to borrow one of my wife's expressions) is really innate in me. And the idea of giving in now, of sacrificing my convictions, just because of all this deafening noise about America's danger and America's duties—well, *no*," said Mr. Talkett, straightening his glasses, "Philistinism won't go down with me, in whatever form it tries to disguise itself." Instinctively, he stretched a neat hand toward the tea-cups, as if he had been rearranging the furniture at one of his wife's parties.

"But—but—but—" Boylston stuttered, red with rage.

George burst into a laugh. He seemed to take a boyish amusement in the dispute. "Tea, father?" he suggested, reaching across the tray for a cigarette.

Talkett jerked himself to his feet. "Take my chair, now do, Mr. Campton. You'll be more comfortable. Here, let me shake up this cushion for you—" ("*Cushion!*" Boylston interjected scornfully.) "A light, George? Now don't move!—I don't say, of course, old chap," Talkett continued, as he held the match deferentially to George's cigarette, "that this sort of talk would be safe—or advisable—just now in public; subversive talk never is. But when two or three of the Elect are gathered together—well, your father sees my point, I know. The Hero," he nodded at George, "has his job, and the Artist," with a slant at Campton, "his. In Germany, for instance, as we're beginning to find out, the creative minds,

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the Intelligentsia (to use another of my wife's expressions), have been carefully protected from the beginning, given jobs, vitally important jobs of course, but where their lives were not exposed. The country needs them too much in other ways; they would probably be wretched fighters, and they're of colossal service in their own line. Whereas in France and England—" he suddenly seemed to see his chance— "Well, look here, Mr. Campton, I appeal to you, I appeal to the great creative Artist: in any country but France and England, would a fellow of George's brains have been *allowed*, even at this stage of the war, to chuck an important staff job, requiring intellect, tact and *savoir faire*, and try to get himself killed like any unbaked boy—like your poor cousin Benny Upsher, for instance? Would he?"

"Yes—in America!" shouted Boylston; and Mr. Talkett's tallowy cheeks turned pink.

"George knows how I feel about these things," he stammered.

George still laughed in his remote impartial way, and Boylston asked with a grin: "Why don't you get yourself naturalized—a neutral?"

Mr. Talkett's pinkness deepened. "I have lived too much among Artists—" he began; and George interrupted gaily: "There's a lot to be said on Talkett's side too. Going, Roger? Well, I shall be able to look in on you now in a few days. Remember me to Madge. Goodbye."

Boylston rose also, and Campton remained alone with his son.

"Remember me to Madge!" That was the way in which the modern young man spoke of his beloved to his beloved's proprietor. There had not been a shadow of constraint in George's tone; and now, glancing at the door which had closed on Mr. Talkett, he merely said, as if apostrophising the latter's neat back: "Poor devil! He's torn to pieces with it."

"With what?" asked Campton, startled.

"Why, with Boylston's Preparedness. Wanting to do the proper thing—and never before having had to decide between anything more vital than straight or turned-down collars. It's playing the very deuce with him."

His eyes grew thoughtful. Was he going to pronounce Mrs. Talkett's name—at last? But no; he wandered back to her husband. "Poor little ass! Of course he'll decide against." He shrugged his shoulders. "And Boylston's just as badly torn in the other direction."

"Boylston?"

"Yes. Knowing that he wouldn't be taken himself, on account of his bad heart and his blind eyes, and wondering if, in spite of his disabilities, he's got the right to preach to all these young chaps here who hang on his words like the gospel. One of them taunted him with it the other day."

"The cur!"

"Yes. And ever since, of course, Boylston's been twice as fierce, and overworking himself to calm his frenzy. The men who can't go are all like that, when they know it's their proper work. It isn't everybody's billet out there—I've learnt that since I've had a look at it—but it would be Boylston's if he had the health, and he knows it, and that's what drives him wild." George looked at his father with a smile. "You don't know how I thank my stars that there weren't any 'problems' for me, but just a plain job that picked me up by the collar, and dropped me down where I belonged." He reached for another cigarette. "Old Adele's coming presently. Do you suppose we could rake up some fresh tea?" he asked.

(To be continued.)

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George Henry Boker—Playwright and Patriot

BY ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN
Author of "The Significance of Recent American Drama," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. OTIS SKINNER

IT is just a century since one of our greatest dramatists, one of the most uncompromising of our patriots, one of the most successful of our diplomats, was born. That his country has shown so little sense of its debt to him on any of these counts may be due to the fact that he was born on October 6, 1823, in Philadelphia. For it is the characteristic of his native city and mine that it combines a profound content with its collective achievements with a great disinclination to express its appreciation in any tangible form. This preference for being rather than for talking or writing about it has been attributed to its Quaker self-repression. It was from a Quaker family of Nottinghamshire, however, that George Henry Boker was descended. They had gone to England, via Holland, from the French town of Nismes, where the name was originally Bôcher. Charles Boker, the dramatist's father, was a banker, who took hold of the old Girard Bank in 1840 after it had been a victim of the panic of 1837, and by his vigorous administration brought it again into solvency.

George Boker grew up in an atmosphere of material comfort and cultivated surroundings. The Philadelphia of his boyhood was still fragrant with the Colonial tradition, classic in its white marble steps and wrought-iron balconies, with the touch of romance in the merchant ships that brought the famous Madeira and other exotic goods to the old docks along the Delaware. His dearest friend was Charles Godfrey Leland, whom he introduced to "Don Quixote," for already the charm of Spain was upon him. The two boys fed also on Scott's romance together and wove stories of their own of heroes and dragons. Their first separation came when he entered the College of New Jersey, as Princeton was then called, in 1839. Leland did not join him until 1841, when the future author of "Hans Breitmann" became a freshman while Boker was a senior. Boker has left no record of his own impressions of Princeton, but from the later letters of Leland, from the old catalogues, and, best, from his own contributions to *The Nassau Monthly*, of which he was one of the founders, we can sense the effect of his college upon him. It was a simple, straightforward existence, with the total annual expenses varying from a carefully calculated minimum of $167.37 to a maximum of $199.00, including rent, board, tuition, and all incidentals, except furniture, books, and personal expenses. Boker evidently had "the best room in college," according to Leland, who tried to persuade his father to let him buy the furniture for forty dollars. He was a tall, handsome boy, well liked and a leader among the element in college that took the narrow curriculum of the thirties and forties as a point of departure for self-education in modern literatures, which were then fighting their way into the college curriculum. Latin, Greek, and mathematics, from plane geometry to calculus and astronomy, were the main diet, with excursions, in senior year, into belles-lettres and philosophy, moral and natural. A faculty of a dozen men taught the two hundred students, who came principally from New York, New Jersey, Maryland, and the Southern States. In one of the catalogues William Gledhill, of the class of '43, has indicated

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the later pursuits of Boker's class. Law, medicine, and theology claimed most of them. Boker is the only one who is credited to "letters," although John S. Telfair, of North Carolina, became "an editor." Of the faculty, probably the ones from whom Boker must have gained most were Albert B. Dod, whose chair was mathematics, but who lectured also on architecture and political economy; Joseph Henry, who was an inspiring teacher of science; and James W. Alexander, who lectured on English literature.

College students were probably the same then as now, only less varied in character. There were town-and-gown rows with "Jerseymen," there was a "strike" of the freshman class, and the official catalogue states quaintly: "It is particularly recommended that all students, when practicable, spend their vacations at home with their parents or friends; or when this is inconvenient, that they take boarding elsewhere than in Princeton: since it is found that when a number of young persons are collected together without regular occupation or study the temptations to idleness and dissipation are often too strong to be resisted."

Yet the pages of *The Nassau Monthly* reveal a maturity of thought, a seriousness of tone, and an interest in literature that would do credit to any college journal of to-day. Boker contributed six poems and seven prose articles to the first and second volumes, for he did not lose interest with his graduation. The verse is romantic, and is of no permanent value, but the translation of "The Battle of Brunanburgh" from the Anglo-Saxon shows Boker's sense of form and appreciation of the English spirit, and his sonnets are a prophecy of greater days to come. His prose articles are much better, especially his enthusiastic treatment of Norse legend in "Odin," and his eloquent "Pre-eminence of the Man of Letters." In this essay Boker embodies that aristocratic ideal which was to remain his for life. The man of letters is to be removed from the throng but is to uplift them. And "if there is one offense in a nation which we should willingly forgive it is the undue pride and admiration of its great men" is not a bad sentence for a boy of twenty. His article on "Spenser" shows his knowledge of the English dramatists, afterward to be his models. One is tempted to linger overlong on this formative period of a great man, but since it is the usual fashion in America to attribute our writers' success to any influence rather than to their education, it is pleasant to record the impression of at least the cultivation of comradeship which comes to one from turning over the pages of this old college journal.

Two years after graduation Boker married Miss Julia Mandeville Riggs, of Georgetown, D. C., a woman whose charm enriched in after years the atmosphere of the legations of Constantinople and St. Petersburg. Foreign travel came next, and then a decision to devote himself to writing. He had studied law with John Sargeant in Philadelphia, but he had no aptitude for it. If any one might have felt himself justified in that day in America in choosing a literary career, it was he. He felt no pressure from necessity; he had leisure, and Philadelphia was to a certain extent still the publishing centre. *Graham's Magazine*, *Sartain's Union Magazine*, *Peterson's Magazine*, and even *Godey's Lady's Book* were at their height. But Boker's talent hardly lay in this direction. His first volume of verse, "The Lesson of Life," published in 1848, contained only a hint of his strength. But when "Calaynos," his first play, appeared in the same year, it was at once evident that a new and potent force in our drama had arisen. Dramatic recognition, however, was hard to win. It might have been looked for in Philadelphia more hopefully than elsewhere, for the plays of the group of dramatists who had produced "The Gladiator," "Metamora," "Jack Cade," and "The Actress of Padua" were still being acted with success by Forrest and others. The tradition that a successful lawyer or editor might write a play and even have it acted without harm to his professional reputation was still strong in Philadelphia, even if Doctor Bird, Judge Conrad, and Richard Penn Smith had ceased writing for the stage, and John A. Stone had thrown himself in despair into the Schuylkill River. Boker, however, had not Forrest's encouragement, for his plays were of a different quality. Just as a ro-

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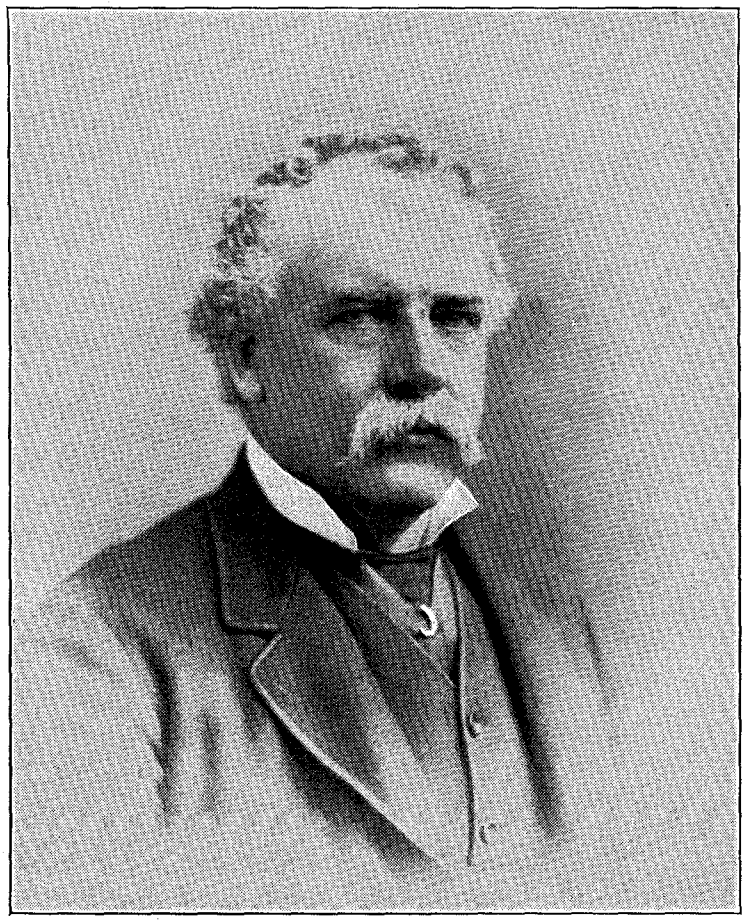
bust democracy, fitted for Edwin Forrest's acting, had been the characteristic of that school of playwriting, so Boker's plays strike the key-note of the patrician.



George Henry Boker.

"Calaynos" is a tragedy, laid in Spain in mediæval times and based on the Spanish horror of any taint of Moorish blood. But the plot is of less importance than the creation of lofty standards of race and conduct, of an atmosphere of inevitable tragedy, clothed in a blank verse already possessed of that distinction which is one of Boker's greatest claims to consideration by posterity.

"Calaynos" had its first recognition in England, where Samuel Phelps, Macready's successor in tragedy, produced it at the Sadlers Wells Theatre, May 10, 1849, without the formality of securing the author's consent. This English acting version of "Calaynos," preserved among the Boker manuscripts, is much changed from the original, and the playwright as he noted the alterations has written on the margin, "Phelps again, O Lord! O Lord!" in the agony of the creator. Some use was made of this revision, however, when James E. Murdoch put on "Calaynos" at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia on January 20, 1851, and later took it to Chicago, Baltimore, and Albany. And G. K. Dickenson, who had played Oliver, Calaynos' secretary, in Phelps' cast, reproduced the play in December on his visit to this country, Charles W. Couldock playing Calaynos.

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LESSEE ..... Mr. E. A. MARSHALL
STAGE MANAGER ..... Mr. W. R. BLAKE

SECOND WEEK OF THE
REGULAR SEASON!

CONTINUATION OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE EMINENT
AMERICAN ACTOR!
MR. E. L. DAVENPORT

FIRST TIME ON ANY STAGE OF
THE TRAGEDY
By G. H. BOKER, Esq., author of "Calaynos," "Betrothal," &c., called
Francesca da Rimini
IN WHICH THE EMINENT AMERICAN ACTOR
MR. E. L. DAVENPORT
Will appear in an entirely
ORIGINAL CHARACTER!!

☞ This production of a popular and most talented Native Author will be brought forward with the efficient aid of
☞ ESTABLISHED PERFORMERS!
☞ NEW AND APPROPRIATE SCENERY!!
☞ COSTUMES, PROPERTIES, DECORATIONS!!!
☞ APPOINTMENTS, MUSIC and PAGANTRY!!!!

WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 26, 1855,
Will be presented the Tragedy, in five acts, by G. H. Boker, Esq., entitled

FRANCESCA
DA
RIMINI

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

GUELFS.

Malatesta, (Lord of Rimini) ..... Mr. Whiting
LANCIOTTO { his sons } ..... Mr. E. L. DAVENPORT
Paolo ..... Mr. Lanergan
Pepe, (the Jester) ..... Mr. C. Fisher
Ramiel ..... Mr. Walters
Malatesti { Young Nobles—companions of Paolo } ..... Mr. Harcourt
Guasti ..... Mr. Cutter
Horn, (a Troubadour) ..... Mr. Vincent
Nobles, Soldiers, Pages, Troubadours, Attendants, &c., &c.

GHIBELINS.

Guido da Polenta, (Lord of Ravenna) ..... Mr. Carroll
The Cardinal Ubaldino ..... Mr. Rodgers
Florent { Nobles of Malatesta's Court } ..... Mr. Willet
Hugo ..... Jonaks
Maurice, (Captain of the Guard) ..... Mr. Frederick
Antonio, (a Master of the Revels) ..... Mr. Wright
Nobles, Dignitaries of the Church, Soldiers, Pages, Banner Bearers, Minnesingers, &c.
Francesca da Rimini, (Daughter to Guido) ..... Miss Foster
Hilta, (her attendant) ..... Miss J. Manners

To conclude with the popular Farce of
POOR PILLICODDY
Mr. Pillicoddy ..... Mr. W. A. Chapman | Capt. O'Scuttle ..... Mr. Seymour
Mrs. Pillicoddy ..... Mrs. Wheatman | Mrs. O'Scuttle ..... Mrs. Seymour
Sarah Blunt ..... Miss J. Manners

☞ TO-MORROW EVENING—a NEW TRAGEDY, in which
MR. E. L. DAVENPORT
will appear.

TREASURER ..... Mr. P. WARREN
ASSISTANT TREASURER ..... Mr. HAGLE

☞ Doors open at three quarters past 6 o'clock—Performances will commence at half past 7, precisely.

Facsimile of the play-bill of the first production, 1855.

How close it brings those days to us to remember that Mr. Couldock only died in 1898!

The stage success of "Calaynos" may surprise those who know Boker only as the author of "Francesca da Rimini," but from the start he wrote definitely for the stage. His next play, "Anne Boleyn," was intended for Charlotte Cushman, and he had assurances from her that she would produce it. He had overtures, too, from the Haymarket Theatre in London, but neither of these negotiations bore fruit.

Boker next tried romantic comedy. "The Betrothal" was played first at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia on September 25, 1850, and ran for ten nights—a real success in those days of stock companies. It went to the Broadway Theatre in November and had two runs, and was again played in Philadelphia in 1851, where, according to Charles Durang, who saw it, it achieved "as brilliant success as any play within the walls of this edifice." When we remember that the Walnut is the oldest theatre in America, and even then had seen Forrest in "King Lear" and "The Gladiator," the evidence of Durang is at least interesting. "The Betrothal" is a delightful comedy, laid in Tuscany in that pleasantly indeterminate time which may be best described as the age of Romeo and Juliet. The plot is as ancient as human nature. Count Juranio and Costanza di Tiburzzi love impetuously and charmingly in an atmosphere shadowed at first by her obligation to wed Marzio, the rich merchant whose gold is to save her father from ruin. The usual romantic comedy provided such lovers with confidants whose sole excuse for being lay in the necessity of the hero and heroine to have some one with whom to talk. But Filippia and Salvatore, who fill these rôles in "The Betrothal," are real people who carry on the campaign against Marzio, prevent his poisoning scheme, and must have been a pure delight upon the stage. "The Betrothal" was not a success in London. Boker felt it had not been fairly treated, and he might well have been chagrined that the real poetic and dramatic worth of the play could not have been appreciated by audiences that had welcomed with shouts of approval "Yankee Hill" and "Dan Marble," in eccentric Yankee characters, or "Jumping Jim Crow" Rice, in negro burlesque. But English audiences were looking for the peculiar, not the artistic, in American products.

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The Lawrence Barrett production of Francesca da Rimini, 1882.
Ben Rogers as Malatesto; Lawrence Barrett as Lanciotto; Otis Skinner as Paolo; Louis James as Pepé.

Among the manuscripts, guarded by the loving care of Mrs. George Boker, the playwright's daughter-in-law, lies "The World a Mask," acted at the Walnut Street Theatre on April 21, 1851, and running for eight nights. The play, which has never been printed, was laid in London in 1851, and is a social satire, in which intrigue provides the motive. Boker's strength does not show in this kind of trifling, but "The World a Mask" is noteworthy among the many social comedies of the period in having in its cast real gentlemen and gentlewomen. "The Widow's Marriage," a much better comedy, written in 1852, was accepted by Marshall, the manager of the Walnut Street and Broadway Theatres, but he was unable to find an actress capable of impersonating "Lady Goldstraw," the central character.

Boker was passionately fond of the romantic history contained in the Spanish chronicles of the fourteenth century, and from this prolific source he produced his next play, "Leonor de Guzman," which was written for Julia Dean, then one of the leading actresses of the American stage. In a letter from Boker to R. H. Stoddard he tells his friend that "You need not be anxious about 'Leonor.' We had her out last Monday (October 3, 1853), and she was as successful as you or I could hope for." The New York per-

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formance came in April, 1854, to houses considerably better even than in Philadelphia. "Leonor de Guzman" is a tragedy whose central character is the mistress of Alphonso XII of Castile, pictured as a noble woman, who had sinned only in her love for the king, and who had worked for the good of the kingdom while her power was at its summit.

The climax of Boker's dramatic work came with "Francesca da Rimini." A long period of preparation culminated in the intense fever of composition in which such masterpieces are perhaps best created. Coming to the work with his plan perfectly matured, he began to write at nine o'clock at night, and at four o'clock in the morning he would retire for five hours' sleep. The day was spent in thinking over his next night's labor. The result was the greatest play that was written in English during the first three quarters of the nineteenth century, a play which was revived with success in the twentieth, and which could be played to-day without alteration. For the passions that move Lanciotto, Paolo, and Francesca "are not of an age—they are for all time." Their story has been a favorite one since Dante described his meeting with the lovers to whom the gates of hell were merely an incident so long as they were not divided. Silvio Pellico had written a dramatic version in Italian and Leigh Hunt a narrative version, but Boker's conception of the characters was his own. He skilfully blended historical facts and tradition to create a situation in which two noble natures, Paolo and Francesca, are tricked by the machinations of two wily lords of the rival Italian states of Ravenna and Rimini, first into love and then into crime and death. Human sympathy goes out to the unhappy wife and brother of Prince Lanciotto of Rimini, who loved each other and who died by his hand. But Boker was the first to create in Lanciotto what Francesca calls "the noblest heart in Rimini." Misshapen in body, but with a great soul, he is morbidly sensitive, and loves his brother not only with natural affection but also with admiration for that physical perfection that has been denied him. Delicately Boker depicts that craving for affection on the part of a man no longer young which, when made concrete by being centred upon a young and beautiful woman, becomes one of the most real motives of life and of art. Delicately, too, is Francesca introduced to us, not a mere receptive character, as in Leigh Hunt's earlier narrative version, or in Stephen Phillips' later play, but alive and with a great capacity for love. She is ready to love Lanciotto, and when she mistakes his deputy, Paolo, for him, she gives her heart. Her girlish attempt to hide her pain, when she discovers how she has been duped, is of the essence of drama, for the words seem wrung out of her soul:

"I'm glad I kept my heart safe, after all.
There was my cunning. I have paid them back
. . . On my faith,
I would not live another wicked day,
Here in Ravenna, only for the fear
That I should take to lying, with the rest.
Ha! Ha! it makes me merry, when I think
How safe I kept this little heart of mine!"

Those who have seen "Francesca da Rimini" upon the stage will hardly forget the scene in the third act when Francesca discovers the cheat and when Lanciotto, misconstruing her apparent willingness to go on with the marriage, believes that she is beginning to care for him. Almost at once, however, he is led to suspicion by the jester, Pepé. Pepé's motive is revenge for insults offered him by Lanciotto and by Paolo. He is a human instrument and a natural one, by which the catastrophe is brought about. In Hunt's version the murmurs of Francesca in her sleep bring about the revelation. In Phillips's the prophecies of a blind nurse, aided somewhat by the jealousy of Giovanni's cousin, are the means to the end. The nurse of Phillips is probably due to a suggestion in Boker's play, that a nurse in the Malatesta family has prophesied that some day the blood of Guido da Polenta would mingle with theirs. Boker only uses this supernatural suggestion in its proper place, the background. In D'Annunzio's later version a third brother is invented to bring about the catastrophe, while in Marion Crawford's French version, written for Sara Bernhardt, a daughter of Francesca unconsciously betrays the lovers. But Pepé is the best of all the agents of the tragedy, which moves on inevitably. Lanciotto's absence is naturally accounted for by the incursion of the Ghibellines,

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Otis Skinner as Paolo, 1882.

and thus the way is left open for the great love scene between Paolo and Francesca, in which they read of the love of Lancelot and Guinevere, how

"Each heart was listening to the other beat"

until passion overcomes them and they read no more.

Francesca is a real mediæval Italian. She cries to him:

"Take me all,—
Body and soul. The women of our clime
Do never give away but half a heart:
I have not part to give, part to withhold,
In selfish safety."

The final scene rises even beyond this one in dramatic effectiveness. Paolo decides to go, but overnight Francesca's nature has deepened through sin's experience and she begs him not to leave her to the torture of Lanciotto's unloved caresses. Then Lanciotto enters. Pepé has run to camp to betray the lovers, and Lanciotto, with the honor of his house ever before him, kills the messenger of shame for his reward, and hastens to Rimini.

The lovers refuse to defend themselves, though he begs them to deny their crime, longing to believe them even against the

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evidence of his senses. Then he kills them, and when the two fathers reproach him he says:

"Be satisfied with what you see. You two
Began this tragedy, I finished it.
Here, by these bodies, let us reckon up
Our crimes together. Why, how still they lie!
A moment since, they walked, and talked, and kissed!
Defied me to my face, dishonored me!
They had the power to do it then; but now,
Poor souls, who'll shield them in eternity?
Father, the honor of our house is safe:
I have the secret."

And then the great love for his brother overcomes him and he bursts out:

"O God! I cannot cheat myself with words!
I loved him more than honor—more than life—
This man, Paolo—this stark, bleeding corpse!
Here let me rest, till God awake us all!"

Comparisons between plays in different languages are usually idle, but there can be no question of the superiority of Boker's "Francesca da Rimini" to any other version in English. Stephen Phillips gave us a spectacle in which some charming abstractions, buffeted by fate, belong to no time or place. Boker placed us in the midst of Italians of the thirteenth century, and yet their joy and sorrow appeal across the centuries to us to-day.

"Francesca da Rimini" was performed for the first time at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on September 26, 1855. E. L. Davenport played "Lanciotto," Madame Ponisi "Francesca," and James W. Lanergan, "Paolo." Mrs. John Drew played "Francesca" in Philadelphia. It was revived by Lawrence Barrett in 1882, the original performance taking place at Haverly's Theatre, Philadelphia, September 14. Mr. Barrett played "Lanciotto"; Otis Skinner, "Paolo"; and Miss Marie Wainwright, "Francesca." The play proved one of the greatest successes of Lawrence Barrett's career. On August 22, 1901, Otis Skinner again revived the play, at the Chicago Opera House, taking the part of "Lanciotto," Aubrey Boucicault playing "Paolo," and Miss Marcia Van Dresser, "Francesca." This revival, which visited the principal cities in the United States, forms one of my imperishable stage memories. In fact, I can remember nothing that overtops it, except Booth in "King Lear" and Irving in "The Merchant of Venice."

Francesca was the height of Boker's dramatic achievement. "The Bankrupt," laid in Philadelphia in 1850, in which Julia Dean acted at the Broadway Theatre in December 1855, is the poorest of his plays. "Köningmark," written in 1857 but not published until 1869, was never acted. Theatrical conditions, under the influence of Dion Boucicault, who developed the travelling company and the long runs of dramatized novels, became less favorable to work like Boker's. He had the satisfaction of knowing, however, that the two volumes of "Plays and Poems," published in 1856, contained lyrics that rank with the best in this country, and sonnets which had been selected by Leigh Hunt for inclusion in his anthology.

Boker had an especial gift for the sonnet treating of public affairs, and at the time of the Crimean War, when Russia seemed to be a menace to the peace of Europe, he began the series of sonnets to England, some of which were reprinted during the Great War on account of their strong sentiment for Great Britain. His vigorous sonnets to America, beginning "What, cringe to Europe?" gave earnest of that power that was to be turned to great service in the Civil War. The limits of such an article as this forbid any critical analysis of his love sonnets, with their haunting beauty of phrase, or his narratives, such as the exquisite celebration of faith in "The Ivory Carver," or the vivid study of the supernatural in "The Legend of the Hounds." Boker had the satisfaction to possess the critical approval as well as the personal friendship of Bayard Taylor, Richard Henry Stoddard, Charles Godfrey Leland, and others of that group of writers of the Middle States who grew up, unfortunately for themselves, under the overwhelming shadow of the literary supremacy of New England. But for a few years after his father's death, in 1857, Boker was making a brave and successful fight to rescue Charles Boker's name from calumny and his property from seizure. It was not until 1873 that a final decision was made which established the justice of Boker's cause and proved that his father had saved, not wrecked, the Girard National Bank. And soon there came an issue which turned the forces of Boker's nature into a sterner channel.

When the Civil War broke out Phila-

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delphia was too near Mason and Dixon's line not to be debatable ground. Across the intricate web of her social, financial, and commercial interests the issue of Union or Disunion ran in an uncertain line. It was natural that many of her citizens, tied to the South by family relationship, should already feel the agony of decision. It was hard, too, for the man who loved his country, but who felt that no sovereign State should be coerced, to act wisely; for the sharp logic of events was fighting on the side of those to whom right or wrong knows no middle ground. While the mob were harassing the houses of those who were suspected of siding with the South, Boker was exerting his influence in the sphere where it was most needed. At that time probably the oldest and best-established families were adherents of the Democratic party. Boker was a Democrat who had voted for Buchanan, and he belonged also to the patrician element. He saw the party divided, the great majority becoming "War Democrats" and placing their partisan devotion below their devotion to the nation, the minority becoming "Copperheads." So bitter became the divisions in social and business life that long associations were disrupted; even the Wistar parties discontinued their meetings. Families, too, were divided in their allegiance. My father has told me how as a boy of sixteen he volunteered for service in the army and was told he could be taken only with the consent of his guardian, and how "that Copperhead" declined to sign his papers!

Otis Skinner as Lanciotto, 1901–1902.

Boker was one of those to whom the most definite action seemed best. He left his party, joined the Republican, and became one of the most prominent in its councils. With others he formed a club which at first met secretly, then more openly became the "Union Club," and resulted finally in the "Union League," the first, I believe, of the many organizations of the kind. As its secretary he threw the great weight of his social and financial prestige in the scale of his national duty, and he made the club the centre of the most uncompromising Union and party sentiment. The Union League of Philadelphia is now more famous for its social and gastronomic qualities than its political flavor, though it still parades on occasions of Republican national victory, sometimes even before the returns are entirely in! But in '61 it was the emblem of a great crusade, and only those who have read the records of those stormy days in Philadelphia can estimate the significance of the work that George Boker and his associates did in holding the inner trench in a city where social influence counts so much as it has always done in Philadelphia. Years afterward, in an address made at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Union League, Boker showed that the memories of that bitter conflict still rankled in his soul.

Dramatist as he was, it was natural

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that he should select scenes of conflict in the Civil War for poetic treatment, and that he should visualize events both from his experience and his imagination. His volume, "Poems of the War," published in 1864, contains the best of his martial verse. Much of it, like all war verse, was struck out hastily on the demand of an occasion and has perished with it. But enough remains to place him, with Lowell, Brownell, and Mrs. Stowe, in the front rank of Northern Civil War poets. Boker was in Washington during the first battle of Bull Run and he described well the rout and the shame of that defeat, and also the hope that McClellan's leadership soon gave to the Union. It is interesting to read of the "war-wise hero of the West," who had grown up with him in Philadelphia and whom he attacked so bitterly later in his verses, "Tardy George," when, in company with the impatient nation, he failed to realize the handicaps under which McClellan was struggling. "Tardy George" broke up a friendship of long standing, and it is significant that Boker did not reprint it in "Poems of the War," while he left his earlier tribute intact. Among the war verses there stands out his touching "Dirge for a Soldier," written in memory of General Philip Kearny; while his stirring "Black Regiment," celebrating the attack of the colored troops on Port Hudson in May, 1863, has also the simplicity of true art. Best of all is the "Ode to America," written March 6, 1862, in a time of discouragement over defeat at home and fear of foreign intervention, but shot through with the lofty courage of the high heart that would not despair of the Republic. Outside of Lowell's great "Commemoration Ode," written three years later, there is no poetry wrung out of our great conflict more exalted than the close:

"Resume thy place, unchallenged now,
Nor bow thy glories to the haughtiest brow
That wears a royal crown!
False prophets scowled thee down,
And whispered darkly of thy coming fate:
The cause, the way, the date,
They wrote for thee with the slow augur's hand,—
Their lies were scrawled in sand!
They perished utterly!
What is the splendor of the diadem,
The gilded throne, the broidered carpet-hem,
The purple robe, the sceptre, and the strain
Of foregone kings, whose race
Defies the Herald's trace,
Before thy regal steps on land and main?
There are some deeds so grand
That their mighty doers stand
Ennobled, in a moment, more than kings;
And such deeds, O land sublime,
Need no sanctity from time;
Their own epoch they create,
Whence all meaner things take date;
Then exalt thee, for such noble deeds were thine!
Envy nothing born of earth,
Rank nor wealth nor ancient birth,
Nor the glittering sorrows of a crown.
O Nation, take instead
Thy measureless renown,
To wrap thy young limbs like a royal stole,
And God's own flaming aureole,
To settle on thy head!"

On July 20, 1865, Boker read the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard, his topic being "Our Heroic Themes." In it he paid one of the earliest and one of the most sympathetic of the many tributes to Lincoln.

"Nor in your prayers forget the martyred Chief,
Fallen for the gospel of your own belief,
Who, ere he mounted to the people's throne,
Asked for your prayers, and joined in them his own.
I knew the man. I see him, as he stands
With gifts of mercy in his outstretched hands;
A kindly light within his gentle eyes,
Sad as the toil in which his heart grew wise;
His lips half parted with the constant smile
That kindled truth, but foiled the deepest guile;
His head bent forward, and his willing ear
Divinely patient right and wrong to hear:
Great in his goodness, humble in his state,
Firm in his purpose, yet not passionate,
He led his people with a tender hand,
And won by love a sway beyond command.
Summoned by lot to mitigate a time
Frenzied with rage, unscrupulous with crime,
He bore his mission with so meek a heart
That Heaven itself took up his people's part;
And when he faltered, helped him ere he fell,
Eking his efforts out by miracle.
No king this man, by grace of God's intent;
No, something better, freeman,—President!
A nature modeled on a higher plan,
Lord of himself, an inborn gentleman!"

That Boker was one of the very first to understand the great patience of Lincoln with the slow justification of events is shown in his pamphlet "The Will of the People," published early in 1864 and now quite rare. After an illuminating analysis of Lincoln's political philosophy he says: "It has been not the least of Mr. Lincoln's merits that he has been content to learn with us. . . . Taking each step as the voice of the people demanded it, he has never been forced to retrace his position. Supported by and supporting the popular feeling, he has moved onward in unison with it, and each new develop-

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Aubrey Boucicault as Paolo, 1901–1902.

ment has afforded sure foothold for further progress."

Curiously enough, Lowell read his "Harvard Commemoration Ode" on the next day, July 21, after Boker had delivered his Phi Beta Kappa poem. In a letter to R. W. Gilder Lowell wrote that "two days before the commemoration I had told my friend Child it was impossible. But the next day something gave me a jog and the whole thing came out of me with a rush." Lowell was probably at the Phi Beta Kappa exercises, for he was, of course, a member of the society. Did Boker's poem give him the "jog"? We know that Lowell's magnificent apostrophe to Lincoln was not read on July 21, but was added later. I like to think that Boker inspired the great New Englander to write the poem with which, as Mr. Brownell so well says, "we can front the world."

Boker had shown by his services during the war, not only in the ways already indicated but also in his labors with the Sanitary Commission and other war industries, that the poet might also be the efficient man of affairs. He was next to prove his fitness for the more delicate art

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of diplomacy. We fancy that his services to the party weighed even more with President Grant than his distinction or his fitness, for instead of the missions to England or Spain, where his sympathies would have made him at once at home, he was appointed November 3, 1871, minister to Turkey. In this post he showed his vigor, promptitude, suavity, and sense of the fitness of things. He negotiated two treaties, one securing for the first time recognition by the Ottoman Government that Turkish subjects, when naturalized according to American law, became American citizens, and the other referring to the extradition of criminals. It was among the more intangible phases of diplomatic life, however, that Boker's keen sense of social values made him a valuable representative of a government which needed to impress that characteristic upon European foreign offices. His poise was tested at once, for on the occasion of his presentation to the Sultan, on March 25, 1872, he was horrified to see his son, George Boker, his private secretary and military attaché to the legation, grasp the Sultan's hand and shake it! George Boker also gave his father an early opportunity to show his decision of character. There was no ministerial residence such as the English, French, and Austrian embassies possessed, to represent concretely the power of the United States. But Boker had a keen sense of what was due his country's representatives. Not long after their arrival, his son and his bride were walking along one of the narrow streets of the *Pera*, or foreigners' quarter of Constantinople, when some Turkish soldiers met them and rudely tried to push them aside. Young Boker met the charge firmly and jostled the men out of the way, then reported the incident to his paternal chief. Boker at once ordered his *caïque* and drove to the Porte, to lodge his protest against this treatment of the representative of the republic. He was assured that the incident would not be repeated and orders were immediately issued forbidding Turkish soldiers from entering the *Pera*, and from that time the foreign quarter was free from them.

The Bokers, in default of a residence, engaged a suite at one of the hotels at Thérapia, and found the city fascinating in its Oriental quality. It was still old Constantinople in 1872. Stamboul was the centre of Turkish life, the foreigners were limited to the *Pera*, and over in Asia lay a region to which visitors went at their peril unless well attended, and where they were still "Franks" or "Giaours" to the inhabitants. On the day after the first excursion of the Americans to this new quarter, from which they returned safely, the Austrian consul and his wife were seized by bandits, he was tied to a tree and his wife was about to be carried off when their screams brought some British soldiers to their assistance.

Much curiosity was excited by the American group on the part of the Turks of all grades, and soon an invitation came, via Madame Dannenhof, the wife of the Swedish minister, from a neighboring Pasha who wished to see the "new American bride," as Mrs. George Boker was called in the diplomatic circle. The visit included, of course, an inspection of the harem, and, after chatting with the first or favorite wife, young Mrs. Boker was somewhat surprised to find Madame Dannenhof requesting that the "second wife" should also be summoned. It was etiquette that the second wife should appear only when her superior officer expressed a wish to that effect! As the visitors were leaving, Mrs. Boker was even more startled by hearing the request that the "new bride" should remain when Madame Dannenhof departed! A determined negative and an equally determined clutch at the skirts of her chaperon ensued, even though the request was endorsed by Madame Dannenhof, who took, Mrs. Boker tells me, a somewhat malicious pleasure in teasing her young charge. It is half a century ago, and yet as these incidents arise in her memory she seems still "young Mrs. Boker" in the perennial youth of the spirit.

But these personal trials were forgotten when General Sherman, who was making a tour of inspection of the military establishments of Europe, came to Constantinople and brought to the minister a new crop of problems. Chief among these was young Frederick Grant, just out of West Point, who came as an aide to General Sherman, and who was a very attractive young man of twenty-one. The Sultan, hearing that the President's son was coming, conceived of the event as

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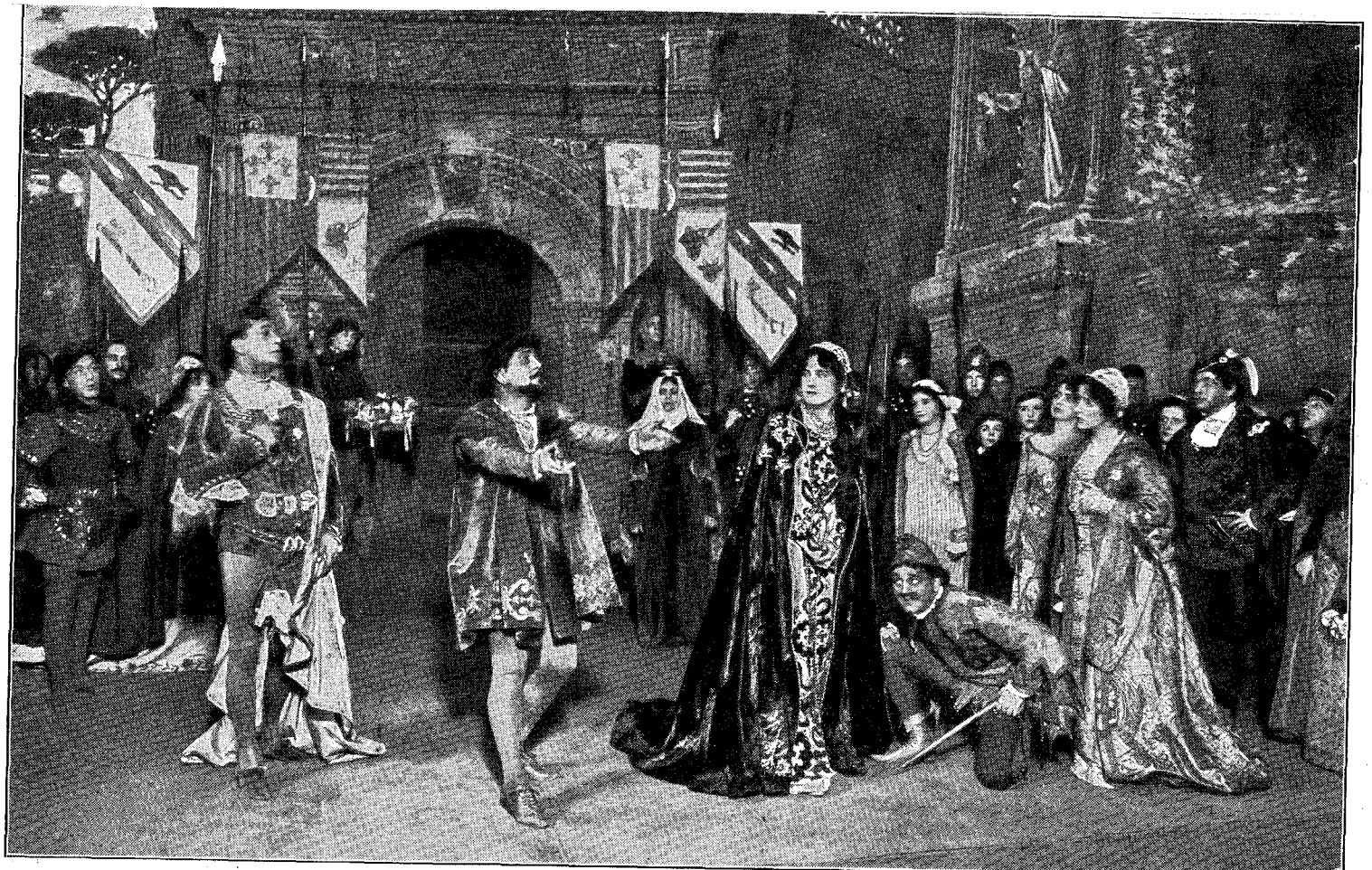

Scene from the third act of the Otis Skinner production of 1901–1902. Otis Skinner as *Lanciotto* (centre); Aubrey Boucicault as Paolo (left); Marcia Van Dresser as Francesca (right centre).

Lanciotto: "There's not a blessing in the cup of life
I have not tasted of within an hour."
Francesca (aside): "I have betrayed the noblest heart of all!"

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a visit from the Crown Prince of the United States, and he insisted upon considering General Sherman in the light of a caretaker to the young sovereign. It took all Boker's tact to handle the situation, for General Sherman was touchy and Lieutenant Grant contributed, now and then, thoughtlessly to the *contretemps*. On one occasion the Sultan was taking the air on the Bosphorus and his boat passed that of the visiting party. The Sultan at that time never spoke to any one, but his gaze was in itself a salute, and he fixed that gaze unmistakably upon Lieutenant Grant. When the boat passed, Grant turned impulsively to Sherman and cried out: "He spoke to me! I saw him!" Sherman was disgusted. "Yes, he did," he growled, "and I'd like to spank you!"

That Boker, notwithstanding these difficulties, had made his mark in Constantinople is shown in the note in "Le Mémorial Diplomatique" of May 29, 1875:

"Il a bel air et s'exprime avec une douceur et un calme auxquels ses manières distinguées donnent un charme de plus. Sous ces formes tranquilles, M. Boker cache une volonté que les detours et les lenteurs, souvent calculées, de la diplomatie turque, n'ont jamais pu faire plier."

Despite other limitations, the Turk knew a gentleman when he saw one.

In May, 1875, Mr. and Mrs. Boker left Constantinople for St. Petersburg, Boker having been promoted in January to the post of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia. He was presented to the Emperor July 24, 1875, and from that time to the date of his recall in January, 1878, he was one of the personal favorites of Alexander II. So fond was the Emperor of Boker that Gortchakoff, the Chancellor, came to him at his recall and begged him to prepare his successor for a frigid reception. The Emperor, he said, was unable to understand why the political necessities of a President required the recall of an Envoy so perfectly satisfactory to the sovereign to whom he was accredited. Boker's first accomplishment was the reestablishment of cordial relations between the two countries, which seem to have grown lukewarm. There was even doubt whether Russia would participate in the Centennial Exposition to be held in Philadelphia in 1876, and Boker felt an especial satisfaction in securing Russia's cooperation in that event. The account in the *Journal de St. Petersbourg* of the dinner given in Boker's honor by the commission in charge of the Russian section of the Exposition on March 10, 1877, reveals him in that happy attitude and tactful expression which won friends everywhere for himself and for his country. Especially significant seem these words of our envoy in 1877, as he referred to the aid of Russia in our time of trouble during the Civil War. My translation does not reflect the excellence of Boker's French.

"A government of which I have already forgotten the name had proposed to Russia to declare null and void the blockade of the Southern ports by the Northern navy. Russia responded by an emphatic 'No.' The same government then suggested that Russia should at least make no opposition if the nation in question declared the blockade null and void. Again Russia replied by an equally categorical negative. *In return Russia, if it is ever necessary, may count upon our support, our assistance, always and at once.*"

In the light of this promise the activities of the American Relief Expedition and the pronouncement of the "Colby Doctrine," that the territory of Russia should not be dismembered, are pleasant to contemplate.

The accomplishment of an American minister in those days may be estimated quite as much in terms of pitfalls avoided as of deeds accomplished. It was a disturbed and suspicious Europe, sowing already the seeds of future ruin; and Boker's letters at the time speak of endless correspondence, of hurried visits to the Emperor at Gortchakoff's suggestion. These may have been official or social, of course, and invitations to Mrs. Boker reflect the form and ceremony of the Imperial Court, whether at the "Blessing of the Neva," at the Winter Palace, or at some more mundane occasion. There is a friendly warning to wear "robe montante et chapeau" at that quaint religious ceremony when even the Emperor and the Grand Dukes had to shiver in the January cold while a large hole was cut in the ice, and the great golden cross was dipped in the river by the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg.

The American diplomat was in many respects a puzzle to the Eastern mind. The

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Khedive on one occasion indicated that in return for a certain service Boker had rendered him, a very large sum of money was at his disposal. Boker quietly declined the offer. Then the word came that the transaction would be secret and that recently a European diplomat had accepted a similar offer, and the Khedive expected to pay it. But Boker again refused in such a way that neither his personal dignity nor the Khedive's pride was hurt.

Boker returned to Philadelphia in 1878, but not to rest. In 1882 he pilloried his father's enemies in his "Book of the Dead." But his interest in the stage was reawakened by the production of "Francesca da Rimini" in 1882, and he wrote in 1885 and 1886 two more plays, "Nydia" and "Glaucus." Both of these are dramatic versions of "The Last Days of Pompeii," owing, however, nothing but the main plot to Bulwer's story. "Nydia" seems to be the stage version and was written for Lawrence Barrett, but was never played. These later plays contain some of the finest poetry he wrote. The hopeless passion of Nydia, the blind girl, for Glaucus is revealed in a striking passage, in which she describes a conflict in another's soul:

"Lost in the splendor of the man she loved,
Her passion was the secret of her breast,
She dared not tell it to an earthly thing,
Lest gossip Echo, from her hollow cave,
Should spread her story to the jeering land.
O no, she whispered to the mystic skies,
Distant and voiceless,—to her mother's soul,
Silent as death, that stood between their lives,—
The bitter story which she knew too well.
Nothing was pitiful. The raging clouds,
With thunder upon thunder, shouted, fool!
Her mother's voice, as fine and thin as songs
Sung to an ailing infant, murmured, fool!
And her own heart . . . there was the hopeless
pang . . .
Muttered forever, fool! and fool! and fool!"

Among the manuscripts are carefully prepared revisions of all his plays, which he evidently intended to print in a collected edition of his works in 1886. But to the loss of our literature, this was not done; and when his death came, on January 2, 1890, renewed interest in his poetry resulted simply in the fifth edition of the two volumes of 1856 and a reprint of the "Poems of the War."

That Boker has never received adequate recognition as a man of letters is apparent to any one who reads his work. It is not so easy to assign reasons for this neglect. Perhaps one explanation is to be found in the volume which records the reception tendered him by the Union League in 1871, when he was about to depart for Turkey. The speeches and letters of appreciation were many, but they fall sharply into two groups. The letters from out of town, from Bryant, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Whipple, Aldrich, Stedman, Curtis, and others, all pay their tribute to the poet and dramatist. But to the speakers from his native city and State, that sphere of his activity seemed to be almost unknown, except to Bayard Taylor, who paid him a graceful tribute in verse. Aldrich put the whole thing in a nutshell when he wrote: "It is pleasant to see Philadelphia treating one of her own distinguished men of letters as if he were a distinguished man of letters from somewhere else." But Aldrich did not hear the speeches at the reception!

In an age when so much that is worthless is printed and reprinted it is a grim commentary on our national taste that the work of one of the greatest of our dramatists should be practically unavailable except for "Francesca da Rimini." The foreign atmosphere of his plays cannot account for this condition, for we have never hesitated to prefer the exotic, and, in any case, "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" provide him sufficient justification. His real and strong love for his country rings in the lyrics of the Civil War and in his sonnets to America. His native verse is all the more significant because it has none of the parochial whoop in it. It is the deep and sincere patriotism of one who has known other lands and races but remains content with our own inheritance and culture. Much as he loved European literatures and peoples he never hesitated to criticise shortcomings when he saw them, and he had the social courage to love his own country best.

Perhaps when we are weary of discovering and rediscovering what is base or banal in our civilization we may turn back for comfort to the poets who wrought for the sake of the beauty that is universal and with the art that defies the limitations of time or space. And if that day ever dawns, George Boker may come at last into his own.

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From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN
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X.—THE FIRST PERIOD OF MY ACADEMIC CAREER AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

THE new "Department of Electrical Engineering in the School of Mines of Columbia College" had announced its courses of instruction quite a number of months before I arrived in New York. The late Francis Bacon Crocker, at that time the newly appointed instructor in electrical engineering and my future colleague and lifelong friend, had been consulted with regard to these courses, and he was most liberal to the theoretical side, which was to be my share of the instruction. He attached much importance to the fundamental theory, although he was a practical engineer. The new department was to be independent from the other scientific departments. We had some difficulty, however, in maintaining that independence; the older departments of engineering showed a disposition to claim some right of guardianship over the new infant department. For instance, many chemists thought that electrical engineering was largely chemistry on account of the storage batteries, the galvanic cells, and the electrochemical processes which formed an important part of the electrical operations in the early history of applied electricity. Others claimed that, since mechanical engineering attended to the design and the construction of electromagnetic generators and to the power plant which furnished the driving power, electrical engineering was, therefore, largely mechanical engineering.

Crocker and I maintained that there was an electrical science which is the real soul of electrical engineering, and that every other abstract science or its application was an incident only in electrical engineering. We won out in spite of the fact that at other institutions of higher learning in the United States electrical engineering was taught in the departments of physics or of mechanical engineering. But it was not an easy matter in those days to persuade people that the electrical science with its applications was then, or that it ever would be, big enough to need a department of its own, like, for instance, civil engineering.

A small brick shed, a temporary structure, had been built at Columbia College to accommodate the new department. The students called it the "cowshed," and the boy who invented the name did not indulge in any stretching of his imagination. It certainly looked like a cowshed. The laboratory equipment consisted of a dynamo, a motor, and an alternator, with some so-called practical measuring instruments. When I compared the facilities of the new "Department of Electrical Engineering at Columbia College" with that of the Polytechnic School in Berlin, I felt somewhat humbled, but not discouraged. I said to Crocker: "Our guns are small and few in number; the men behind the guns will have to expand much beyond their present size if this department is to make any impression upon the electrical art." "Pupin," said Crocker, "you have no idea how rapidly a young fellow grows when he tries to teach a new subject to poorly prepared beginners."

Crocker and I were given to understand that any additional equipment during the first year would have to be bought from contributions outside of the university. We raised some money by giving a course of twelve popular lectures for which we charged ten dollars per person. Each lecture lasted two hours; we were somewhat dubious about their quality, and so we provided a generous quantity. We raised in this manner three hundred dol-

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lars and bought additional equipment, but no two young scientists ever worked harder to earn three hundred dollars. The experience, however, was worth many times that amount. Our audience consisted of business men and lawyers, who were either interested in the electrical industries, or intended to become interested. They had hardly any previous scientific training. It took much judgment and skill to talk science to these people without shooting much above their heads. Every one of them believed that the electrical science was in its infancy, and that most of its useful applications were obtained empirically by a rule of the thumb. When we told them that the electrical science was one of the most exact of all physical sciences some shook their heads and exhibited considerable scepticism. One of them asked me: "Doctor, do you know what electricity is?" "No," said I, and he added another question: "Then how can you have an exact science of electricity when you do not even know what electricity is?" To this I retorted: "Do you know what matter is? Of course you do not, nor does anybody else know it, and yet who will deny that there are exact sciences relating to material things? Do you deny that astronomy is an exact science?" It is a difficult thing to make unscientific people understand that science studies first and foremost the activities of things and not their ultimate nature.

In that first course of public lectures I found it necessary to devote much of my exposition to the correction of erroneous notions which were lodged in the minds of my audience. When I told that audience that no electrical generator generates electricity, because electricity was made by God and, according to Faraday, its quantity in the universe is constant, and that for every positive charge there is an equal negative one, most members of my audience were inclined to think that I was talking metaphysics. "Then what does it generate?" asked one of my hearers. I answered: "It generates motion of electricity, and by that motion it furnishes us with means of doing useful work like telegraphy, telephony, and electrical lighting." Then I added: "The electrical science studies the forces which make electricity move against the reactions of the bodies through which it moves; in the overcoming of these reactions the moving electricity does useful work." Illustrations from dynamics of material bodies did not help very much, because my audience had hardly any knowledge of even the elements of Newton's great work, although Newton considered these elements as obvious truths. All they knew about Newton was that he had "discovered gravitation." When I told them that Newton had discovered the law of gravitational action and not gravitation itself, they thought that I was splitting hairs. I was never quite sure that those good people had carried away much knowledge from my lectures, but I was quite sure that they had left much knowledge with me. In trying to straighten out their notions I straightened out my own very considerably. Crocker was right when he said: "You have no idea how rapidly a young fellow grows when he tries to teach a new subject to poorly prepared beginners." That was the real profit from our first course of public lectures.

Every cultured person is expected to have an intelligent view of literature, of the fine arts, and of the social sciences, which is as it ought to be. But who has ever thought of suggesting that culture demands an intelligent view of the primary concepts in fundamental sciences? If cultured people had it, there would be no need to renew periodically the tiresome topic of the alleged clash between science and religion, and there would be much more straight thinking about things in general. Every child in the public schools should be made perfectly familiar with the simple experiments which illustrate the fundamental elements of Newton's divine philosophy, as Milton calls science. Barnard, Joseph Henry, Andrew White, and the other leaders of scientific thought in the United States, who started the great movement in favor of higher scientific research and of a better scientific education, had a difficult up-hill pull, because people in high places lacked an intelligent view of science. A famous lawyer, a trustee of a great educational institution, looked surprised when I told him, over thirty years ago, that one cannot teach science without laboratories both for the elementary

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and for the advanced instruction. He actually believed that graduate schools in science needed only a lot of blackboards, chalk, and sponges, and a lecturer who could prepare his lectures by reading books. He believed what he thought would suit him best, namely, that a university should be built on the top of a heap of chalk, sponges, and books. These instrumentalities are cheaper than laboratories, and that appeals to many university trustees. The teacher who can lecture from books and not from his experience in the laboratory is also much cheaper. But heaven help the country which trusts its destiny to cheap men operating with cheap instrumentalities. I gave that trustee a lecture by reciting the sermon which Tyndall preached in the summary and conclusions of his famous lecture of 1872–1873. I was bold enough to deliver several of these lectures to men in high places. Some liked them and some did not, but they all agreed that I had my own opinions upon the subject and was not afraid to express them.

The American Institute of Electrical Engineers had heard of my somewhat novel opinions regarding the teaching of the electrical science in its bearing upon electrical engineering, and it invited me to give an address upon the subject at its annual meeting in Boston, in the summer of 1890. The address was entitled "Practical Aspects of the Alternating Current Theory." It was a eulogy of the electrical science, and particularly of Faraday, Maxwell, and Joseph Henry on the purely scientific side, and of the technical men who were developing the system of electrical-power distribution by alternating-electrical forces. I noticed that my audience was divided into two distinct groups; one group was cordial and appreciative, but the other was as cold as ice. The famous electrical engineer and inventor, Elihu Thomson, was in the friendly group, and he looked me up after the address and congratulated me cordially. That was a great encouragement and I felt happy. Another man, a well-known physicist and engineer, also looked me up, and asked me whether I really expected that students of electrical engineering could ever be trusted to swallow and digest all the mathematical stuff which I had presented in my address. The "mathematical stuff" to which he referred was a very elementary theoretical illustration. I thought of my chums, the tripos youngsters at Cambridge, and of their wonderful capacity for swallowing and digesting "mathematical stuff," but said nothing; the man who was addressing me was one of those people who had a small opinion of the capacity and willingness of our American boys to "swallow and digest" just as much "mathematical stuff" as their English cousins do.

A short time prior to my return to Columbia College, in 1889, a bitter polemic was carried on in the New York newspapers concerning the two methods of electrical-power distribution, the *direct* and the *alternating* current method. The New York interests favored the first, and another group, including the Westinghouse Company, supported the alternating-current method. The opponents of the last method called it the "deadly alternating current," and did their best to discredit it. They actually succeeded, I was told, in persuading the State authorities to install an alternating-current machine at the Sing Sing prison, to be used in electrocution. When in my address at Boston I recited my eulogy of the alternating-current system I did not know of this bitter polemic, but when I heard of it I understood the chilliness among a part of my audience.

In the following autumn I was given to understand that my address in Boston had made a bad impression, and that it had offended the feelings of some *big* men who were interested in the electrical industries. I could not help seeing the glaring hint that the new "Department of Electrical Engineering at Columbia College" was expected to suffer from the fact that one of its two instructors was accused of an unpardonable "electrical heresy." The great and mighty person who broached this matter to me suggested that perhaps the easiest way out of this difficulty was my resignation. "Very well," said I, "I will certainly resign if the trustees of Columbia College, who appointed me, find me guilty of a scientific heresy." The trustees never heard of this incident, but my colleague Crocker did, and he said in his characteristic man-

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ner: "There are many people to-day who would not hesitate to burn the witch of Salem, but no people of that kind are on the board of trustees of Columbia College." Crocker was a Cape Cod man and he had a very soft spot for the witch of Salem.

The notion among many captains of industries that the electrical science was in its infancy, and that it worked by the rule of the thumb, made it possible to launch an opposition of that kind against the introduction of the alternating-current system of electrical distribution of power. Tesla's alternating-current motor and Bradley's rotary transformer for changing alternating currents into direct were available at that time. The electrical art was ready to do many things which it is doing to-day so well, if it had not been for the opposition of the people who were afraid that they would have to scrap some of their direct-current apparatus and of the plants for manufacturing it, if the alternating-current system were given any chance. A most un-American mental attitude! It was clear to every impartial and intelligent expert that the two systems supplemented each other in a most admirable manner, and that the advancement of one would also advance the other. Men like Elihu Thomson and my colleague Crocker knew that, but ignorance and false notions prevailed in the early nineties, because the captains of electrical industries paid small attention to highly trained electrical scientists. That explains why in those days the barbarous steel cables were still employed to drag cars along Third Avenue, New York, and in 1893 I saw the preparatory work on Columbus Avenue, New York, for installing additional barbarous steel ropes to drag street-cars. But fortunately these were never installed; electrical traction came to the rescue of Columbus Avenue.

During the summer of 1893 I had the good fortune to meet, quite often, William Barclay Parsons, the distinguished engineer, the future builder of the first New York subway. He passed the summer vacation at Atlantic Highlands, and I at Monmouth Beach, and we used the same steamboat in our occasional trips to New York. His head was full of schemes for the solution of the New York rapid-transit problem, but I observed that his ideas were not quite clear on the question of the electrical power transmission to be employed. A very few years later his ideas had cleared wonderfully. He had visited Buda Pest in 1894 and had seen a subway there operated electrically and most satisfactorily. It was a most instructive object-lesson, but how humiliating it was to the engineering pride of the great United States to ask little Hungary to instruct it in electrical engineering! The electrical power transmission system employed to-day in the New York subways is practically the same which had been proposed to and accepted by Parsons, the chief engineer, not so many years after our trips to New York, in 1893; it is the electrical power transmission consisting of a combination of the alternating and direct current systems. No fundamentally novel methods were employed which did not exist at the time when the alternating-current machine was installed at Sing Sing for the purpose of electrocuting people by the "deadly alternating current." In less than five years a radical change in people's notions had taken place about a matter which was well understood from the very first by men of higher scientific training. How was it brought about?

Four historical events, very important in the annals of the electrical science in the United States, had happened in rapid succession between 1890 and 1894. The first was the successful electrical transmission of power between Lauffen and Frankfurt, in Germany, in 1891; it employed the alternating-current system. The second was the decision of the Niagara Falls Power & Construction Company to employ the alternating-current system for the transmission of its electrical power. Professor Henry Augustus Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University, as consulting expert of the company, favored this system; another consulting scientific expert was the famous Lord Kelvin, and he favored the direct-current system. The third historical event was the consolidation of the Edison General Electric Company with the Thomson-Houston Company of Lynn, Massachusetts. This consolidation meant the end of the opposition to the alternating-current sys-

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tem on the part of people who were most influential in the electrical industries. No such opposition could exist in an electrical corporation where Elihu Thomson's expert opinion was the guiding star. The fourth historical event was the Electrical Congress at the World Exposition in Chicago, in 1893. Helmholtz came over as an official delegate of the German Empire, and was elected honorary president of the congress. The subjects discussed at that congress, and the men who discussed them showed that the electrical science was not in its infancy, and that electrical things were not done by the rule of the thumb.

Once I asked Professor Rowland whether anybody ever suggested to him resigning from Johns Hopkins University on the ground that in favoring the alternating-current system for the Niagara Falls Power Transmission Plant he had made himself liable to being charged with heresy. "Heresy?" said he; "I thought that my heresy was worth a big fee, and when the company attempted to cut it down the courts sustained my claim." An interesting bit of history is attached to this. When the Niagara Power & Construction Company objected to the size of the fee which Rowland charged for his services as scientific adviser, and asked for a reduction, the matter was referred to the court. During Rowland's cross-examination the defendant's lawyer, the late Joseph Choate, asked him the question: "Who, in your opinion, is the greatest physicist in the United States?" Rowland answered without a moment's hesitation: "I am." The judge smiled, but agreed with the witness, and his agreement was in harmony with the opinion of all scientific men. Rowland justified his apparently egotistical answer by the fact that as a witness on the stand he was under oath to speak the truth; he certainly spoke the truth when he testified that he was the first physicist in the United States.

Rowland's interest in the electrical science and its technical applications helped much to dissipate the notion, entertained by many, that it was empirical and still in its infancy. Bogus inventors always encouraged this superstition. The attention which Rowland and his former pupil, the late Doctor Louis Duncan, devoted to electrical engineering at Johns Hopkins University helped much to raise the status of electrical engineering. When the new General Electric Company was organized by the consolidation of the Edison General Electric Company and the Thomson-Houston Company, Elihu Thomson became the chief technical adviser of the new corporation, and its highest court of appeals in technical matters. I remember telling my colleague, Crocker, that, if the Thomson-Houston Company had contributed nothing else than Elihu Thomson to the new corporation, it would have contributed more than enough. Thomson was the American Siemens, and Rowland the American Helmholtz, of the new era in the history of American industries, the era of close co-operation between abstract science and engineering. With these two men at the head of the electrical science and industry in the United States, the senseless opposition to the alternating-current system of power distribution began to disappear. It vanished quickly after the Electrical Congress of 1893. The first visible result of the co-operation between abstract science and the technical arts was the splendid power plant at Niagara Falls, and later the electrical power distribution system in the New York subways, in which the alternating and the direct current systems supplemented each other most admirably. The late Professor Duncan of Johns Hopkins, and Doctor Cary T. Hutchinson, both pupils of Rowland, were the consulting electrical engineers of the Rapid Transit Commission of this city.

The scientific spirit of Rowland's laboratory and lecture-room was felt everywhere in the electrical industries; it was also felt in our educational institutions. His and his students' researches in solar spectra and in other problems of higher physics made that spirit the dominating influence among the rising generation of physical sciences in America. It was universally acknowledged that Johns Hopkins was a real university. The intellectual movement in favor of higher scientific research, first inaugurated by Joseph Henry, President Barnard of Columbia College, and Doctor John Draper, in the early seventies, was marching on steadily under the leadership of Rowland when I started my academic career at Columbia,

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thirty-four years ago, and he led on like a "doughty knight of Troy," as Maxwell used to call him. It was the spirit of Johns Hopkins which inspired the generation of the early nineties in its encouragement of the movement for the development of the American university. Some enthusiasts at Columbia College went even so far as to advocate the abolition of the college curriculum and the substitution of a Columbia University for Columbia College; I was not among these enthusiasts, because I knew only too well the historical value of Columbia College and of other American colleges. What would the University of Cambridge be without its ancient colleges? College lays the foundation for higher citizenship; the university lays the foundation for higher learning.

Speaking for physical sciences I can say that in those days there was no lack of trained scientists who could have easily extended the work of the American college and added to it a field of advanced work resembling closely the activity of the European universities. Most of these men had received their higher academic training in European universities, and quite a number of them came from Johns Hopkins. But there were two obstacles: first, lack of experimental-research facilities; second, lack of leisure for scientific research. Rowland and his followers recognized the existence of these obstacles and demanded reform. Most of the energy of the teachers of physical sciences was consumed in the lecture-room; they were pedagogues, "pouring information into passive recipients," as Barnard described it. My own case was a typical one. How could I do any research as long as I had at my disposal a dynamo, a motor, an alternator, and a few crude measuring instruments only, all intended to be used every day for the instruction of electrical-engineering students? When the professor of engineering died, in the summer of 1891, a part of his work, theory of heat and hydraulics, was assigned to me. The professor of dynamics died a little later, and his work was also transferred to me. I was to carry the additional load of lecture-room work temporarily, but was relieved from it, in part only, after several years. As a reward my title was advanced to adjunct professor, with an advance of salary to two thousand five hundred dollars per annum. But in return for this *royal* salary I had to lecture three to four hours each forenoon, and besides help in the electrical laboratory instruction in the afternoons. While this pedagogic load was on my back scientific research could not be seriously thought of. My young colleagues in other colleges were similarly situated. This overloading of young scientists with pedagogic work threatened to stunt, and often did stunt, their growth and also the growth of the rising American university. "Let chairs be founded, sufficiently but not luxuriously endowed, which shall have original research for their main object and ambition," was the historical warning which Tyndall addressed to the American people in 1873, but in 1893 there was little evidence that it was heeded anywhere outside of Johns Hopkins University. But there they had Rowland and a number of other stars of the first magnitude who succeeded Joseph Henry, Barnard, and Draper as leaders of the great movement in favor of higher scientific research. In 1883 Rowland delivered a memorable address as vice-president of one of the sections of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. It was entitled, "A Plea for Pure Science," and described the spirit not only of Johns Hopkins of those days but also of all friends of higher learning in science. That spirit was advocated by Tyndall in 1872–1873, and under Rowland's leadership it was bound to win our battle for higher ideals in science. The people of the United States owe a great debt of gratitude to Johns Hopkins for the leadership in that great movement which, as we see to-day, has produced a most remarkable intellectual advancement in this country. Nearly thirty years ago I heard Rowland say in a public address: "They always say in Baltimore that no man in that city should die without leaving something to Johns Hopkins." When he said it he knew that Johns Hopkins was very poor. It is poorer to-day than ever, and no rich man in the United States should die without leaving something to Johns Hopkins, the pioneer university of the United States.

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Rowland said once that lack of experimental facilities and of time are not a valid excuse for neglecting entirely scientific research. I agreed with that opinion; neglect breeds indifference, and indifference degenerates into atrophy of the spirit of inquiry. The alternating-current machine of the electrical engineering laboratory at Columbia was free in the evenings, and so was my time; that is, if my wife should not object, and, being a noble and unselfish woman, she did not object. With the assistance of several enthusiastic students, among them Gano Dunn, to-day one of the most distinguished engineers in the United States, I started investigating the passage of electricity through various gases at low pressures, and published two papers in the *American Journal of Science*. I soon discovered that most of my results were anticipated by Professor J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge, who, in all probability, had received his inspiration from the same source from which I had received it. He not only had anticipated me but, moreover, he showed a much better grasp of the subject than I had, and had much better experimental facilities. I decided to leave the field to him, and to watch his beautiful work from the outside. It was a wise decision, because it prepared me to understand the epoch-making discoveries in this field which were soon to be announced, one in Germany and one in France. I turned my attention to another field.

I must mention, however, one of the results which Thomson had not anticipated and which created quite an impression among astronomers. I noticed a peculiar appearance in the electrical discharge proceeding from a small metal sphere which was located in the centre of a large glass sphere containing air at low pressure. The discharges looked very much like the luminous corona of the sun which astronomers observe during eclipses. It was always a mysterious puzzle in solar physics. Pasting a tin-foil disk on the glass sphere, so as to hide the metal sphere and see only the discharge proceeding from it, I photographed the appearance of the discharge and obtained the pictures given opposite. The resemblance of these photographs to those of the two types of the solar corona is most striking. This is what I said about it at that time:

"The bearing which these experimental results may have upon the theory of the solar corona I prefer to leave to others to decide. That they may prove a suggestive guide in the study of solar phenomena seems not unreasonable to expect."

In a communication read later before the New York Academy of Sciences I was much bolder, having previously discussed the subject with my friends at Johns Hopkins and with the late Professor Young, the famous astronomer at Princeton. I soon found myself advocating strongly the electro-magnetic theory of solar phenomena. A German professor, Ebert by name, a well-known authority on electrical discharges in gases, took me very seriously indeed, which was very flattering, but he claimed priority. I had no difficulty in establishing my priority through the columns of the periodical *Astronomy and Astro-Physics*, one of whose editors was George Ellery Hale, to-day the distinguished director of Mount Wilson Observatory. I was very fortunate to make his acquaintance during that period when both he and I were very young men. His influence prevented me from running wild with my electromagnetic theory of solar phenomena. Thanks to the splendid astrophysical researches at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California under Doctor Hale's direction, we know to-day that enormous electrical currents circulate on the surface of the sun, and we also know from other researches that negative electricity is shot out from all hot bodies, even from those not nearly as hot as the sun, and that the solar corona is, in all probability, closely related to this electrical activity on the sun.

After giving up the subject of electrical discharges in gases I looked around for another problem of research which I could manage with my meagre laboratory facilities. Rowland had found distortions in an alternating current when that current was magnetizing iron in electrical power apparatus. This distortion consisted of the addition of higher harmonics to the normal harmonic changes in the current. This reminded me of harmonics in musical

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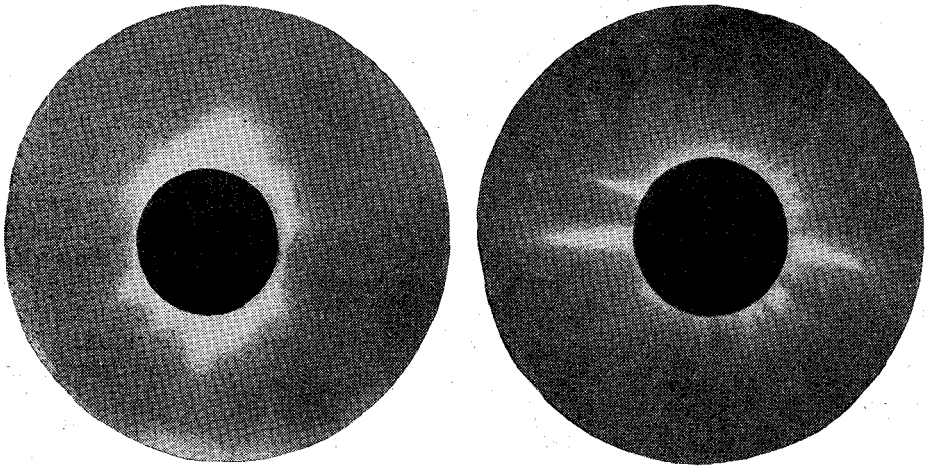
instruments and in the human voice. Helmholtz was the first to analyze the vowels in human speech by studying the harmonics which they contained. The vowel *u*, for instance, sung at a given pitch, contains in addition to its fundamental pitch—say one hundred vibrations per second—other vibrations the frequencies of which are integral multiples of one hundred, that is two, three, four, . . . hundred vibrations per second. These higher vibrations are called harmonics of the fundamental. Helmholtz detected these harmonics by the employment of acoustical resonators; it was an epoch-making research. I proceeded to search for a similar procedure for the analysis of Rowland's distorted alternating currents, and I found it. I constructed electrical resonators based upon dynamical principles similar to those in the acoustical resonators employed by Helmholtz. These electrical resonators play a most important part in the radio art of to-day, and a few words regarding their operation seem desirable. In fact, there is to-day a cry from the Atlantic to the Pacific on the part of millions of people who wish to know what they are really doing when they are turning a knob on their radio-receiving sets, in order to find the correct wave length for a certain broadcasting station. I am responsible for the operation, and I owe them an explanation of it.

The mass and form of an elastic body, say a tuning-fork, and its stiffness determine the pitch, the so-called *frequency* of vibration. When a periodically varying force, say a wave of sound, acts upon the tuning-fork the maximum motion of the prongs will be produced when the pitch or frequency of the moving force is equal to the frequency of the tuning-fork. The two are said then to be in resonance, that is, the motion of the fork resonates to or synchronizes with the action of the force.



Electrical discharges representing two types of solar coronæ.

Every elastic structure has a frequency of its own. The column of air in an organ-pipe has a frequency of its own, so has the string of a piano. One can excite the motion of each by singing a note of the same frequency; a note of a considerably different frequency excites practically no motion at all. Acoustical resonance phenomena are too well known to need here any further comment. There are also electrical resonance phenomena very similar to those of acoustical resonance. If you understand one of them there is no difficulty in understanding the other.

If an electrical conductor, say a copper wire, is coiled up so as to form a coil of many turns, and its terminals are connected to a condenser, that is to conducting plates which are separated from each other by insulating material, then the motion of electricity in that conducting circuit is subject to the same laws as the

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motion of the prongs of a tuning-fork. Every motion, whether of electricity or of matter, is determined completely by the force which produces the motion, and by the forces with which the moving object reacts against the motion. If the law of action of these several forces is the same in the case of moving matter as in the case of moving electricity, then their motions will also be the same. The moving forces are called the *action* and the opposing forces are called the *reaction*, and Newton's third law of motion says: *Action is equal to the opposing reaction.* I always considered this the most fundamental law in all physical sciences. It is applicable to all motions no matter what the thing is which moves, whether ponderable matter or imponderable electricity. Twenty-six years ago a student of mine, Albert R. Gallatin, brother of the present park commissioner of New York, presented a large induction coil to the electrical laboratory at Columbia College, in recognition of my services to him, because, he said, this formulation of the fundamental law in the electrical science, which I have just given, made everything very clear to him. This was most encouraging to a young professor, and it goes without saying that ever since that time he and I have been warm friends. He is a banker and I am still a professor, but the interest in the fundamental principles in physical sciences are a strong bond of union between us.

The electrical force which moves the electricity in the circuit, just described, experiences two principal reactions. One reaction is due to the lines of electrical force which, attached to the electrical charge on the condenser plates, are crowded into the insulating space between these plates. This reaction corresponds to the elastic reaction of the prongs of the tuning-fork, and follows the same law. In the case of the tuning-fork the *elastic reaction is proportional to the displacement* of the prongs from their normal position; in the electrical case the reacting force is proportional to the electrical charges which have been pulled apart, the negative from the positive, and driven to the plates of the condenser. Call this separation *electrical displacement*, and the law can be given the same form as above, namely: *The reacting force is proportional to the electrical displacement.* The greater the distance between the plates, and the smaller their surface, the greater is the reaction for a given electrical displacement. By varying these two quantities we can vary the electrical yielding, the so-called capacity, of the electrical condenser. This is what you do when you turn the knob and vary the capacity of the condenser in your receiving set.

The moving prongs have a momentum, and a change in the momentum opposes a reacting force, the so-called inertia reaction, which is equal to the rate of this change. This was discovered by Galileo over three hundred years ago. We experience the operation of this law every time we bump against a moving object. The Irish sailor who, after describing the accident which made him fall down from the mast, assured his friends that it was not the fall which hurt him but the sudden stop, appreciated fully the reacting force due to a rapid change of momentum. Every boy and girl in the public schools should know Galileo's fundamental law, and they would know it if by a few simple experiments it were taught to them. But how many teachers really teach it? How many of my readers really know that law? Just think of it, what an impeachment it is of our modern system of education to have so many intelligent men and women, boys and girls, ignorant of so fundamental a law as that which Galileo discovered so long ago!

The moving electricity has a momentum. The magnetic force produced by this motion is a measure of this momentum. Its change is opposed by a reacting force equal to the rate of this change. This was discovered by Faraday nearly a hundred years ago. The larger the number of turns in the coil of wire the larger will be the momentum for a given electrical motion, that is, for a given electrical current. But how can anybody understand very clearly this beautiful law, discovered by Faraday, who does not understand Galileo's simpler discovery? The fact that electricity just like matter has inertia and that both obey the same law of inertia is one of the most beautiful discoveries in science. Whenever I thought that so many intelligent and cul-

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tured people knew nothing about it I rebelled against the educational system of modern civilization.

The motion of electricity in the conductor described above overcomes reacting forces which follow the same laws as the motion of the elastic prongs of the tuning-fork. The motion of one has, therefore, an analogy in the motion of the other. In an electrical circuit having a coil and a condenser the moving electricity has a definite inertia and a definite electrical stiffness, hence it will have a definite pitch or frequency for its vibratory motion, just like a tuning-fork; it will act as a resonator. It is obvious, therefore, that an electrical resonator, the pitch of which can be adjusted by adjusting its coil or its condenser or both, is a perfect analogy to the acoustical resonator. By means of an electrical resonator of this kind, having an adjustable coil and an adjustable condenser, I succeeded in detecting every one of the harmonics in Rowland's distorted alternating currents, in the same manner in which Helmholtz detected the harmonics in the vowel sounds, but with much greater ease, because the pitch of an electrical resonator can be very easily and accurately changed by adjusting its coil and condenser. There are millions of people to-day who are doing that very thing when they are turning the knobs on their radio receiving sets, adjusting it to the wave-length of the transmitting station. The expression, "adjusting it to the pitch or frequency of the transmitting station," is much better, because it reminds the operator of the analogy existing between acoustical and electrical resonance. The procedure was inaugurated thirty years ago in the "cow-shed" of old Columbia College. I called it "electrical tuning" and the name has stuck to it down to the present time. The word "tuning" was suggested by the operation which the Serbian bagpiper performed when he tuned up his bagpipes, and which I watched with a lively interest in my boyhood days. Those early impressions had made acoustical and electrical resonance appear to me later as obvious things.

The results of this research were published in the *American Journal of Science* and also in the *Transactions of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers for 1894*. They, I was told, had never been anticipated, and they confirmed fully Rowland's views concerning the magnetic reaction of iron when subjected to the magnetic action of an alternating current. When Helmholtz visited this country in 1893, I showed him my electrical resonators and the research which I was conducting with their assistance. He was quite impressed by the striking similarity between his acoustical resonance analysis and my electrical resonance analysis and urged me to push on the work and repeat his early experiments in acoustical resonance, because my electrical method was much more convenient than his acoustical method.

Helmholtz was always interested in the analysis as well as in the synthesis of vibrations corresponding to articulate speech. The telephone and the phonograph were two inventions which always enjoyed his admiring attention. During his visit in America he looked forward with much pleasure to meeting Graham Bell and Edison. The simplicity of their inventions astonished him, because one would have hardly expected that a simple disk could vibrate so as to reproduce faithfully all the complex variations which are necessary for articulation. He spent a Sunday afternoon as my guest at Monmouth Beach and in the course of conversation I told him what impression the telephone had made upon me when I first listened through it. It happened during the period when I was serving my apprenticeship as greenhorn, and when I was trying hard to master the articulation of the English language. The telephone plate repeated perfectly everything spoken at the other end, and I said to myself: "These Americans are too clever for me; they can make a plain steel plate articulate much better than I can ever expect to do it with all my speaking organs. I had better return to Idvor and become a herdsman again." Helmholtz laughed heartily and assured me that the articulating telephone plate made a similar impression upon him, although he had spent several years of his life studying the theory of articulation. "The phonograph disk is just as clever," said Helmholtz, "as the telephone disk, perhaps even more

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so, because it has to dig hard while it is busily talking."

My scientific friends in New York saw in the construction of my electrical resonator and in its employment for selective detection of alternating currents of definite frequency a very suitable means for practising harmonic telegraphy, first suggested by Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. They finally persuaded me to apply for a patent and I did it. I often regretted it, because it involved me in a most expensive and otherwise annoying legal contest. Two other inventors had applied for a patent on the same invention. One of them was an American, and the other a French inventor, and each of them was backed by a powerful industrial corporation. A college professor with a salary of two thousand and five hundred dollars per annum cannot stand a long legal contest when opposed by two powerful corporations, but it is a curious psychological fact that when one's claim to an invention is disputed he will fight for it just as a tigress would fight for her cub. The fight lasted nearly eight years and I won it. I was declared to be the inventor, and the patent for it was granted to me. But a patent is a piece of paper worth nothing until somebody needs the invention. I waited a long time before that somebody came, and when he finally showed up I had almost forgotten that I had made the invention. In the meantime I had nothing but a piece of paper for all my pains, which nearly wrecked me financially.

Just about that time the newspapers reported that a young Italian student by the name of Marconi, while experimenting with Hertzian waves, had demonstrated that a Hertzian oscillator will send out electrical waves which will penetrate much longer distances when one of its sides is connected to earth. "Of course it will," said I, "the grounded oscillator takes the earth into closer partnership." When as a herdsman's assistant on the pasturelands of my native Idvor I stuck my knife into the ground and struck its wooden handle I knew perfectly well that the ground was a part of the vibrating system and that the sound-producing stroke was taken up by the ground much better than when I struck the knife-handle without sticking the knife into the ground. But I also knew that unless the boy who was listening pressed his ear against the ground he would not hear very much. It was, therefore, quite obvious to me that the best detector for a Hertzian oscillator which is grounded must be another Hertzian oscillator which is also connected to the ground. Grounding of the sending and of the receiving Hertzian oscillators was in fact the fundamental claim of the Marconi invention. Marconi, in my opinion, was unwittingly imitating the young herdsmen of Idvor when, figuratively speaking, he stuck his electrical knives into the ground for the purpose of transmitting and receiving electrical vibrations, but the imitation was a very clever one; very obvious indeed as soon as it was pointed out, like all clever things.

Every now and then we are told that wireless signals might be sent some day to the planet Mars. The judgment of a former herdsman of Idvor considers these suggestions as unscientific for the simple reason that we cannot get a ground on the planet Mars and, therefore, cannot take it into close partnership with our Hertzian oscillators. Without that partnership there is no prospect of covering great distances. A very simple experiment will illustrate this. Scratch the wood of a pencil and ask your friends who are sitting around a table whether they hear the scratching. They will say "No." Put the pencil on the table and scratch it again; your friends will tell you that they can hear it faintly. Ask them to press their ears against the table and they will tell you that the scratching sound is very loud. In the third case the pencil, the table, and the ears of your friends are all one closely interconnected vibratory system. Every herdsman of Idvor would interpret correctly the physical meaning of this experiment. "If Marconi had waited just a little longer I would have done his trick myself," I said jokingly to Crocker, and then I temporarily dismissed the matter from my mind as if nothing had happened. But I was fairly confident that my electrical resonators would some day find a useful application in this new method of signalling, and Crocker was even more hopeful than I was. I turned my attention to another problem and would have

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completed its solution, if my work had not been interrupted by the announcement of a most remarkable discovery made in Germany, I mean the discovery of the Roentgen rays.

I cannot describe the effects of this epoch-making discovery without referring again to great Helmholtz. It was due to his initiative that Hertz took up the research of electrical oscillations, which suggested to Marconi their technical application. This started a new technical art, wireless telegraphy, which developed into the radio art. Without Helmholtz, not only the experimental verification of the Faraday-Maxwell electro-magnetic theory but also the radio art might have been delayed quite a long time. I shall point out now that the great discovery of the Roentgen rays was also due in a great measure to the initiative of Helmholtz.

While in Berlin I was conducting a research upon vapor pressures of salt solutions. For this purpose I needed the assistance of a clever glass-blower. A Herr Mueller was recommended to me by the people of the Physical Institute. I paid frequent visits to him, not only because I liked to watch his wonderful skill in glass-blowing, but also because he knew and entertained me often with the history of a remarkable physical research which had been carried out by Doctor Goldstein, a Berlin physicist, under the auspices of the German Academy of Sciences, Herr Mueller, the glass-blowing artist, assisting.

The motion of electricity through rarefied gases was first extensively studied in Germany in the fifties and sixties by several investigators. Hittorf was one of them, and I mention him here for reasons given later. The English physicists took up the subject a little later, and among them Crookes did the most distinguished work. His tubes with a very high vacuum gave brilliant cathode rays, first discovered by Hittorf, which produced among other things the well-known phosphorescence in vacuum tubes made of uranium glass. In spite of the surpassing beauty of the electrical phenomena in vacuum tubes revealed by Crookes's experiments, no final and definite conclusions could be drawn from them toward the end of the seventies. But he was undoubtedly the first who correctly inferred that the cathode rays were small electrified particles moving with high velocity. This inference proved to be of very great importance. In 1893 Lord Kelvin said: "If the first step toward understanding the relations between ether and ponderable matter is to be made, it seems to me that the most hopeful foundation for it is knowledge derived from experiment on electricity in high vacuum." This was the very opinion which Helmholtz had formulated fifteen years earlier, and he persuaded the German Academy of Sciences to make a special grant for a thorough experimental review of the whole field of research relating to electrical motions in high vacua. Doctor Goldstein was selected to carry out this work. Mueller was his glass-blower. The most important result of this work was the discovery of the so-called *Canal Rays*, that is, motion of positive electricity in the direction opposite to the motion of negative electricity, the latter being the cause of the *cathode rays*. To get that result Mueller had to make innumerable vacuum tubes of all sorts of shapes. He told me that if all these tubes could be resurrected they would fill the house in which his shop was located. "But the grand result was worth all the trouble, and I am proud that I did all the glass-blowing," said Mueller, with a triumphant light in his eyes, and his beaming countenance testified that he felt what he said. He was an artisan who loved his craft, and, judging from his remarkable knowledge of all the vacuum-tube researches which had been conducted up to the time of his co-operation with Doctor Goldstein, I inferred that he was a unique combination of the science and the art involved in the job which he was doing for Doctor Goldstein. Mueller was the first to arouse my interest in the results of vacuum-tube researches, and I always considered him as one of my distinguished teachers in Berlin. New knowledge is not confined to the lecture-rooms of a great university; it can be often found in most humble shops, treasured by humble people who are quite unconscious that they are the guardians of a precious treasure. Mueller was one of these humble guardians.

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The importance of Goldstein's work was due principally to the fact that it brought into the field three other German physicists of great acumen. The first one was Hertz. Several years after he had completed his splendid experimental verification of the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory, he showed that the cathode rays penetrated easily through thin films of metal, like gold and aluminum foil, although these films were perfectly opaque to ordinary light. It was a novel and most important contribution to our knowledge of cathode rays, and would have been followed up by more additional knowledge if Hertz had not died on January 1, 1894, at the age of thirty-six. Helmholtz died several months later. Science never suffered a greater loss in so short an interval of time. Helmholtz met with an accident on the ship on his return trip from the United States in 1893. He never completely recovered, although he lectured at the University of Berlin until a few days before his sudden death in the midsummer of 1894. Autopsy revealed that one side of his brain was and had been in a pathological state for a long time, but nobody had ever observed that his intellectual power had shown any signs of decay. It is a pity that he did not live another two years; he would have seen what he told me during his visit here he longed to see, and that is an electrified body moving at a very high velocity suddenly reversing its motion. That, he thought, might furnish a direct experimental test of the mobility of ether. The discovery described below furnished such a body.

Hertz's work was continued and greatly extended by Professor Lenard of the University of Kiel. He would have undoubtedly reached the final goal if Roentgen had not announced, in December, 1895, that he, experimenting with Lenard vacuum tubes, had discovered the X-rays. This discovery marked the last step in the survey which Goldstein, under the initiative of Helmholtz, had undertaken some fifteen years before Roentgen had entered the field of electrical discharges in high vacua. It was a great truimph for German science. The science of electrical discharges in rarefied gases was started in Germany and in less than forty years it had reached there its highest point. It is a science which may justly be said to have been "made in Germany," just as the science of radiation. It started a new and most remarkable era in physical sciences by extending the meaning of the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory.

No other discovery within my lifetime had ever aroused the interest of the world as did the discovery of the X-rays. Every physicist dropped his own research problems and rushed headlong into the research of the X-rays. The physicists of the United States had paid only small attention to vacuum-tube discharges. To the best of my knowledge and belief I was at that time the only physicist here who had any laboratory experience with vacuum-tube research, and I got it by overtime work in the electrical-engineering laboratory of Columbia College. I undertook it because my intercourse with Mueller, the glass-blower of Berlin, directed my attention to this field of research, and particularly because I did not see that with the equipment of that laboratory I could do anything else. I decided, as mentioned above, to leave the field to Professor J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge, and to watch his work. When, therefore, Roentgen's discovery was first announced I was, it seems, better prepared than anybody else in this country to repeat his experiments and succeeded, therefore, sooner than anybody else on this side of the Atlantic. I obtained the first X-ray photograph in America on January 2, 1896, two weeks after the discovery was announced in Germany.

Many interesting stories have been told about the rush to the West during the gold-fever period, caused by the discovery of gold in the far West. The rush into X-ray experimentation was very similar, and I also caught the fever badly. Newspaper reporters and physicians heard of it, and I had to lock myself up in my laboratory, in the cellar of President Low's official residence at Columbia College, in order to protect myself from continuous interruptions. The physicians brought all kinds of cripples for the purpose of having their bones photographed or examined by means of the fluorescent screen. The famous surgeon, the late Doctor Bull of New York, sent me a pa-

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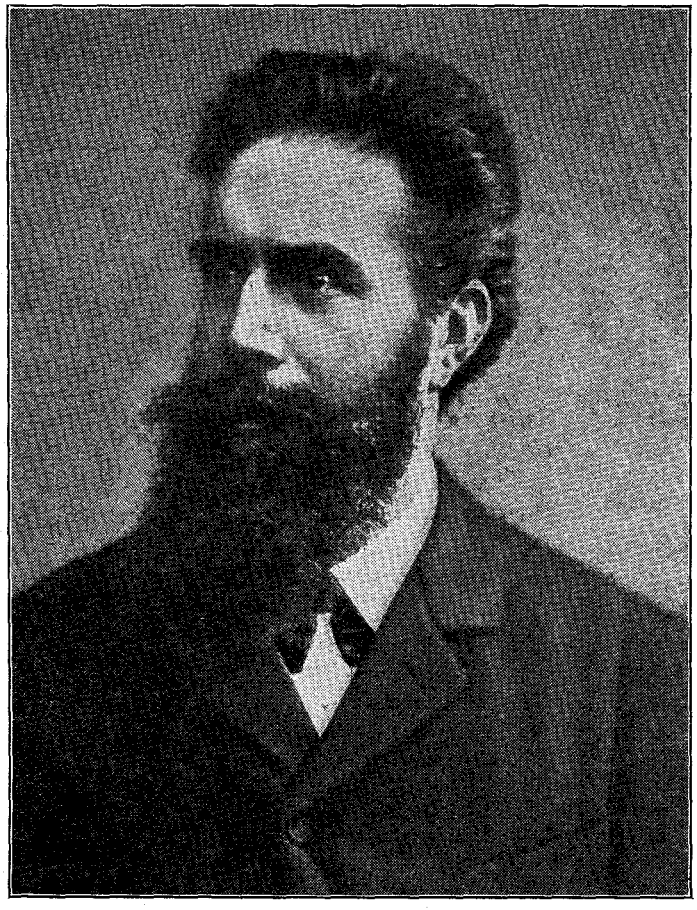
tient with nearly a hundred small shot in his left hand. His name was Prescott Hall Butler, a well-known lawyer of New York, who, while shooting grouse in Scotland, met with an accident and received in his left hand the full charge of his shotgun. He was in agony; he and I had mutual friends who begged me to make an X-ray photograph of his hand and thus enable Doctor Bull to locate the numerous shot and extract them. The first attempts were unsuccessful, because the patient was too weak and too nervous to stand a photographic exposure of nearly an hour. My good friend, Thomas Edison, had sent me several most excellent fluorescent screens, and by their fluorescence I could see the numerous little shot and so could my patient. The combination of the screen and the eyes was evidently much more sensitive than the photographic plate. I decided to try a combination of Edison's fluorescent screen and the photographic plate. The fluorescent screen was placed on the photographic plate and the patient's hand was placed upon the screen. The X-rays acted upon the screen first and the screen by its fluorescent light acted upon the plate. The combination succeeded, even better than I had expected. A beautiful photograph was obtained with an exposure of a few seconds. The photographic plate showed the numerous shot as if they had been drawn with pen and ink. Doctor Bull operated and extracted every one



Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen.
1845-1923.

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of them in the course of a short and easy surgical operation. Prescott Hall Butler was well again. That was the first X-ray picture obtained by that process during the first part of February, 1896, and it was also the first surgical operation performed in America under the guidance of an X-ray picture. This process of shortening the time of exposure is now universally used, but nobody gives me any credit for the discovery, although I described it in the journal *Electricity*, of February 12, 1896, before anybody else had even thought of it. Prescottt Hall Butler was much more appreciative and he actually proposed, when other offers to reward me for my efforts were refused, to establish a fellowship for me at the Century Club, the fellowship to entitle me to two toddies daily for the rest of my life. This offer was also refused. On March 2, 1896, Professor Arthur Gordon Webster, of Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, addressed a letter to *Worcester Gazette*, from which I quote:

> Sunday morning I went with Professor Pupin to his laboratory to try the effect of a fluorescent screen in front of the plate. I placed my hand under the bulb and in five minutes the current was stopped. . . . The result was the best plate that I had yet seen. . . . One who has tried the experiments and seen how long it takes to obtain a good result can judge of an improvement. I think that Doctor Pupin should enjoy the credit of having actually . . . shortened the time of exposure ten and twenty times.

A description of the improvement, which I published in final form in *Electricity*, of April 15, 1896, ends with the following sentence:

> My only object in working on the improvement of the Roentgen ray photography was for the purpose of widening its scope of application to surgical diagnosis. I think that I have succeeded completely and I wish full credit for the work done.

My friends suggested that I apply for a patent on the procedure and enforce recognition that way, but I was having one expensive experience in the patent office with my electrical resonators and did not care to add another.

The question of reflection and refraction of the X-rays had to be answered and several strange claims were brought forward by investigators. My investigations of this matter, aided by Thomas Edison's most efficient fluorescent screen, resulted in a discovery, which, in a communication to the New York Academy of Sciences, on April 6, 1896, I summed up as follows: "*Every substance when subjected to the action of X-rays becomes a radiator of these rays.*" The communication was published in several scientific journals, like *Science* and *Electricity*, and no statement can claim the discovery of the now well-known secondary X-ray radiation more clearly than the one given above. But of this matter I shall speak a little later.

Looking up some data lately I found that I had finished writing out these communications relating to my X-ray research on April 14, 1896. I also found a reprint of an address delivered before the New York Academy of Sciences in April, 1895, and published in *Science* of December 28, 1895, at the very time when the X-ray fever broke out. It was entitled: "Tendencies of Modern Electrical Research." But the X-ray fever prevented me from reading it when it was published. I saw it three months later, but never again since that time, and I had forgotten that I had ever composed it. I find now that the picture which I drew then of the growth of the electromagnetic theory is in every detail the same as that which I have given in this narrative. Both of them are due to the lasting impressions received in Cambridge and in Berlin. Evidently these impressions are just as strong to-day as they were twenty-eight years ago, proving that the tablets of memory have a mysterious process of preserving their records. I remember that on April 14, 1896, I did not go to the laboratory, but stayed at home and reflected, and read my address mentioned above. I took an inventory of what I had done during my six years' activity at Columbia and I closed the books satisfied with the results. My wife, who had helped me, writing out my reports, lectures, and scientific communications, and who knew and watched every bit of the work which I was doing, was also satisfied and congratulated me. My colleague Crocker, I knew, was satisfied, and so were all my scientific friends, and that was a source of much satisfaction. But nothing makes one as happy as his own honest belief that he has done his best.

(To be continued.)

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His Creed

BY WOLCOTT LeCLEAR BEARD

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY HARVEY DUNN

THE "wop! wop! wop! woppety-wop-wop!" of distant rifle fire died away somewhere in old Mexico, over the edge of a yellow prairie that met the southern horizon. Thomas Harvey Crofton grinned with sincere appreciation of his own indifference to those vanishing sounds.

Tommy Crofton sat on the veranda of the big adobe house in which he was born and which, in the course of years, had taken on something the appearance of a mediæval fortress stung with ambitions to become a modern villa. He winked at his small son Peter, aged four, who passed with Anita, the fat Mexican nurse, and grinned again when Peter winked back at him. Tommy was supremely contented; contented and happy. He thought he had every reason to be.

He owned the low, spring-fed hill upon which he lived and which made an island of vivid green in a motionless sea of parched grass; upon which grass, nevertheless, his cattle of the "Pitchfork" brand lived and throve amazingly. He owned the little village which nestled under the hill. He had caused his heritage to grow, and to such a degree that he felt himself justified in having run away with Edith and with having married her. Moreover, Edith's father, Philadelphian and—which means the same thing—conservative though he was, of late had shown a tendency to overlook the fact that Tommy had been born elsewhere.

Finally, Tommy was happy because he lived in the United States. Formerly he had accepted this fact as a matter of course; now it was an additional cause for rejoicing. This was owing to one Heradura, who was a Mexican—*and* a patriot—of sorts.

Originally a bandit in a much smaller way of business, Heradura had taken the adjacent portion of northern Mexico and established a precarious "government" there. Among other officials he had appointed an *intendente*. Tommy had disappointed him.

With many flowers of speech, but also with a heat that fairly wilted them, the official in question had contended that the Pitchfork headquarters lay south of the Mexican line, and so were subject to Heradura's exuberant taxes. Tommy's contention had been that he didn't care a profanely small amount what the *intendente* or any one else said; he, Tommy, lived in the United States and nowhere else. Then, with the aid of an ordnance map and an engineer's transit, Tommy proceeded to prove his point, and the concrete evidence of that proof, just completed, was before him. It consisted of a low railing of peeled cottonwood poles, colored red, white, and blue with paint which still glistened stickily, and further adorned with small calico editions of the Stars and Stripes, which Tommy had been at much pains to procure.

This fence was the line. Well within it, a circular trench enclosed house and outbuildings. Not for a moment did Tommy believe it ever would be necessary to man this trench; Heradura, whose ambition was to be recognized by Uncle Sam, would hardly care to invade Uncle Sam's territory. Still, if Heradura *should* come, the trench was there, and Tommy thought he could depend upon his Mexicans, who liked him and hated Heradura. They hated Heradura not so much because he was a bandit as because he came from another part of the country.

This was a characteristically Mexican reason for hating a man. Tommy chuckled aloud as it recurred to his mind, so that Edith, who just then emerged from the house, smiled in sympathy.

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"What on earth are you laughing at?" she asked.

He started to tell her, but with a face suddenly gone white she prevented him.

"Hark!" she commanded. "Did you hear?"

Tommy had heard. Anybody would have heard. The screams of a woman maddened with fear and rage carry far, and these had no great distance to go—only from the village. The voice was that of Anita, Peter's nurse. An instant later Anita herself appeared, screaming still and surrounded by women from near-by village houses. Then did Tommy Crofton's heart sink lower than he ever would have supposed that it could go. Peter was nowhere to be seen.

Tom wasted no time in trying to calm Anita and learn her tale. She, Peter's nurse, had appeared screaming and without her charge. That was enough. He knew what had happened—what must have happened; for certain threats of vengeance uttered by the *intendente*, which when uttered he had regarded as aimless vaporings, now flashed across his mind. With a spring he started for the village church, only to discover that some of the villagers had forestalled him. So he sprinted for the corrals instead, running as he had never run before.

Two bells hung in the belfry of that little church, one large and one much larger; so large, indeed, that it was a source of pride to the entire countryside. For all ordinary purposes the smaller one was used. The great one was to be rung only in times of vital need. There were well-grown children, born and reared in the village, who had never heard its voice. But now, as women threw their combined weight upon its dusty rope, something above creaked with rheumatic complaint, and that voice, unheard for so many years, boomed forth.

The deep tones quivered solemnly through the hot, still air, out over the yellow plain. They caused cowboys and *vaqueros*—which are the same things, only adjusted to the meridian of Mexico—to leave their herds and spur back toward that ambitious fortress on the hill and the trench surrounding it. It caused men, working or lounging within doors, to buckle on cartridge-belts and grasp their rifles before running to the meeting-place, designated long before. It enabled a column to be formed, grim and heavily armed; a column which, with Tommy at its head, trotted through the village and out over the prairie in order to cut into the road on the far side of a bend, hoping there to pick up the tracks of the man who had stolen Peter. It was on its way long before Edith could learn what little Anita had to tell.

Anita, it seemed, was taking Peter to the dwelling of her sister, with whom Peter was a prime favorite. They had nearly reached that dwelling when some man, spurring from behind, had snatched Peter from the ground without dismounting. No, Anita had not recognized that man. There had been no time. Another man, also coming from behind, had struck her down. Both had vanished, taking Peter with them. That was all she knew.

Leaving Anita, elated by her sudden prominence, surrounded by women of her own race, Edith returned to the veranda. The great bell, its mission fulfilled, once more was silent. The column had by this time passed so far away that not even the dust that marked its progress could longer be seen. Flinging herself into a chair, Edith sat desperately trying to reason with herself, and to think of something—anything—that might help the quest upon which Tommy had departed, but trying in vain. She could not reason—could not think—only feel, feel and suffer.

How long she sat there Edith never knew. She knew only that the voice she longed for—the voice that she feared she never again would hear—Peter's voice—sounded from close beside her.

"Hello, mummy," it said quite casually. "I've come home. Pat, he bwinged me."

Then did Edith laugh and cry and hug that nonchalant young gentleman until he gasped for breath. At last, however, he wriggled free, and with an air that mingled injured dignity with stern reproof, spoke again.

"Muvver," he said, formally and severely, "vis is Pat. He bwinged me home. I told you before."

Until then Edith had forgotten that the world was tenanted by any inhabitant other than Peter; but, thus recalled to her

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duty and herself, she turned to greet the rescuer of her son.

A most competent rescuer he was. Though six feet and a half in height, he seemed no taller than the average man, because his shoulders dwarfed him so. His arms, gnarled and knotted like old trees, allowed his hands to hang almost to his knees which, massive as they were, still were slightly bowed, as though from the weight of the great torso which they had to support. He was hatless, but otherwise dressed from head to foot in dusty black broadcloth. No costume more unsuitable and uncomfortable for that place and climate could easily be imagined. The man looked like nothing so much as a red gorilla, if there could be such a thing, clad in a preacher's garb.

The face also carried out this idea when one first saw it, for it was red, and framed in hair that was redder still, crowning the head and running under the chin. But Edith smiled into that face—as, if he had restored Peter to her, she would have smiled into the face of Satan himself—whereupon the rescuer also smiled, and all resemblance to a gorilla vanished instantly. A huge smile it was, as befitted its wearer; yet the kindliness it expressed fairly overflowed, so as to shine from the eyes of brightest china-blue.

"I don't know how to thank you," said Edith, extending a hand which instantly was engulfed in his huge paw. "I don't believe there is any way of thanking you for what you've done. But I think, somehow, that you must know what I feel."

"I mebbe cud guess, ma'am," he answered, his smile broadening a trifle. "But sorra a bit av thanks is there comin' to me. Faith, an' didn't I *want* for to fetch the little lad home? Why wudden't I do ut, thin? What'd stop me?"

"Vose man twied to stop him," here observed Peter. "One of 'em took out a knife. But Pat, he tooked 'em off veir horses an' bwoke 'em. An' ve horses skedaddled. So we comed home."

Peter's succinct account of what had happened caused Edith to pale once more as she thought, womanlike, of what might have happened.

"Did you have to fight?" she asked quickly. "Are you hurt?"

"No, ma'am," answered the red giant, with a regretful sigh. "There was no foight. There was but two av thim little, yella' men—no more. I lost me timper. Yet they was within their roights, sure."

"Within their rights!" repeated Edith, thinking she could not have heard correctly. "Was that what you said?"

"It was, ma'am," he answered simply; then went on to explain.

"Ye see, ma'am, thim Mexikins they *wanted* for to take me little fr'ind Pether. So they done it—which was their roight. But Pether, he didn't *want* for to go—so 'twas his roight to stop behoind, if he could. Then agin, I *wanted* for fetch Pether home—and well paid I was, be the soight av yer sweet face, ma'am. And as I *wanted* to bring him, sure 'twas me roight to bring him. So I done ut. An' there ye are!"

Edith looked at the speaker in blank astonishment. Obviously no joke was intended; yet such a code of ethics, so far as she could understand it, was monstrous—unthinkable. Alone as she was with this man, who was far more than a normal man, so far as physical strength was concerned, her reason told her that she ought to fear him. Her instinct, on the other hand, told her that from him she would have nothing to fear, now nor ever; that he was like a child who had discovered a plaything—in his case a bizarre idea—which he did not in the least understand, and with which he was therefore so delighted that he would amuse himself with nothing else. So she smiled at him again, and again evoked that all-pervading smile of his in return.

"Are you crazy?" she asked, in kindly derision.

"No, ma'am," he answered, quite seriously. "'Tis an Indivanarchualist I am."

"A what?" she cried.

"An Indivanarchualist," he repeated. "'Tis not loikely, ma'am, thot ye'll be knowin' what the worrd manes. I invinted ut meself. I will explain."

He paused, presumably to find words in which suitably to express his promised explanation. Peter, bored by the conversation, but too polite to say so, had strolled to the edge of the veranda. Now he held up a hand, as he had seen his father do, to command silence.

"Wisten," said he.

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So the other two listened, but heard nothing. Edith was about to speak, but Peter shook his head.

"Wisten," he commanded once more.

Both heard then. They could not help but hear—not the soft thudding of hoofs, which the child's quick ears had caught, but the spiteful, snapping rattle of pistol-shots, so near by that one could also hear shouts and shrill yells, curses and cries of pain that accompanied it.

Springing forward, Edith whirled Peter behind her, so that her slight body sheltered his. Closer the firing came, and closer still. The red giant heaved himself to his feet, shedding his long, black coat as he did so. At the foot of the veranda steps lay a pole, intended for the topmast of a flagstaff which Tommy was going to erect. Snapping this pole across his knee, the giant gripped one fragment in his hand. His bowed legs were well apart, his mighty body leaning a little forward, and so for the moment he stood before the woman and child, facing the threatened danger, a living emblem of savage force and savage efficiency.

"I think they're comin'," Edith heard him murmur. "An' we don't *want* thim here!"

Men did come, but not the enemy to whom the giant's words presumably referred. With a final sputter the firing ceased. Once more the ominous voice of the great bell boomed quiveringly forth. A party of Pitchfork men whirled up to the trench, dismounted and dropped into it. From the village came the excited chatter of women and whimpering of frightened children as Tommy, alone and sitting weakly on a wounded horse, emerged from the one street and rode toward the house. Again wriggling free from his mother, Peter ran to the edge of the veranda and waved his hand.

"Hello, daddy!" he shouted. "Here I am. Me an' Pat. He bwinged me."

Waving his hand in reply, Tommy called upon his horse, which tried gamely to respond. It broke into a staggering gallop; then faltered and pitched headlong, dead, throwing its rider heavily.

Before Tommy reached the ground that red giant had started toward him. The giant's gait was a sort of hopping lope that did not seem fast, yet covered the ground in a manner that was amazing. Only about three of those hops apparently were necessary before the intervening ground was covered and Tommy tucked into the hollow of one great arm as a baby might have been carried there, while a huge paw compressed his thigh above a red stain that was spreading on his khaki riding-breeches.

"Are you the 'Pat' whom Peter mentioned just now?" asked Tommy, trying hard to steady his swimming brain, as he was lifted. "Was it you who met those two Mexicans on the road—and who left them as we found them?"

"I'm Pat, sorr," cheerfully admitted the person addressed, carefully lowering his burden into a long chair on the veranda. "Pat Casey is me name. Pathrick Casey, Indivanarchualist. As fer thim Mexikins—well, sorr, ye see I was foorced into a bit av an argymint wit' thim, an' I fear ut left thim a thrifle mussed, loike."

"Yes," agreed Tommy dryly. "I fear it did." Tom was no stranger to the sight of men who had died violent deaths; no one who has lived for long in that country can be. Yet he shuddered as he recalled the shattered remnants of those two men.

Wholly unmoved by recollections or anything else save the work in hand, Pat Casey, while still gripping Tom's thigh with one hand, with the other drew forth a knife, opened it with the aid of his teeth, and slit Tom's breeches, exposing the wound beneath.

"T'rough the muscles—nothin' more," he said, with a reassuring nod to Edith. "No bones bruk an' but little blood lost as yet. If ye'll sind fer some wather, ma'am, an' somethin' for to make bandages of, whoile I keep me hand here, faith we'll patch him up in no toime at all."

Edith had an emergency-kit. Although hating the sight of it, on account of what it symbolized, she had kept it and seen that it was in order ever since her marriage. Now, with Peter, eager and excited, trotting by her side, she went to fetch it. Tommy watched her until she was out of sight; then, with fierce earnestness, he dragged Pat's head nearer his lips.

"Casey, listen!" he whispered tensely.

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"Things look bad. The two Mexicans you 'mussed' were mounted on horses belonging to the *intendente*. The men were the *intendente's* own brother and a nephew of Heradura himself. A native woman, who witnessed your 'argument,' told me. That's why I came back."

"Faith, I wish ut was the *intindinte* and Heradura thimselves what I met up wit'," observed Pat regretfully.

"I wish to heaven it had been," answered Tom, with heartfelt sincerity. "But it wasn't. When the saddle-empty horses came home the *intendente* was there, ready to back-track them to the place where the bodies lay. Now he's calling in every man he can and mounting them. He's trying to cut off our people, still scattered over the prairie, as he tried to cut off me and the party with me just now. Then he'll hold the few of us who are here until Heradura can come and rush us. And Heradura won't care for boundary lines now. He *will* rush us."

"Mebbe," remarked Pat, grinning. "Mebbe not."

"We may as well face facts. It's almost a certainty," insisted Tom. "I sent three messengers to Fort Apache, and we'll hold out as long as we can. But even if my messengers get through, the soldiers can hardly reach us in time. And you can't fight Heradura's whole army, you know."

"I can thry," answered Pat; and the grin was still in place. But it was not a pleasant grin. It was the grin of a red gorilla.

"Faith, an' I *want* for to thry," he added with an air of finality; and Tom gave over the discussion. There was no time then for extended debate.

"Listen!" he said once more. "What I want to say is this: You know what those Mexicans are—and you're the only able-bodied white man in the place, now. I want to put my wife in your care. If the worst comes to the worst——"

Tom paused, swallowing hard, as though his throat hurt him. The facts and the possibilities that had been forced upon him he could face, ghastly though they were, but to put them into plain words was a task almost beyond him. Pat must have guessed what was coming, for his face suddenly paled and the hand which still held the wounded thigh trembled a little. With an effort that could be seen Tom mastered himself and went doggedly on:

"Those brutes mustn't take my wife—alive. If the worst comes and you're still able to move, you must see that they don't."

"If I'm still able for to move, faith, they'll not take yer sweet leddy aloive nor anny other way," answered Pat, very positively. "No, nor me fr'ind Pether, nayther. Ye can go bail fer—whisht! She's comin'!"

Bringing her emergency-kit, and accompanied by Peter precariously bearing a basin of water in both hands, Edith came out of the house as Pat's warning was uttered. Tommy would not look at her. He dared not, for fear of what she might read in his face. With inward trepidation, but trying valiantly to recall the "first aid" lessons that she had taken long before, Edith would have tried to dress the wound but for Pat, who put her gently aside.

"Let me, ma'am," he said courteously, with that enticing smile of his. "Faix, 'tis an old task for me. I used for to help the docthors durin' the Boer War, till I cud do a simple thing loike this as good as they. An' divvle an ambylance was needed, they used for to say, whin I was on the job."

So Edith stood by and watched the red gorilla, who dressed the wounded thigh as gently as she could have done and more deftly by far. After it was finished Tommy would not go to bed. Therefore they remained on the veranda, all four of them.

There food was brought them and there they ate it, or pretended to eat, in order to reassure the others, as the case might be. Dusk fell and night followed. Back of the trench fires began to blaze, and the forms of women, lighted by the flames, to pass here and there as they cooked for the men. Out of the darkness, now and then, a little group of men would ride, first to be challenged sharply, then greeted with shrill cheers as they became known as friends. Of these groups, however, there were pitiably few. After a while they ceased to come and the great bell ceased its useless summons. The vil-

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lage was abandoned, for it could not be held. The fires died down. The men in the trench slept. It was the women who kept watch. Women are better at this than men. It was the hardest part of all, but they could do it, and they did.

Surfeited with joyous excitement, Peter slept in a bed extemporized on the veranda, for his mother would part neither with him nor with Tommy. Pat Casey sat on the veranda's edge, whittling the great club he had made, shaping it to his hand. He had now shed his waistcoat as well as his long coat, and had wrenched away the paper collar and false bosom which, giving the impression of a "boiled" shirt, had lent unity to his costume, revealing him clad, above the waist, only in a sleeveless undershirt.

Tommy also had fallen asleep, but his slumbers, unlike those of Peter, were fitful and troubled. For a long time the silence was broken only by his occasional muttering and the sibilant passing of Pat's knife through the wood he was whittling. Then another sound, almost inaudible, made Pat look quickly around at Edith, to see that her face was hidden in her hands and that she was crying softly, trying not to be heard. Dropping his knife, and with a look of deepest concern on his ugly face, he reached over and consolingly patted Edith's foot, which was the only part of her he could reach.

"Don't, ma'am—don't!" he begged. "Sure, things isn't so bad! The place ain't took, yit—and if thim Gr'asers thries for to take ut, faith they'll run inta wan av the loiveliest toimes this brand-new State av Arizony iver has saw! They will thot! I'll go bail fer it, ma'am. So don't, now—don't!"

"It's not that at all," Edith found herself saying—and saying truly, as she believed. "Not at all! It's because I wrote to papa—my father—a week ago, asking for help. He's a senator, and can make things happen. But I promised Tommy I wouldn't, and I broke my promise, and I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I'm not! That's what makes me cry."

Pat recognized the touch of hysteria, though Edith did not, for a twinkle of kindly amusement showed in those blue eyes of his. But his voice was gravely sympathetic.

"Faith, ye *wanted* for to sind worrd to yer father, ma'am, an' so ye done ut. Which was yer roight," said he. "So what is there to be ashamed about? Nothin' at all, faix! And for why? Ye *wanted* to, loike I said."

While Pat was speaking the silence was rent by the nerve-racking even-song of a coyote. It woke Tommy, who caught the latter portion of Pat's speech, with its reiteration of that emphasized word. It irritated him.

"Are people supposed always to do just what they 'want' to do?" he demanded.

"Sure," was Pat's serene reply. "What else wud they do, if they had their way?"

For the moment no appropriate rejoinder occurred to Tommy's mind.

"Ye see, sorr, 'tis an Indivanarchualist I am," Pat went on, after a little pause. "The worrd, as I mintioned befoor, is me own invintion. I am an anarchist. I am also an indivijoolist. Indivanarchualist is a combination av the two."

"But aren't all anarchists also individualists?" asked Tommy. "I thought that one word implied the other."

"That's what anarchists thinks," replied Pat with a nod. "I think not. Listhen, sorr. Don't anarchists blow up kings, an' such? They do. Ain't a king an indivijool, same as an anarchist? He is. The king, he *wants* for to hold down the job av a king; so he does ut. The anarchist, *he* wants for to be an anarchist. So he *is* wan. Both are within their roights. So what's the odds?"

"But then," objected Tommy, amused in spite of himself, "if the anarchist 'wants' to slip a charge of dynamite under the king, he has every right to try and do it, according to your notion."

"Aye," agreed Pat, nodding more vigorously, "just thot. An' the king, if he *wants* to, has the roight for to set the anarchist up ferninst a wall an' shoot holes in him. So there ye are, all happy an' comfortable. Lettin' ivery man do what he *wants* to do if he can manage to do ut. Thot's the creed I've been pr'achin' from Portland, Maine, clane over to this place. It's the creed I live for; an' if need be, I'll die for ut."

Pat's manner showed the deepest earnestness and most absolute conviction. The creed to which a man devotes his life,

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no matter what that creed may be, is entitled at least to outward respect. Tommy, therefore, was silent. It was Edith who spoke.

"So you rescued Peter at the risk of your own and the cost of other lives, because you 'wanted' to," she said softly. "You're risking your life now because you 'want' to help Tommy and Peter and me, whom you never saw until today, and in all probability never heard of."

Then it was that Pat's red face became redder still, as the blush that suffused it caused its hue to rival that of his hair. He shrugged his shoulders from sheer embarrassment, as a small boy might do, as he searched his mind for some excuse.

"But—but d'ye s'pose fer a minut, ma'am," he blurted out at last, "thot I wudden't *want* for to be on hand fer the beautiful foight what is loikely to come?"

At this Edith laughed at him kindly but sadly—for a laugh can be sad at times like that—whereupon Pat's embarrassment became more agonized than ever, so that Tommy took pity on him.

"The 'beautiful fight', I fancy, will come just before daybreak," he remarked casually. "Those people are like the Apaches, in that they attack, by choice, at dawn or dusk. By the way, Casey, have you a pistol? I see that you have no rifle. You'll find both just inside the door."

"Thankin' ye, sorr, I want nayther," replied Pat, trying the balance of his club, which at last he had fashioned to his liking. "I don't know how to use thim things. But this, now—!" A flourish or two ended his sentence, and he laid the club down.

"Sure, dawn is a long toime fer the leddy to wait," he said, with a sigh. "I wisht thim Heradura lads wud come sooner. Thin she'd have some rest—an' forgit all this what has happened—an' be happy wance more."

Again Tommy shuddered as the unintended meaning of Pat's words—the kind of rest, oblivion, and subsequent happiness that might be Edith's—flashed across his mind. Yet he mentally echoed the wish. Anything would be better than this suspense.

Now, it is only the elusive light which renders the dawn so favorite a time for an assault. A rising moon, which Tommy had forgotten, and which soon would shed a light that rivalled day, began faintly to touch the east with silver. Therefore one of the women who watched above the trenches had cause to utter a long-drawn cry of warning. A banshee might have given that cry. Before it ended the joint wish of the two men had been granted.

The woman's cry was merged in a chorus of those shrill yelps so dear to the Mexican heart, accompanied by the patter of many running feet that fell on the soft turf with a sound like the roll of muffled drums and by the crack of rifles that stabbed the night with vanishing darts of flame. A volley crashed from the trench, and its level blaze lighted the foremost rank of Heradura's charging men. It showed their faces, distorted evilly by the lust of battle. It glittered for an instant on weapons and on the bullion trimming of peaked sombreros. It showed their on-rushing forms, but showed them stricken with immobility, as a red photograph might have showed them. Then the picture was swallowed by a darkness made deeper by the contrast. There followed a moment of comparative silence, when Tommy could make himself heard.

"Edith!" he barked. "Inside—quick! Take Peter—and close the shutter as you go!"

From the first instant Edith had been bending over the sleeping form of her son. Now she lifted it and passed swiftly into the house. She forgot the shutter, and it was Pat who, reaching over with his club, closed that. This shut off a faint light which had been shining through a window back of it, so the veranda was in darkness. Tommy felt himself raised, chair and all, and placed well within the open front door.

"There—thot's betther," said Pat. "It may save throuble later, whin there's less toime. Fer thim fellys'll be comin' soon."

The first rush had been checked; yet Pat was right. Fervently profane commands could be heard in the thick ring of enemies, which the moon now faintly revealed. In response the ring dissolved, to become a dozen columns, rushing forward

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with sickening speed. They reached the trench—crossed it—appeared on its inner side—and it was lost. In an instant the sward within its circumference was dotted with the forms of Pitchfork men—and women too—running for their lives toward the house.

It was the merest handful that survived to rush in through the open doorway. Beside and within that doorway stood the Indivanarchualist, grimly inactive, waiting for them to pass, and made visible by a red glare which began to rise from the corral sheds, just set ablaze.

The last of the fugitives entered; without perceptible interval the foremost pursuer followed, his machete swung back for a blow. From the long chair in which he lay Tommy's pistol spoke. The man dropped. Like a flash Pat stooped and, catching the body, tossed it aside as one might toss an old coat; but, quick though he was, he was still too late. The man had fallen across the threshold, and his living companions followed so closely that the door could not be closed.

Again Tommy's pistol spoke. From Pat there came a yell that made those of the Mexicans sound by contrast like the voices of children at play. The great bludgeon flickered around his red head with a practised ease that no man ever seen by any one there could even have approached. Then, for one astounding instant, Pat's club stopped in mid-air. In his face and in the faces of his assailants there appeared something like frightened awe. The eyes of all were fixed upon a point behind Tommy's head, and above it. In wondering astonishment, Tommy followed the direction of their gaze.

They were looking at Edith—at Edith and Peter. In heaven only knows what agony of mind she had stayed in the next room, where a forgotten candle burned and where Peter had slept serenely through the tragedy that was enacted outside. But the windows of that room were unguarded, and at the sound of shouts so near she had started to leave it. Now she stood in the doorway of that room with Peter, sleepily interested and not sufficiently awake to be afraid, staring at the intruders with the inscrutable eyes of childhood as he rested in his mother's arms. Never had she appeared more lovely, never before so sad; yet there was no fear in her face—she was beyond that. The light of the candle behind her made an aureole of her bright hair.

She was a living *mater dolorosa* who, while still in early youth, foresaw that which was to come. Even matter-of-fact Tommy perceived this. To the assailants she was an apparition of that which they had been taught to hold most sacred and which, despite themselves, they held as sacred still.

Another instant, however, and the spell had broken. With an obscene jest and a screech of laughter no less so, a man sprang toward her with others at his heels. Before Tommy could fire Pat's club whistled through the air. The laughter died, and so did he who uttered it, for his head was crushed like a melon. Tom fired, and again the club descended. So nearly simultaneous were blows and shot that three bodies together upset his chair as they fell, and lay smotheringly upon him with their limp and lifeless weight.

Struggling to free himself, struggling to see, struggling even for breath, feeling the hot blood trickle from his reopened wound Tommy yet heard that dominating war-cry, the wild, fighting yell of a wild Irish giant, pitted against an army and undismayed. Then Tommy's brain began to whirl and his senses to ebb and flow, but to ebb a little farther each time, drawn downward by the draining blood, and pushed down by the stifling weight that rested on his head and chest. Yet those cries were always in his ears, more distinct or less so as his senses came or went. So was the rattle of shots from the windows, fired by the fugitives who had lived to reach the house. Once he thought he heard the notes of a bugle and cheers pitched lower than those which come from the throats of half-breed Mexicans; but such imaginings he attributed to the intensity of his longing to hear those sounds, and so paid no heed to them. It was the noises of the fight—those cries, and the surging back and forward of feet —that held his mind.

Loss of blood and lack of oxygen fast were weakening Tom's struggles, when most unexpectedly those struggles met with partial success. Something—some

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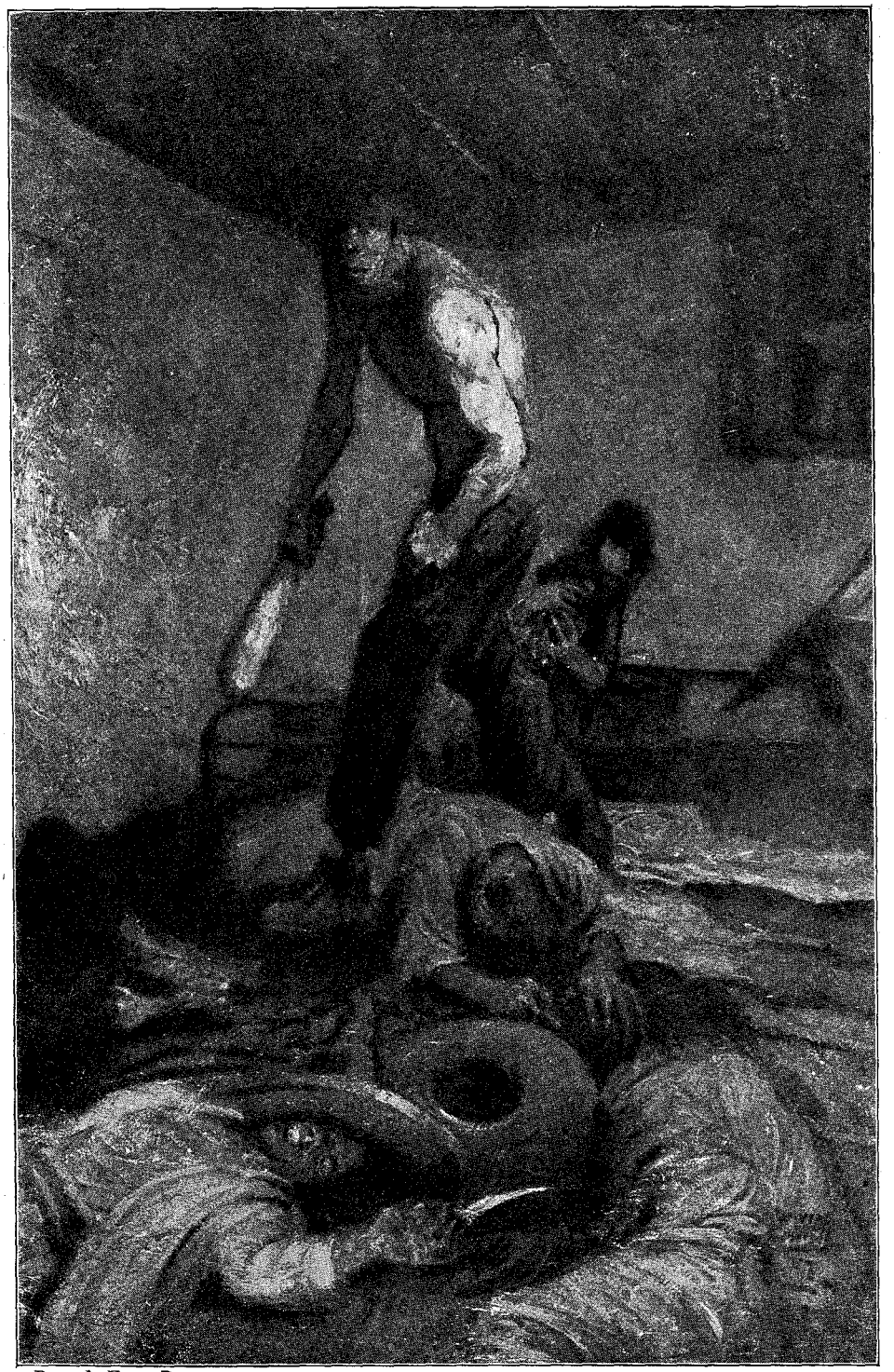

Drawn by Harvey Dunn.

He shook them off, and once more his club cleared a space around him.—Page 740.

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part of a superincumbent body—slid aside, so that the air once more rushed unrestrictedly into his lungs, and the scene before him stood revealed.

Edith was not in the doorway now. Fearing an attack from behind, Pat had brushed her into a corner. There she crouched, still holding Peter, whose arms were clasped tightly around her neck, and whose terrified eyes were hidden against her breast in order to shut out the horror of what otherwise they would have seen. For it was horrible. Brutal and horrible beyond description, yet superbly heroic, as brutal things sometimes are.

Snarling and fierce and cowardly, those who had attacked were more like wolves than it would have seemed that beings in human form could ever be. For the moment they stood or shifted warily outside a semicircle of their own shattered dead. As wolves will slink here and there in furtive search for an opening into which they may rush and seize at a disadvantage some dangerous animal at bay, so they sought for such an opening against that red giant, standing alone between them all and the mother with her child. But no opening could they find, for none existed.

Pat's blue eyes were bloodshot now, and his chest heaved, but those eyes were keen as ever. No move escaped him. His shirt hung in ribbons, revealing the grand torso beneath, now reddened by a dozen wounds. One hand still gripped the great club. Edith drew a breath that in effect was a shuddering moan, and Peter wailed in sympathy. Without taking his eyes from the encompassing pack of his enemies Pat reached behind him and with his left hand patted Peter's shoulder encouragingly. Gently, in this instant of respite from his fight for all their lives, he tried to comfort the child and the mother as well.

There was nothing to fear now, he told them. The fight had been a good fight, but now it was over, "all but the shoutin'." The soldiers were coming—he had heard the bugles—and the soldiers wouldn't *want* the fight to continue. But still—ah!

Pat's words stopped short. There was a shot from the back of the crowd. The great Irishman winced, but stood firm, notwithstanding. A voice was raised in shrill Spanish expletives, taunting the daunted assailants and calling them "women." Once more the taunted men yelled to give themselves courage and surged forward. Once more Pat's war-cry echoed through the house as his great club flashed upward and down to send another man, another and another still, to join those who had already fallen.

Urged by that taunting voice the assailants now fought desperately. Darting under the upraised club, one man struck with a knife, but only to have it sent spinning through the air by a careless flip of the Irishman's left hand, which then caught him by the throat, which it twisted before flinging him back among his fellows. Still the others came on, yelping at his flanks and trying to pull him down as the wolves they resembled might try to pull down a bull they had brought to bay and almost to exhaustion. Yet he shook them off, and once more his club cleared a space around him—a space they feared to cross because of the toll they would have to pay. They had pistols, but the press was too close to allow their use; almost inevitably they must have shot one another, for they stood on three sides.

Epics have been written around battles less heroic than this last stand of Pat Casey's. Few epics have immortalized fights so worthy and so lacking in the element of self. Still buried under the soft, dead weight that held him down, Tommy cursed, and in his weakness almost cried, because he had lost his pistol, and so must remain a useless spectator. He tried to cheer as Pat, though visibly weaker, leaned upon his club and dared those who stood against him to come within its reach—he alone against so many!

Again Tommy tried to cheer as a single man, yelling forth an oath, did rush forward, calling to the others; but the others did not come and for the last time that club swung to descend upon the head of Heradura himself. Tommy made a third attempt as he realized why Heradura had rushed forward alone. For now he could hear the soldiers beyond the possibility of a doubt. The men who had been attacking now hunted desperately for an avenue of escape, but there was none, and Tommy

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knew that there could not be. So he tried harder than ever to cheer, but succeeded only in fainting away.

The fiery sting of Medical Corps brandy in his throat brought Tommy back to a more or less vague knowledge of the outer world. He opened his eyes to look into the face of a grizzled army surgeon, who held a cup to his lips but who set it down with a grunt of satisfaction as he saw that the mission of its contents had been accomplished. Tommy's eyes wandered in search of Edith.

"She's all right," said the doctor, with quick understanding. "She and the kiddy both. Heaven knows why hurry orders were sent from Washington for us to come here on the jump, but those orders would have reached us too late if it hadn't been for that crazy Irishman. We'd seen him before. He passed through the post —Fort Apache—about a week back and tried to convert us all to a state of society in which every one was to do just what he wanted to do and nothing else. Nice sort of thing for army discipline. We laughed at him, but he was a decent sort and——"

"Will he get well? Is he badly—" Tommy began to ask. The surgeon stopped him.

"Shut up! I'll do the talking. I was saying that we tried to have some of the sergeants keep him for a while, for we feared that with this man Heradura ripping around loose he might get into trouble. But he wouldn't stay. He 'wanted' to go on his way, he said. So, luckily for you people, he did go."

Tommy said nothing. Whether or not the doctor continued his monologue as he worked over Tommy's wound was something that Tommy never knew. He was looking at Pat's great form, now swathed in reddened bandages, as it lay there near the swarthy men who had opposed him and who never, of their own volitions, would move again. By Pat's side knelt Edith, one arm around Peter, who stood looking down into the face of his huge friend, half in fear and half in wonderment at the change that was there. At length the strange immobility of that great form so preyed upon Peter's mind that he could maintain silence no longer.

"Pat!" he called. "Oh, Pat!"

The shrill, childish treble pierced the clouds that were settling down over Pat's brain. So he opened his eyes, which fell upon the face of Peter puckered with anxiety, and he smiled, whereupon Peter also smiled, but it was a rather dubious smile.

"Pat—what you doin'?" he demanded.

It was hard for Pat to answer, and his voice, when he spoke, was very different from the voice that Peter had known; but the reply, nevertheless, was clear and distinct.

"Why, Pether, honey," he said, deprecatingly, "I fear I must be afther goin' now."

Still, Pat made no move to go. Therefore Peter, refusing to anticipate trouble, continued to gaze uncomprehendingly. But from Edith, kneeling beside him, a tear escaped; and before she could prevent it it fell to splash warmly upon Pat's forehead. His eyes turned from Peter's face to hers.

"Don't, ma'am—don't!" for the second time he begged her. "There's no use, sure, in—in thot. Faith—faith an' I—*want*—for to go."

It was a gallant lie. It was the lie of a gentleman, for it was spoken to spare a woman from pain. Its utterance took all Pat's strength, so that his voice, as he spoke the last words, was very faint. Still holding the end of a bandage, the surgeon turned and glanced quickly, then took off his campaign hat, placing it on the floor by his side. Still uncomprehending, but sensing the fact that something had happened, Peter once more hid his face against his mother's breast.

"He *wanted* to go—and he's gone," said the doctor to himself, again busied with his bandage. "Gone like a man, by God —as he was!"

Tommy was looking away, so that his face could not be seen. Edith knelt motionless. Within the house there was silence save for the voice of Peter, who mourned aloud and would not be comforted.

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New York of the Seventies

BY JAMES L. FORD
Author of "Forty Odd Years in the Literary Shop"

LOOKING back through the mists and shadows of more than half a century, I find that while much else has been lost in forgetfulness, the New York that I knew in the Seventies was more deeply etched in my mind than the town of any one of the decades that have followed it. I have noticed also that when gray-haired citizens are gathered together for purposes of golden reminiscence they invariably hark back to that period as one of unique distinction; rich in memorable events, sweeping changes, and marked contrasts. That this decade enjoys like significance in the minds of those dwelling far beyond the limits of Manhattan is indicated by the keen interest awakened in every part of the country by Mrs. Wharton's "Age of Innocence," a novel dealing exclusively with a very small, very fashionable corner of the town as it existed then.

As a boy growing up during the preceding decade I had obtained a slight superficial knowledge of New York, but at the dawn of the Seventies I assumed the *toga virilis*, obtained a real job, and began the study of metropolitan life and customs that I have continued ever since. In my memory the successive decades through which I have passed assume the form of layers, like the rings in a tree-trunk, in the very heart of which lies the town that no foreigners and but few Americans thoroughly understand. I could not have chosen a better moment for seeking to penetrate the outer bark of that tree of urban knowledge, for the town was shortly to enter upon a new period of its history, and the decade that began with the Tweed Ring at the height of its power and ended with the municipal robbers dispersed and the city, sobered by the Moody and Sankey revival, slowly recovering from a business depression rivalling that which followed the panic of 1857, may well be set apart as one of unique distinction and importance.

Divided by the disastrous panic of 1873, which in a single night brought to a close the Flash Age of corruption and extravagance that sprang from the Civil War, and inaugurated the few years of enforced economy, commercial stagnation, and sober thought that followed it, this decade shows us New York at its worst and at its best. There passed with the panic the conditions that made noisy, vulgar "Jim" Fisk a popular hero and gave easy tolerance to municipal rascality; that made Wall Street a great gambling-house and enabled judges to remain on the bench while notoriously in the pay of the Ring; that confirmed the criminal classes in the belief that, as one of them phrased it, "hanging is played out in New York."

Nothing is more significant of this transition from evil to good than the fact that in the middle of the panic year Edwin Booth was forced to retire from the management of the splendid theatre in which he had sunk every dollar of his fortune in the presentation of the classic drama as it had never been seen here before, and that two or three years later Lawrence Barrett, E. L. Davenport, Charlotte Cushman, and other noble interpreters of Shakespeare gave his plays on the same stage with extraordinary success. The dull times had given citizens desire and opportunity for serious thought.

But I am writing now of the city as I saw it when employed in a publisher's office at what is termed a "modest stipend" but which I called an immodest one, and associating daily with young men similarly occupied in banks or business houses. And these memories stand out all the more clearly in my mind when I compare them with the conditions that prevail here to-day. After all, it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world

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that the town should have long since outgrown its transit facilities; that well-to-do families should live in houses because there were no flats; the poor in unsanitary tenements and the outcasts in slums; that the cattle-drovers should have their headquarters in Third Avenue at 24th Street, and that the farmers should weigh their hay in front of Cooper Union.

That the town has undergone marvellous changes since then in its physical aspects is a fact so obvious that it has long engaged the attention of the numerous class of philosophers whose thoughts run smoothly and slowly through well-rutted channels, and whose busy pens are occupied with chronicles of everything apparent, and discussions of matters long since noted by the observing. But the city has undergone even greater changes than mere physical ones, for many of its old-time distinguishing marks have been rubbed off through the hurry and bustle of the swifter pace at which we live. New York of the Seventies was not only smaller in extent and population but more distinctively American, with a strongly assertive Irish flavor, and along its entire water-front a fringe of Dutch and Scandinavian longshoremen. The great tide of Russian, Italian, Polish, and German immigration had not then reached our shores.

It was a more intimate and friendly city, one in which individuals were not swallowed up and lost to view in the vast hurrying, heedless throng of money-getters, for well-to-do citizens were apt to know by sight, if not personally, members of every grade of society. That most democratic of institutions, the Volunteer Fire Department, had bound them all together in a cohesive body and was still a very lively memory in the minds of "fire cranks" of every degree, its last official act having been to play on the smouldering ruins of Barnum's Museum in the summer of 1866.

Those were indeed times of piping peace, of quiet streets, of modest standards of living, of fine restaurants without bands, and oyster and chop houses with English instead of German waiters. Not even the most far-seeing urban *savant* dreamed of the three great forces then quietly organizing to rob future generations of that piping peace that should have been theirs by inheritance. The elevated railways were merely a project; in the few dimly lighted blocks below 23d Street could be found the genesis of the Great White Way; and the oil-fields of Pennsylvania had as yet produced nothing more noteworthy than Coal Oil Johnny, a bizarre waster of what was then an enormous patrimony, who died a few years ago in abject poverty.

In its social aspects the city was more dignified and less exuberant, restless, and extravagant than it is now. People dined in restaurants in order to get something good to eat or because they had no homes, not to listen to music or study the faces and clothes of chorus and demi-monde. Liveried servants were almost unknown, and one man on the box of a coach was considered enough. Well-to-do families dined in the basements of their houses and on summer evenings sat on the front stoops or in the little iron balconies that projected from the drawing-room windows. All the boarders in the house where I lived used to assemble on the stoop on pleasant evenings directly after dinner and remain there until the landlady's daughter, having finished with the dishes, entered the dark drawing-room and struck a few inviting chords on the cottage piano. On this signal the star boarder would unobtrusively withdraw from our group and soon his throaty tenor would be heard in "Starry Night for a Ramble," or his favorite *tour de force*, "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," to which melodies we listened entranced.

Negro minstrelsy supplied the town with its jokes just as the reservoir furnished its water-supply. When we wanted to laugh, we went to the San Francisco Minstrels, a veritable well-spring of native humor that gushed forth night after night pure and undefiled. The jokes obtained through this source were generally administered in the form of conundrums and were remarkable for their longevity, partly because of their merit and partly because of the persistency and strength with which they were hammered into our heads by the mallet-like strokes of interlocutor and end-man.

"Can you tell me, Mr. Johnson, why a hen goes across the street?"

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"No, Mr. Bones, I cannot tell you why a hen goes across the street. Why, may I ask, does a hen go across the street?"

But, although minstrelsy was essentially a humorous entertainment, its songs verged on the tearful, and as we were not ashamed of sentiment in that simpler age, we listened with delight to "Nellie in the Cold, Cold Ground," and "Kiss Me, Mother, Ere I Die."

Our beautiful harbor occupied a larger space in our thoughts before the skyscraper shut it off from view, and in 1870 there were still families of distinction living on the Battery. At that time the bay was white with sails instead of black with smoke, and even after the completion of the first transcontinental railway some of the old "A-1 Extreme Clippers" continued to set forth under full sail for the voyage around the Horn. As a boy I knew the rig of every ship on the waters and could distinguish a schooner from a brig and a barque from a barkentine, and I knew also that among all the shipping there were no finer models than the pilot-boats that cruised outside Sandy Hook waiting for the liners.

Sometimes I was taken by my father to the Maritime Exchange, where shipping news was received by telegraph from an astute and experienced observer scanning the horizon at Sandy Hook, and I was greatly impressed by the brief telegrams pasted on the bulletin-board as they arrived one after another a few minutes apart. "Square-rigger in the offing"—"Four-master"—"Looks like an Indiaman"—"In ballast"—"The *Mary Crawford* from Calcutta."

And the messages would bring a feeling of relief to the shipowner watching the bulletin-board, telling as they did the safe arrival of vessels often delayed by storms.

There are not wanting among us philosophers who decry the worship of wealth as a distinctly modern form of idolatry; but my memory tells me that it had a stronger hold in the Seventies than it has at the present day. And even then it could not have been called modern, for the worship of the Golden Calf lay many centuries behind us. There were fewer rich men in the town during the Seventies than now, and they were not as appallingly rich as their much-talked-of successors. Nor had there arisen that antagonism to wealth that made them shun publicity. Moreover, the acquisition of a fortune was a difficult matter, and there were many conservative business men who declared that the days of great money-making had ceased with the close of the Civil War and would never return. For this reason, the small group of millionaires were regarded as a separate and distinct caste and their fortunes as permanent They were revered only for their wealth, for the myth of the Four Hundred had not then arisen to compel money to divide honors with social importance. Despite the publicity given to our multimillionaires by press agency and its handmaiden photography, I know very few of them by sight; but we young fellows of the Seventies could pick out the men of wealth and importance as they walked up and down town between home and office, and showed themselves freely in the Saturday-afternoon crush along Broadway between Houston and 23d Streets and in the Fifth Avenue church parade on Sundays.

Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of that great dynasty of wealth, lived in Washington Place, and was a familiar figure on the road as he drove behind horses he matched with the skill of a professional trainer. A. T. Stewart was known by sight to half the shoppers in his Broadway store; William Waldorf Astor, then a young man, was a noteworthy figure because of his great height and protruding eyes, and there was not an office boy in Wall Street who could not point out Daniel Drew to inquisitive strangers. As I walked to my office in the morning, I invariably met Ciro Delmonico returning in a cab from the daily marketing which he never entrusted to other hands, and no week passed without affording me a glimpse of the venerable Peter Cooper, to whose old-fashioned one-horse chaise even the roughest truck-drivers cheerfully accorded right of way, saying: "You first, Mr. Cooper."

Seated on a bench in Madison Square, with children clustered about him, was George Francis Train, gray, hatless, and clothed in white, who had been in his day a personage of some distinction, one of the creators of the Union Pacific Railway and, so rumor said, the founder of the city of

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Omaha, against which municipality he was carrying on a suit for thirty million dollars in settlement of his real-estate claims. There were also various citizens who cultivated their chance resemblance to some celebrity and were proud to be known as the more famous ones' "doubles." There was a sexton who looked something like Henry Ward Beecher, and a poet whose cloak and carefully trimmed beard suggested Tennyson. He lived somewhere in the country and came to town once a week to vend his Thanksgiving and Christmas odes and other metrical wares produced by his prolific pen. There was another poet whose countenance was not unlike that of Edgar Allan Poe, whom he resembled in certain minor respects. Chronically poor, he wore his hair like Poe, drank like Poe, quarrelled like Poe, and if he could only have written like Poe, the likeness would have been complete.

We young fellows could also recognize many of the most prominent gamblers and crooks, which must seem strange to a generation living in a city so large and cosmopolitan that individuals averse to publicity are lost to view in its crowds. The most conspicuous of these was John Morrissey, whose broken nose was a relic of his prize-fighting days, and who was in his day a member of Congress and at the same time the proprietor of gambling-houses in New York and Saratoga. He was generally seen in and about the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a neighborhood rich in gambling-houses. At Eighth Street and Broadway, "Mike" Murray was wont to stand on sunny afternoons within easy distance of his temple of chance opposite the Sinclair House, and farther up-town one could see Charles Ransom, considered the handsomest member of the sporting fraternity, and described at his death as "the last of the square gamblers."

There were also to be seen on Broadway on sunny afternoons "Reddy the Blacksmith," whose saloon was in "Murderers' Row," between Houston and Bleecker Streets; Mr. Jimmy Hope and his accomplished son who engineered the Manhattan Bank robbery; Wesley Allen, named by a pious father after the great Methodist dissenter; Dan Noble, who built a hotel, still standing, from the proceeds of bank robberies—saints as well as sinners, we could pick them out as they passed.

The lower wards were rich in customs peculiar to each locality and in characters racy of the soil and quite unconscious of their "quaintness." Every political association had its annual picnic, preceded by a march around the district, and on holidays the "Original Hounds" and similar social clubs paraded in grotesque costumes. Slumming had not then been imported from London, nor had bands of gaping "rubbernecks" and spectacled students of sociology created fake dens of vice and bred a race of imitation bad men.

The East Side had its customs and characters as well long before Steve Brodie leaped into a publicity that eventually yielded him a moderate fortune and brought hundreds of sightseers to the Bowery. Red shirts were still to be seen along that now peaceful thoroughfare, and the beauty of the Grand Street girls was celebrated in song and legend. The Bowery Theatre, than which no playhouse in this country can boast a longer or more varied and glorious history, supplied its audiences with every variety of thrills; and a few blocks farther up-town Tony Pastor gave food for laughter, through entertainers of talent, many of whom shone in later years on the legitimate stage. Meanwhile two small boys of the Jewish race were appearing at benefits and small East Side museums in such specialties as their version of Dickens's "Poor Joe" and what they called a "Tidy-Tearing Act," thus humbly beginning their joint career as Weber and Fields. In my wanderings through this region I sometimes came across one or two ragged boys mounting guard over a plate strewn with small coins, in the midst of which stood a candle whose flame told passers-by that a poor family was in danger of eviction from some squalid tenement.

A few old Irishwomen gathered in small change and many glasses of whiskey by "keening" at wakes, to which mournful gatherings they were welcomed because of the fervor with which they celebrated the virtues of the departed. Another individual for whom mortuary rites pos-

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sessed a strange fascination was "Johnny Lookup," who trudged after every funeral procession no matter what his affiliation with the mourning family. I recall also "Dick the Rat," who, locked overnight in a building, would emerge in the morning with his bag filled with live rodents which he sold to the owners of rat-pits.

Conditions were not favorable to those compelled to earn their own living during the later years of this decade, and it seems to me now that they were especially hard on young men and on women of all ages. All positions of trust or importance were in the hands of the middle-aged or the elderly, and small consideration was paid to those under thirty. Jobs were so scarce that, once obtained, it was necessary to hold on to them with desperate clutch, and so ill paid that few of my contemporaries were able to get along without parental aid; and laborers received one dollar a day.

I held my place in the publishing office for four years at a salary of eight dollars a week and whatever commissions I could pick up on advertising, and it was not until after months of work that I returned to the office one afternoon bearing in triumph the annual notice of a corporation on which my commission was forty cents. During those four years I did not receive a single offer to work elsewhere, and when I did leave, which I did at the very first opportunity, it was to find employment with a gentleman who owes me seven weeks' salary to this very day.

Conditions were even less favorable to self-supporting women, to whom few avenues of employment, save the teacher's dreary path, were open. There were no feminine bookkeepers or clerks in offices, and the appearance of a young girl in the financial district caused a general turning of heads and ogling. Not until the Eighties did the typewriter begin to flood the lower part of the town with skirts and blouses.

Another condition under which we all suffered was the illiberal attitude of the ruling classes, which included the merchants and bankers from whom we earned our bread, toward the observance of Sunday, the only day in which we could indulge in any form of wholesome amusement.

Fortunately for me, my own employer was not a narrow-minded man, but many of my young friends were afraid to join me in rowing on the Harlem or Passaic Rivers or to enjoy any of the sports that were frowned upon by the prominent citizens who were doing their best to keep the art galleries and concert rooms closed on the Sabbath. When Cooper Union threw open the doors of its library and reading-room on Sunday afternoons, *The Herald*, usually regarded as distinctly radical in its opinions, pronounced the innovation a "dangerous experiment." I was barely conscious of the evil influences of the Sunday laws, but I saw something one day that set me to thinking. While walking far up-town one Sunday afternoon, I paused to look at some young men who were playing baseball in a vacant lot, and just at that moment the police sneaked in on them, arrested such of the players as were not sufficiently fleet of foot to escape, and bore the offenders off to the place of judgment. Impelled by curiosity I watched the other young men and noted that they bent their steps toward the ever-swinging side-doors of the nearest saloon.

A part of my heritage was a family acquaintance with certain highly respectable families, including some of the then dominant rich Presbyterian caste, to whom the pranks and activities of some of our modern fashionables would read like the findings of a vice commission. Sometimes I received cards for an afternoon reception at which many of us appeared in evening dress. But these social advantages did not appeal to me as strongly as did opportunities to enter circles alien to my native environment, and I well remember my delight when I procured a ticket for the mask-ball given every winter by the Cercle de l'Harmonie at the Academy of Music, and which I attended in a Hussar uniform borrowed from a fellow boarder who had served in the French army.

The mask-ball impressed me as a spectacle of bewildering beauty and gaiety, as it undoubtedly was; for the French balls of that period never failed to attract the cream of the demi-monde, of the *jeunesse dorée*, and of the theatrical profession, than which no more brilliant com-

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pany can be imagined. For hours I wandered about the floor, my face concealed by a sort of mask I did not know how to take off, my feet aching in my tight boots, and the thirst and hunger which I had not the means to appease growing within me at every step. Nevertheless, I was having a perfectly splendid time, for I had reached the culminating point in my innocent attempts to "see life"; and the mere sight of the wayworn professional dancers hired to impart to the affair the desired spice of what we called "Frenchiness" filled my soul with rapture.

My young friends to whom I related my experiences of the night envied me my good fortune in having procured a free ticket, bestowed in consideration that the wearer should appear in costume, and regarded me as a *viveur* of unusual sophistication. As I look back to it now I think I must have been the greenest and least-sophisticated person in the entire assemblage.

Although we young fellows attended theatres to the utmost limit of our means, and I am quite sure that every one of us cherished some secret ambition to act or to write plays, the theatrical profession was so far removed from the commonplace callings that we followed, that entrance into it seemed an impossibility. Playwriting was not taught in colleges, and as for the players, they sought to preserve the footlight illusion by keeping apart from the common herd. Nor were they generally "received" in society, and the few daring hostesses who entertained them were regarded by their compeers of the social world as distinctly eccentric.

Consequently, we looked with great respect upon those actors whom we chanced to meet on Broadway, and there was not one of us who would not have given his eye-teeth for even the slightest acquaintance with them. One whom I recall with vivid distinctness was Lester Wallack, who sought to maintain the illusion of youth by the dye that imparted to his gray mustache a deep-purple hue, by the swagger in his walk, and by the all-conquering boldness with which he "gave the eye" to every good-looking young woman he passed. Of quite another type was Harry Montague, who appeared more frequently on Fifth Avenue than Broadway, as befitted a matinée idol whose equal has not been seen since then. The crowds about the stage-door of Wallack's Theatre on pleasant afternoons included many young women of the best social position, who had been carried away by his acting. There have been other stage-door groups of similar appearance since then but they were made up largely of hirelings, mobilized by the actor himself or his press-agent. I don't know what Montague's histrionic ability was, because I was not then sufficiently experienced to judge; but I can readily testify to the grace of his bearing, the charm of his personality, the beauty of his face, and the impression that he conveyed of well-bred, well-groomed aristocracy. He was a regular attendant at the Little Church Around the Corner, and after his untimely death, in 1878, there was placed in that edifice a memorial window which I believe is there yet.

I think that the stage had a stronger hold on us young fellows than it has on the present generation of youth; and I am sure that the only way to study and learn to appreciate the drama is by viewing it in one's shirt-sleeves from the top gallery. It was in this fashion that I assisted at the first performance of "The Shaugraun," with Boucicault, Ada Dyas, Montague, and Harry Beckett in the cast. Boucicault's devotion to the old sod had given him an enormous Irish following, and I think my friend and I were the only persons in the gallery that night who were not of that race. Well do I recall the delighted shouts of laughter that greeted Miss Dyas when she said in answer to Montague's admission that he was "English, you know," "I remarked your misfortune."

Since the days of which I write, I have lived through more than four decades of urban history and penetrated as many layers of the crust that conceals the innermost heart of the town from the eyes of the heedless and unsophisticated; but earliest impressions are the most lasting, especially when seen through the perspective of later years and ever-changing conditions. Even if another decade of life be granted me, it will carry with it no knowledge, no fresh experience, that will dim my remembrance of the city that I

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first saw with the sanguine, receptive brain of youth.

Thinking of those years which, though remote as we measure time, are still fresh and fragrant in my memory, this overgrown metropolis shrinks to its former size; the automobiles disappear, the noise of the elevated roads ceases, the vast swarms of aliens melt away, leaving the native-born once more in evidence; and all the old conditions and atmosphere of New York return, bringing with them the blessings of comparative peace and quiet.

Ethnan

BY CARY GAMBLE LOWNDES

Illustration by O. J. Gatter

LANGDON EYRE is back from France. I hope to keep him until October; but he is a rolling stone, although the Germans did stop him, for a time, in the Argonne. I met him at the pier, at six, when his steamer docked. Midnight found us still talking.

We sat in the library of his town house; the yellowed newspapers, stuffed under the Charles Street window-sills, showed murder headlines of an August five years gone. Beyond the circle of the shaded lamp the wide room lay in shadow. Tall, sheeted chairs loomed ghostly here and there, like shafts of Moslem tombs. Through the garden window, at our backs, the wandering night breeze floated. Things smelt of linen, dust, and rose. At times a resurrected electric fan awakened, roared resonantly, chirred, and slept.

"Quiet, isn't it?" I said. "That's twelve just striking on the clock next door; you can hear it ticking through the wall. Your throat? Keeping you up too late, old man, with my million questions?"

"Make it another million," he replied.

He rose and threw himself, at full length, upon a sofa. Against the dark morocco his clear face lay in sharp relief.

"You are too handsome, Langdon," I said irrelevantly. "Why weren't you born a girl? How many hearts knew breaking in the Land of Widows?"

He smiled. "More heads than hearts; the sand-bag shields the heart." He crooked his trigger finger.

I thought of the three February days when, made ranking officer by death, with a handful of his men he held a salient in the Argonne Wood.

"War's over for to-night," I said. "Ils ne passeront pas. Leave it to the poilus. Tell me about the Balkans. Some of your letters were postmarked 'Uskub.'"

Instead of answering, he began repeating, half to himself, something in French.

"What's that?" I asked.

"The Almond Blossom Song," he replied.

"'Qui sait, quand la belle saison finira, lequel de nous sera encore en vie? Soyez gais, soyez pleins de joie, car la saison du printemps passe vite, elle ne durera pas.

"'Écoutez la chanson du rossignol; la saison vernale s'approche. Le printemps a deployé un berceau de joie dans chaque bosquet, où l'amandier répand ses fleurs argentées. Soyez gais, soyez pleins de joie, car la saison du printemps passe vite, elle ne durera pas.'"

"Is that what the Balkans remind you of?" I asked. "Well, how are the women? Pretty? Different?"

"'In the harem,'" said Langdon, "'are ninety flowers, but their savor is the same.' 'Pretty?' Yes. Some—the Georgian women of the chiefs. More beauty

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passes by this doorstep in a single day than all the East can show in fifty years."

"'The fabled East,'" I said, "is mostly humbug, squalor, dirt, smells, hot streets, and ugly women."

"That is the real East," he answered, "the low, hot East of the tourist. The Balkans are the Near East, the high, cool East of hill and mountain. I like Albania. I spent some time there, and had many friends."

"Albania," I said. "The Romans called it 'Robber Land.'"

"The name clings," said he. "In the mountains, though somewhat tamed, the rifle is the law. But the chiefs are real chiefs; their stone-wall houses can withstand a siege—the last remains of feudal Europe. There is no middle class; it's the velvet jacket or the horse-hair capote. They have some culture. You sit on the floor, eating messy somethings with your fingers; a governess gives French lessons in the next room; but white-kilted guards stand by, with yataghan and rifle."

"Any game?" I asked.

"Plenty," he replied. "Hare, woodcock, francolin, and boar. In the mountains near Saiga, in the eyalet of Uskub, gazelle are found on the large preserves. We coursed them with hawk and greyhound. Sometimes the daughters of the chiefs rode with us. They rode astride, but always veiled or visored—Albania is semi-Turkish. Sometimes a veil was torn, a velvet visor fell. Accident, spill, or brushing thorn branch. That——"

"What was her name?" I asked, interrupting. "Irene or Zaidee?"

"That was the life," he continued. "Green valleys, Arab horses, greyhounds, and gazelles. The last month of my wanderings found me back at Saiga, where I had hunted first and stayed longest. The war was on. The French had seized the town. The roads were blocked; the single railway was swamped; barracks were springing up like mushrooms; soldiers swarmed; murder stalked. In the mountains all was as in the old time: brooding blood-feuds paid in full; houses sacked and burned; families scattered and destroyed. 'Robbers all at Parga.'" (He hummed the old song.) "More soldiers came—Serbs, Greeks, Colonials, Senegalese—God knows what—a potpourri of war. I joined the French. Our barracks being only partly up, my company was billeted on the town. First, I was quartered on a Greek, and then on an Armenian Jew. It was moving to change fleas. I had some gold left, and soon managed to find lodgings in a house at the end of the village. Two girls I knew lived there. They were sisters. Niki, the—" He had a fit of coughing.

"The fog in my throat," he said. "Hand me the water-pitcher."

"I'm not going to remonstrate again," I told him. "You're the doctor."

He resumed, his voice growing stronger.

"Saiga is hardly a town, hardly a village, in spite of its railway. It is merely a double row of low stone cottages fronting a single street, dust or mud, according to the season; hog-wallowed and none too clean. But that street is a street of almonds. Not the pink-flowered almond of the South, but a wild-plum almond, having no scent or fruit. The peasants love it for its white blossom. Almonds, almonds everywhere. Each littered yard, each ragged garden, has its cluster. They crowd the roofs, they choke the lanes, they overflow into the prairie. Niki and Lipa, my girl friends, were refugees from the country. They were comely peasant girls, high-breasted, kind, and strong. Niki, the younger, hardly eighteen, was the strongest woman in the eyalet. She could lift an ox. She took no fooling. The soldiers knew it. Their house was the last on the street, and the last before the hills began. Our northern outposts were near by. Opposite, a spring gushed from a mound of almond-covered rocks into a rough granite basin, and overflowed into the street. The stone-paved gutter was an icy brook. At sunset the village girls came—friends of Niki's—I soon knew them. Every evening, when I was on post, they sat around me on the rocks, and we sang together. I taught them the 'Almond Blossom Song.' It spread like wildfire. Niki served wine and cakes, and Lipa played her mandolin. We had gay parties—discipline was French. Usually they came in a troop and always ran away together, like brown-legged partridges. I called them 'The Covey of the Fountain.' One evening they brought a stranger, a dark girl in orange bodice and short,

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black skirt streaked with scarlet slashes; when she moved the scarlet showed, like the spread feathers of a redstart. Her hair was thick, black as night, and massed within a net of bright, metallic links. A lacquered cigarette-tray hung by a blue ribbon from her shoulder. She had small, shapely feet, and wore light sandals. The girls seemed rather shy of her. She did not talk, but sat quietly upon the fountain edge listening to the singing and trailing her fingers in the water. I spoke to her and bought her stock of cigarettes. She thanked me, smiling, when I passed the cigarettes among the girls. They laughed and looked at Niki, but Niki was singularly silent. Next evening the stranger came again. I bought her stock of cigarettes again, and passed them around. When the covey left, she remained sitting on the fountain edge, trailing her fingers in the water. Presently she rose and went away. I watched her long, swift gait, until she vanished down the street.

"I turned to Niki.

" 'Who is that girl?' I asked.

"She pretended not to hear.

"I asked again: 'Who is that girl?'

" 'No one knows,' said Niki.

" 'Some one does know,' I said. 'Who is she?'

" 'Ask the soldiers,' said Niki. 'She came with the soldiers. She sells to soldiers.'

"She laughed and went away, singing: 'It is the season of almond flowers.'

"Niki was very jealous; delinquencies on my part always brought on a scene. She loved me with hale, pagan passion. Once, when standing sentry at the fountain, I sang in her native tongue the 'Almond Blossom Song,' with Lipa's clear tenor piercing the woodland voices of the chorus, she rushed forward, seized me, lifted me, and, holding me at arms' length, ran with me, rifle and all, twice around the fountain. Setting me down, she tore open her bodice and knelt at my feet, with head thrown back, pressing my rifle-stock against her breast. The laughing girls, struck suddenly dumb, looked on in awed understanding. Thenceforth the village had new names for us. She was 'Langdon's Doll.' I was 'Niki's Soldier.' Well, that night I dreamed about the mountains. All day I was restless and haunted. I roamed through the barracks aimlessly. Sentry-go would never come. It came at last, but the covey came alone. They laughed, seeing my wandering gaze. A red-haired minx, with whom I sometimes walked, said: 'Langdon's Doll is very strong. The stranger's cigarettes are stronger.' Niki did not seem to hear.

"The war drew nearer. The north was overrun. The English came. My hours were changed. I went on post from ten to midnight. The covey days were ended. One night Niki stood with me, at the fountain. She was restless and would not let go my hand. We were to leave next day. We had been leaving every day for a month, but somehow we were still at Saiga. It was mid-spring; a warm breeze was blowing from the south; the almonds, past full bloom, were dropping petals. The long street, bathed in soft moonlight, lay snowed in with white blossoms. Frogs chirped in the little marshes. Nightingales sang in the thickets, and from the neighboring housetops. In the garden Lipa sat with her soldier lovers. Niki suddenly dropped my hand. 'There,' she said, pointing down the street. 'Pity her.' She went toward the house. The stranger came with long, swift, mountain stride, and halted at my barring rifle. She was changed. The tray and gypsy hair-net were gone. She wore a simple dress of white, and belted jacket of knitted purple wool. Her hair was loose and reached her waist. Her feet were bare and gray with dust. The right foot showed a recent cut.

" 'You have cut your foot,' I said, laying aside my rifle and sitting on the fountain edge. I wet my handkerchief and bathed the foot. The handkerchief turned dark. The foot lay, white, within my hand.

" 'Little foot,' I said, touching it, 'next time use deeper staining. You have travelled far the long road, little, high-arched foot of happy mountain valleys.'

"Long shudderings seized her. Tears were in her wide, black eyes.

" 'Happy is the road,' she said, 'that passes near your dwelling.'

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Next evening the stranger came again.—Page 750.

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"The south breeze blew; the full moon rode; the almonds bowed and sifted white; the showering petals filled her hair. From the doorstep Niki watched. In the garden Lipa's clear voice rose, singing with her soldier lovers.

"At midnight I walked with her down the street, arm around waist, cheek pressed to cheek, in soldier-sweetheart fashion. Girls, sitting in the doorways, laughed. A voice said: 'Niki has lost her soldier.' At the southern outpost the sentry smiled and passed us. A mile beyond we stopped.

"'Tomorrow I shall not be here,' I said. 'But I will remember.' She did not answer, but turned away, lingering, uncertain. Then 'This,' she said, laying her hand upon a watch-charm pinned to my tunic—an antique coin worn smooth with years of wear. I wrenched it off and gave it to her. She put it to her lips—I thought to bite it. I was chilled and angered.

"'I forgot,' I said. 'No need to break your teeth. It is gold. And ten times over. Take it, you who sell to soldiers.'

"She shivered slightly, facing me with brave, wounded eyes. Then she went away, with her long, swift mountain stride."

Langdon coughed.

"Niki did not lose her soldier the next day," he continued, "nor the next, nor for many days. At last the order came. I gave my horse and guns to Lipa. I gave Niki my ring, my travelling-case, and all my gold. At sunrise we mustered in the train-shed. All the village folk were there. The train backed in; rifles clanked; feet stamped; canteens and packs were shifted. 'Entrez!' the sergeants shouted. We broke ranks and piled aboard, jostling and crowding to the windows. The whistle blew; the doors were slammed and locked; the train pulled out, thronged with sweat-grimed, boyish faces, and strong with brown arms waving from the windows. The fountain girls ran close beside, tossing pomegranates and kisses. 'Come back in almond-blossom time,' they cried. 'Bring Enver's turban for your doll. Farewell, Niki's soldier.' Enver wears his turban yet. We fought in Serbia, and were transferred to France. I did my bit until the Germans gassed me in the Argonne."

He stopped, felt in his breast pocket, and took out something.

"That's Saiga making—all I brought away," he said. "I found it in my kit. Niki packed it."

He tossed it to me.

"A cigarette-case," I said. "It's heavy. What's it made of? Bone?"

"Horn," he answered. "Gazelle horn."

"What's this," I asked, "set in the side? Looks like gold. Oh, I see—a Roman coin. I can just make out 'Caligula.'"

Newly-carved, beneath the letters, were a falcon and a greyhound.

"They are skilful artists," he said.

"Here's another word," I continued, "under the greyhound. 'Ethnan.' Arabic, isn't it?"

"Hebrew," he replied. "Well known in soldiers' quarters."

"What does it mean?"

"The harlot's fee," said Langdon.

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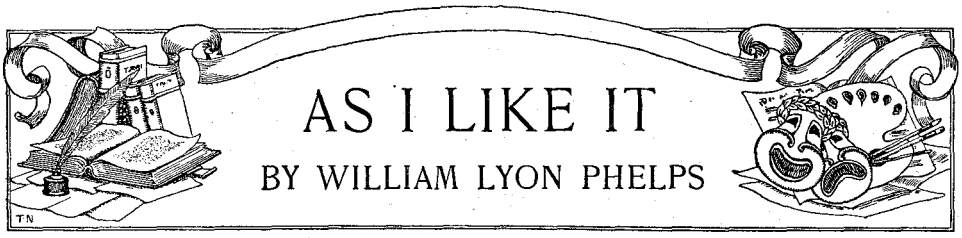

AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

TWO regrettable facts in life spring partly from the same cause; the facts are chronic unhappiness and slovenly work, both of which are too common to escape observation. The cause is the inability of the average person to combine duty and pleasure. The majority are forever seeking pleasure outside of the job, and when the job is purely mechanical perhaps they are not to be blamed. If, by some miracle, the factory worker or miner could perform his task as the old-fashioned carpenter, shoemaker, or mediæval artisan worked at his specialty, the "labor problem" would be very nearly solved. No doubt the nature of the task would have to change as well as the mind of the laborer. I regard myself as an extremely fortunate man in many ways, and particularly in this—that the work by which I make my living is a constant delight; it is exactly what I should wish to do if I lived on invested capital. Even if I were a millionaire, I could not more enjoy doing voluntarily the things which I am now forced to do—teaching, learning, lecturing, and writing. The pleasantest thought that I have on rising in the morning is the necessary work that awaits me; do you wonder that I call myself fortunate?

I am sorry for those whose work has in it nothing of the spirit of adventure; but I remonstrate with those who, although their work is individual and creative, still regard it as drudgery. I was talking a little while ago with one of the leading singers of the Metropolitan Opera House. She said: "The public have a completely mistaken idea of the life of a prima donna; they think it must be wonderfully happy, filled with pleasure, meeting the gayest people, having constant excitement, being taken out to dinner every night. As a matter of fact, it is a life of the hardest and most unremitting toil, scarcely any fun at all." Did she not make the cardinal error of forgetting that the chief fun of her life lay in the work itself? It ought to be a delight to interpret before enthusiastic audiences masterpieces of music.

Most persons are afraid to confess either that they are happy or that they enjoy their work. Some are superstitious, and fear that if they say they are happy, some jealous and mysterious force will take their happiness away; others are so afflicted by the insidious disease of self-pity that they have acquired the habit of regarding themselves as protagonists in tragedy. Two weeks of influenza would make their ordinary daily activities seem more alluring.

One of the reasons for commending the sincerity of that strangely assorted pair, Mencken and Nathan, is that both enjoy their lives and their work so ardently, and never hesitate to proclaim the fact. I suppose I differ from each and both of those men on nearly every conceivable topic except on this; and I defy them to get any more fun out of life than I.

The conventional attitude toward work, that duty and pleasure cannot live together, is taken, curiously enough, by Franklin P. Adams, whose verse and prose in the New York *World* add so much happiness to our daily existence. Some time ago in this magazine, I wrote, "More people ought to read Milton for pleasure." F. P. A. did me the honor to comment on the remark; he thinks oughtness and pleasure cannot be associated. "The word 'ought' ought not to be in the same sentence with the word 'pleasure.'" Well, I think it ought to be, and that if the two words were more frequently combined, the sum of human happiness would be increased. Only to-day I read this *obiter dictum:* "But duty may often best be performed if it is viewed more as a pleasure than as a job." Who wrote that homily? Ralph Waldo Emerson? The author is George Jean Nathan.

I am sorry for all who have to seek happiness outside of office hours. The

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blue bird should not require an expensive and elaborate equipment for his pursuit. Many people speak of the careless happiness of childhood, as though in our infancy happiness were chronic. It was not so with me. At that primitive period, my pleasures consisted of interruptions. The exceptional events were the things of joy. Saturday was the best day of the week, while Christmas, New Year, and the Fourth of July were delirious. Now, so far as I am concerned, I do not care a rap for these special occasions. I like to see children enjoy themselves, and it is pleasant to contribute to their enjoyment; but for my own part, I look forward to Christmas without a thrill. Does this mean that I have lost my happiness? On the contrary, it means that now every day is Christmas. Instead of looking forward to some special event to bring happiness, the only thing I ask is that there may be no interruption. If I can remain sufficiently healthy to work, that is all I require. Every day brings with it enough excitement in professional labor and relaxation in sport and social life, so that I ask nothing unusual—it is the usual thing that I fear to lose rather than the unusual thing I wish to grasp.

Gorki's view of life in Russia, as he knew it in his childhood, would seem to be exactly the opposite of what I have been endeavoring to describe as my chronic condition. In his autobiography he said that the ordinary daily existence of the average Russian was so unspeakably dull and hopeless that families were glad when their houses burned down, because it was something different. Even a disaster was a relief. Gorki never was a cheerful writer. The chief thing that impressed him at Coney Island was its intense gloom and the expression of hopelessness he saw on all the faces.

William T. Tilden, 2d, the champion lawn-tennis player of the world, is an author as well as an athlete. I am reading his new book, "Singles and Doubles." He is more careless in writing than in playing, for on page 26 he says that in 1909 McLoughlin was seventeen and on page 27 that he is now only thirty-three. Furthermore there are many typographical errors, due apparently to carelessness. For example: "That man is the greatest tennis genius that the world has ever known, Norman S. Brookes, of Australia." The slip brings to mind a story once told to me, with chuckle-accompaniment, by William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the United States. He said that he was once presented to an audience as follows: "We have with us to-day one whose name is a household word, one whose name is known to every man, woman, and child in these United States —William Henry Taft."

These surface-flecks should be removed in subsequent editions, which the book will certainly reach. Tilden is a player of genius, but he is also a Personality. He is a student of the game and of his opponent; the psychology of athletes interests him as much as their skill. His tennis treatise contains not only valuable hints, entertaining anecdotes of champions, and short dramatic histories of various matches, but an earnest plea that tennis in the secondary schools should be made a major sport. The reason why the supremacy in this game has passed from England to America is largely owing to the fact that it is not treated with respect in the English public schools; it does not begin to have the standing accorded to cricket and football, and is thought to be not sufficiently masculine for boys to play seriously. In our country it is popular in both schools and colleges; students love to watch football, but they love to play tennis. Now, if we can take the one additional step, and make it a recognized major sport, so that there will be in the eyes of youth as much glory in being a tennis champion as in being a half-back, two things will be accomplished: the Davis Cup will stay in America, and, what is more important, the health and strength of the average school and college student will be improved. For, as Mr. Tilden justly says, the games that receive among the young the highest plaudits are those that practically no one plays after leaving college. Men do not play football, nor row in shells, nor run around a track, nor, with few exceptions, play baseball; whereas tennis and golf can be and are played as long as one lives. If one becomes expert early, by beginning with the right method, one has a means of enjoyment and health that must be rated as a valuable asset.

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I am glad that Mr. Tilden pays a justly deserved tribute to Maurice McLoughlin, of California, the most beloved player who ever swung a racket. It was the appearance of this individual on the courts that changed not only the pace of the game but gave it its present prodigious popularity. As a mere spectator and player-for-the-fun-of-it, I am certain that McLoughlin not only revolutionized the sport but is mainly responsible for a revolution in the attitude of the public. He did more for tennis than any other man. Here is what Mr. Tilden says: "Mac appealed to the boy that is in all men. His merry smile, the happy toss of his head when he missed a shot, his never failing good nature under any circumstances, whether victory or defeat, made him the idol of all who saw him. In the brilliant game and gleaming personality of McLoughlin tennis found a missionary who carried the doctrine of the game to all classes. It is to him that America owes the change of tennis from a class game to one of national importance."

McLoughlin was popular not only because of his magnificent, reckless attack, (for his defence lay in his invincible attack), but because of the irresistible charm of the man. Every one who saw him loved him. He was an ideal sportsman. When he lost the championship in 1915 hundreds of spectators wept unrestrainedly. One heard the sobbing cry, "Maury is beaten!" Was there ever a stronger tribute to the personality of an athlete? And although, to the universal dismay of sport-lovers, McLoughlin lost his skill just when he should have been at his best, he has the satisfaction of knowing that his influence on the game is both fine and permanent.

There is only one person whom the crowd loves more than a good winner, and that is a good loser, whether the thing lost is the Presidency of the United States or a tennis championship. W. H. Taft and M. E. McLoughlin are universally beloved. All statesmen and athletes should endeavor to profit by their example. Nothing wearies the public more than a controversy after defeat.

I remember when the news came that Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons had been knocked out by Mr. James J. Jeffries. Hard upon this tidings came the statement of Mr. Fitzsimmons that before the match he had been drugged. This question was referred to the greatest fighter of all time, that mundane philosopher, John L. Sullivan. He meditated a moment and handed down the following decision: "I have advised Fitz to cut out the dope talk. It is of course possible that he had been doped, but it is my opinion that the cop he got on the jaw in the second round had something to do with his feelings."

Let me add that I never saw a prize-fight, and have no intention of seeing one. But professional fisticuffs do not shock me, and I see no reason for all the hurly-burly against them. Thousands of good people who are shocked because two athletes strike each other with fists uphold murder between nations as not only necessary, but holy. If I could swallow a camel, I would not strain at a gnat.

The all-but-universal interest in a prize-fight is a fact that we must recognize. It may be lamentable, but there is no good pretending it isn't so. It extends itself into unsuspected localities. Let me repeat here a true story I told in *The Nation* years ago. My father was an orthodox Baptist minister. He was a good man and is now with God. He had never mentioned the subject of prize-fighting and I was not aware that he took the slightest interest in it. When he was well over seventy, I was reading the news to him one day, and I read the head-line, "Corbett Whips Sullivan." I was about to pass on to matters of importance, when to my amazement he leaned forward and said earnestly: "Read it by rounds."

A man of some intellectual distinction told me a little while ago that he would rather be the champion prize-fighter than have any other honor. "Just think, how wonderful it must be to visit any city in the world and know that you can lick any man in the town!" He paused and added thoughtfully: "And to realize that they know it too."

The best book about prize-fighting is Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession." It is the best, not only because it is the best-written, but because there is no idealization, as in football stories. It is a profession, and an exceedingly practical one, where the financial rewards are

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high, and the physical danger not nearly so great as in many other callings.

In the April number I expressed my undying admiration for that American classic, "Casey at the Bat." I would have given the author's name, had I known it. I have been informed that the writer is Ernest L. Thayer, who was graduated from Harvard in 1885, and who now lives in Santa Barbara. The authentic version, which differs in some details from the one so thrillingly recited by De Wolf Hopper, was printed many years ago in the Worcester *Gazette*, with some interesting information. Mr. Thayer was Ivy Orator of the class of 1885 at Harvard, and was also president and editor-in-chief of *The Lampoon*. After graduation he was, for a time, on the staff of the San Francisco *Examiner*, in which newspaper the poem made its first appearance. It was copied widely, often with local names substituted. The mighty Kelley, when requested to make a speech, used to recite it, using his own name instead of that of Casey. In the first edition the poem was signed "Phin" and the name of the author was not discovered until he was living in Worcester, to which city he moved from San Francisco. Years ago, at a benefit at Wallack's Theatre, when two league teams were present, this poem was recited, with cyclonic effect. For many theatrical seasons De Wolf Hopper was forced to recite it between the acts of whatever comic opera he happened to be producing; audiences would yell "Casey" until he was compelled to declaim it. Now his voice will be heard in this poem to all eternity, for it is a victrola record. As for Ernest L. Thayer, he should have the satisfaction of knowing that his baseball ballad will outlast nearly every American work written at the same period.

With reference to my remark in the March number that "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Gulliver's Travels" are among the best books for children, the State librarian for Iowa asks me if I have tried these on any normal twentieth-century child. I have not. He has, and reports a signal failure. He proceeds to inquire if I myself have reread these books. I have, and enjoyed them. He has tried and failed. He adds: "These classics seem to have outgrown their usefulness as books for children, or for grown-ups, except as historically illustrating the spirit of the time in which Bunyan and Swift, separately, lived and wrote." Now whether we like any book or not is entirely a matter of personal taste; but I will say that if there are those who do not enjoy reading Bunyan and Swift, why, so much the worse for them. These two authors are not nearly so interesting historically as they are actually. They are classics, not because they illustrate their own period, but because they illustrate—both with amazing literary art—the fundamental and eternal traits in human nature. There are just as many Lilliputians and Yahoos in the world now as there were two hundred years ago, only no writer of to-day has Swift's genius in describing them, so he is still needed. "Gulliver's Travels" will be constantly up to date until the millennium is reached, and any one who thinks the millennium is at hand must be blind. As for "Pilgrim's Progress," I should like to recommend to political heresy-hunters, and to those who wish to kill or imprison men and women who express opinions contrary to their own, the trial scene in Vanity Fair.

I think it would be well if more twentieth-century children read the classics instead of the ephemeral stuff now arranged "to meet their needs," which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven. Harold Waldo, the California novelist, author of "Stash of the Marsh Country," writes me in reference to what I said of Cooper. During the Spanish War, when he was a little boy, he was trying to build a replica of an American battleship under the directions of a bigger boy, the self-constituted foreman. Waldo's father "had just brought home from Detroit a set of Cooper, and commanded his son to leave his tools and listen to the reading. My heart yearned toward the forgotten *Iowa*—but soon enough I was deep in the woods around Otsego with Tom Hutter and the ark—on the strange Glimmerglass, with Natty Bumppo, Hurry Harry, Chingachgook, Judith, and the rest! Heavens alive, what a spell of magic! The big boy reproached me severely next day for deserting him. . . . The result was that he borrowed 'Deerslayer' 'off me' and in a few days was

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pestering us for 'The Last of the Mohicans.' So it went, on down the list to 'The Pioneers' and 'The Prairie.' He was right on my father's and my heels, that boy!—and we got to be regular close friends once more in talking over those marvellous stories and heroes. He pardoned me my defection, and, accepting my lumber and other materials and the loan of the books, he called it square."

Waldo had a wise father. Possibly if more parents would share their literary adventures with their children, as they do actual ones like camping, the love of books might be acquired early and remain a refuge and a solace long after camping had ceased to be attractive.

The last touch in Waldo's letter is a true picture of the predatory nature of the bigger boy—the bigger beast toward the smaller—the stronger nation toward the weaker. When my brother was a child he was held up on his way to school, and his entire fortune—nine cents—taken away from him by a larger youth. The next day he encountered the same ruffian, and the big boy, with a look of outraged innocence, insisted that one of the pennies was counterfeit, and demanded a good one in exchange. He then called the whole thing square, and doubtless felt he had been magnanimous. To-day he is probably a statesman.

In these pages I praised the publishers of Augustus Thomas's autobiography for making it a light book, easy to hold. Just after reading my compliment Professor F. W. C. Meyer, of Rochester, received a German folio Bible printed in 1672, weighing twenty-five pounds, and the title-page bore this comforting legend, which I translate: "Now, however, through the grace of God, we have for the first time printed this book in comfortable and readable shape." The old Bible-readers were a hardy race.

The American poet, Benjamin R. C. Low, sends me the following interesting anecdote, dealing with one of the foremost men in America. "My grandmother, Mrs. A. A. Low, was spending some time in the south of France, near the coast. One day, while taking a walk by the water, she saw a young boy sketching the sea. She stopped to watch him, and at once saw that he had talent. She asked him why he did not use colors. He replied that he had none. She accordingly purchased a box of water-colors and presented them to the boy. That was the first set of colors used by John Singer Sargent."

The attack on the compulsory study of mathematics, which I launched in the February number, has brought me many exceedingly interesting letters, and I am pleased to see that the teachers of mathematics are those who most heartily approve of what I said. Perhaps this is no matter for wonder. It must be unpleasant to teach the subject to those who have no talent for it. In my own case, to teach me mathematics was like trying to collect a bill from a man who had no money, or like urging a paralytic to jump. The superintendent of schools in New Rochelle, Dr. Albert Leonard, writes as follows:

> I have read with hearty approval what you say in SCRIBNER'S for February about the serious harm that has been done by the wholly unjustified insistence upon mathematics as a part of a college course. You are entirely right in your contention that mathematics should not be required of all students. This is true of high-school no less than of college students. As a university dean for some years I know how large a share tradition has in determining our college courses of study. I have rejoiced that you have spoken so vigorously against a most serious defect in our college requirements. It is refreshing to find a university professor who has advanced so far toward the light as your SCRIBNER'S article shows you to have done.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy, formerly professor of mathematics at Dartmouth, later United States minister to Greece, to Persia, to Switzerland, to Spain, and all the time a distinguished American novelist, writes me his opinion, which I need not say, fills me with elation:

> As for many years the head of a College Department of mathematics, may I voice my approval of your views on the educational value of mathematics as expressed in the February SCRIBNER'S? Specifically: Beyond geometry and elementary algebra the further pursuit of mathematics by the general student is of little value, either disciplinary or practical. Geometry is and ought to be in the curriculum for *mental discipline*. In demonstrating a proposition of Euclid the mind is following tensely a slender logical thread with no extraneous help of symbols—a mis-step is easy and fatal and difficult to retrieve. It makes for close, exact thinking. But the geometrical method as a method of research has been superseded. As such, even in passing from the simple relations of the circle and triangle to

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the conic sections it becomes increasingly cumbersome, and beyond these it taxed even the genius of Newton.

In learning geometry for analysis, discipline vanishes. This language of analysis whose alphabet we begin to acquire in algebra is a wonderful organ of expression. It has enabled us to reach results for which no other language is adequate, but the college student who gets beyond this alphabet and elementary grammar, *i. e.*, who acquires this language in the sense of making it what it was designed to be, an *instrument of research*, is a rare case. For the average student it has only the value that the alphabet of any language has—and no more—and almost no disciplinary value whatever. Errors in geometrical reasoning are logical ones, corrected by hard *thinking*—in analysis they are largely *clerical*, corrected by the eye.

In short, geometry should be retained for mental discipline, and enough algebra to secure independence of mental arithmetic. Beyond that I would not go. Of course I am not speaking of the special student, nor am I disparaging my own subject. But further pursuit of the science for the average student is as futile as advanced musical instruction for the man without a musical ear. For the "gift" for mathematics is no less unique than that for music.

I had no idea that my denunciation of required mathematics would bring out letters from such authorities. When I was an undergraduate at Yale, I reviewed in the *Yale Literary Magazine* Arthur Hardy's novel, "The Wind of Destiny," which made a lasting impression on my mind. I remember yet how Jack went away with his wife's glove. Seventeen years later he published a sequel, "His Daughter First," which I reviewed in *The Independent*. His versatility as a writer may be inferred by the fact that his first publication was "Elements of Quarternions," 1881, and his latest, "No. 13, Rue du Bon Diable," 1917. I have always maintained that the study of mathematics pointed toward the evil one, and here is proof of it.

I also believe that original novelists and dramatists are, as a rule, good at mathematics, and have profited by the study of it. Look at Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, W. J. Locke, William McFee, and Arthur Hardy. I never wrote a novel or a play, and I suspect that one reason why I could not attain even mediocrity in either form is because of the vacuum in my brain where there should be the mathematical bump. I insist that the study of mathematics not only did me no benefit, but was positively injurious. It helped me no more than it would strengthen a boy's body to try every day to lift a safe.

I wish I could believe that the study of plane geometry helped my reasoning faculties. Alas, I don't know whether it might have or not. I only know it did not, for the simple reason that I learned the whole thing by heart and rattled it off like a parrot, without the remotest idea what it meant. And while I was always near the foot of the class in mathematics, I was at the head in pure logic, inductive reasoning, and in John Stuart Mill's "Principles of Logic," which we studied under one of the ablest men I ever knew, Frank Bigelow Tarbell.

To turn from mathematics to poetry, which is like turning from the Slough of Despond to the Delectable Mountains, I find the following new volumes of American verse especially worth reading: "The Jar of Dreams," by Lilla Cabot Perry; "Songs of Unrest," by Bernice Lesbia Kenyon; "The Tide Comes In," by Clement Wood; "Songs of Youth," by Mary Dixon Thayer, and "The Waggon and the Star," by Mary Sinton Leitch. Mrs. Perry is a relation of James Russell Lowell, and is a painter, her portrait of her friend William Dean Howells being the best likeness of him I ever saw. She has written much verse, a small fraction of which she consents to print. There are some fine poems in this new volume. Her husband, Thomas Sergeant Perry, whose name appears so often in the "Letters of William and Henry James," is one of the best literary scholars in America; he has talent for almost everything except publicity and self-advertisement.

Miss Kenyon's little book is her first; the poems are graceful, and the sonnets especially good. Miss Thayer's "Songs of Youth" signalizes her first appearance in verse, though she has published two books in prose. This is far superior to them. The spirit of youth, health, and spontaneous happiness inspires her work. It is as joyous as the first of May. Mary Sinton Leitch also makes her début as a poet. Her volume is well named, being full of fact and fancy. She has a decidedly original mind, as she ought to have, being the daughter of the classical scholar, Charlton T. Lewis, and the sister of the literary scholar and poet, Charlton Miner

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Lewis, whose death in March of this year was a distinct loss to letters. Clement Wood is, of course, one of our best-known American poets. I think "The Tide Comes In" is superior to anything he has previously published. It is full of arresting lines.

In addition to these single volumes of original verse, let me call attention to a popular work by that skilful anthologist, Mrs. Waldo Richards, called "High Tide," which, by the way, is the name of the town where Edwin Arlington Robinson was born, and with whose poetry the present anthology begins. It has had fourteen printings in America since 1916, and now the English edition appears. One hundred and twenty contemporary English and American poets are represented, the entire collection being confined to cheerful and inspiring verses. There is enough of the other kind to be found elsewhere; so Mrs. Richards hit upon the happy idea of putting forth a volume where all the poetry should be optimistic. Readers are, therefore, warned by me that they will in these pages have nothing of the undoubted comfort to be obtained through vicarious or imaginary suffering. All the poets are here in a happy mood.

To see Thomas Hardy in this joyous company is interesting; but our anthologist, who can extract honey from unpromising sources, prints Mr. Hardy's inspiring poem, "The Year's Awakening."

Shelley said, "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." I find myself forced to differ. Our sweetest songs are those written by the best poets, no matter what the subject may be. It is, as T. B. Aldrich proved, delightful to be a blighted being. Pessimism brings a comfort to the heart that no sunshine society can bestow. But granting the fact, I had rather read a cheerful poem written by a great artist than a depressing one written by a poetaster.

The death of Sarah Bernhardt on March 26 was felt in every town and village in Europe, North and South America, and Australia. She was the greatest actor I ever saw, and I have seen Salvini, Booth, Duse, Irving, Jefferson, Mansfield, Barrett, Possart, Kainz, Mounet-Sully, Féraudy, Coquelin, Guitry, and others. She was, however, at her best in purely theatrical pieces, just as Irving was better in melodrama like "The Lyons Mail" than in Shakespeare. I liked her more in Sardou than in Racine or Rostand. Never shall I forget her stunning performance of "La Tosca," in 1892. It was terrific and I came out of the theatre exhausted. It was a display of genius that excelled anything I saw before or since.

She came to New Haven in her private car in 1906. She was then over sixty, but she acted "La Dame aux Camélias" with great spirit. After the play I led a group of professors and undergraduates behind the scenes. I made a speech in horrible French, which amused her, but when I called her "la plus grande actrice de deux siècles," she looked pleased, and nodded in confirmation. Then I presented each man. She made no comment until she met Kenneth McKenzie, who is now head of the department of romance languages in the University of Illinois. "McKenzie! McKenzie!" she exclaimed in an irresistible accent, "quel drôle de nom!" Then I asked her if she would like to hear the Yale cheer, and she expressed a passionate desire for it. We surrounded her, and gave the "long cheer," while she stood in the centre and beat time, like an orchestra conductor. When she spoke to a member of the junior class, Chauncey McCormick, of Chicago, he replied to her in such beautiful French that she said: "Ah, what a nice boy. Your mother must have brought you up very well, you speak such excellent French." She was a great person, and the motto on her stationery exactly expressed her attitude toward life—*Quand même.*

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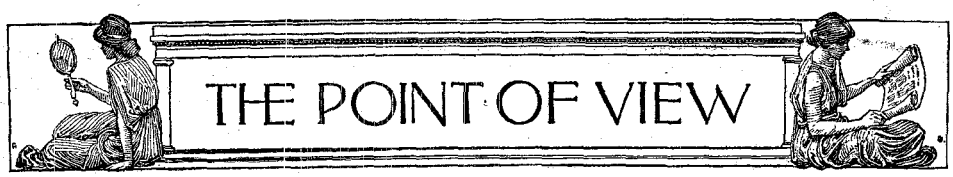

DO you lead a regular life? Do you know how to plan a schedule for your day? Those are the first questions they ask you in the advertisements of those depressing little books on "personal efficiency." In the Middle Ages men gave unlimited thought and care, spent all their substance, tried the most fantastic and improbable devices, for the purpose of saving their souls; now, with the same eager and pathetic energy, they labor for the purpose of saving their time. The same curious credulity, the same desire to believe which once sent them into convents and on long pilgrimages, leads men to-day into the offices of efficiency experts who guarantee to transform them in six weeks from earners of two thousand to earners of ten thousand dollars a year. And always the systems begin with talk about a scheduled life, the careful regulation of one's day so that events occur always at the same hours—horrid thought.

The Scheduled Life

The idea is not confined to efficiency experts, either. Everywhere we are pursued by the spirit of schedule making. Schools, especially boarding-schools, are ruthless in their attempts to stiffen the rising generation into set paths; doctors are always talking about schedules and regular régimes; railroads tie us to a horrible exactness; even otherwise kindly housewives insist on running their homes by the clock.

It is surely the height of bad logic to eat merely because it happens to be, say, seven-thirty. There are days when you are starved by six; there are others when you have no desire for food before nine. The hour has nothing to do with it. Of course, if you want to dine with other people you must effect a compromise of some sort; but to dine at an earlier hour than you wish to please your friend is infinitely more reasonable, and less monotonous, than to dine at an earlier hour than you wish to please the clock. The real difficulty, of course, is the cook. So many cooks are methodical by nature, so many more erstwhile charmingly temperamental ones are forced, by wrong-headed mistresses, into an unnatural regularity. The only perfectly incorruptible cook I know is a French *bonne* on her native soil. A dinner, even a morning cup of chocolate, is for her a work of art; and it is as futile to demand that she deliver it when the clock strikes eight as it would be to expect a painter to complete a masterpiece at a given hour. Of course, her method has its inconveniences, but they are more than compensated by the piquancy it adds to life.

Why should we try to make the daily round as dull as possible by taking out the small sporting element of irregularity? When you first venture into a foreign land, when you first endeavor to make yourself understood in an alien tongue, the small happenings of every-day life become thrilling events. Ordering a dinner is a perilous adventure; a morning's shopping a whole romance. Once you are thoroughly at home in the language the glamour fades. Just so if you insist on scheduling your daily life, on knowing always beforehand just what you are going to do at a given time, it becomes nothing but a deadening routine; but leave it to chance and the dictates of fancy, and it will surprise you with its excitement and charm. And after all isn't a charming, an exciting, an interesting life more to be desired than an efficient one? Living on schedule will, quite possibly, make your life efficient; but it will also, quite certainly, make it uninteresting. Also, though it may increase your salary, the schedule will inevitably bar your way to greatness. Can you think of any really great man who led a scheduled life; slept eight hours every night, breakfasted always punctually at seven-thirty, caught the eight to the city, lunched at twelve on a glass of milk and two sandwiches, and so on, and on, and on, and on? Generals, of necessity, lead irregular lives with meals and sleep at any hour at all, or not at all; yet when you talk of getting things done Cæsar and Napoleon bulk large in the history of mankind. Or consider the contemplative type of man. Simeon Stylites stayed for years on the top of a pillar but he saved himself by irregular meals; he got them only when his disciples felt inclined to climb up the ladder and

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hand him something. And certainly, if you have ever watched a robin with a nest full of fledglings, you know that the ravens did not feed Elijah at regular hours. Take artists: great artists of all kinds, painters, writers, musicians, are notoriously temperamental, which is the Philistine's word for being late to lunch. Businesslike modern authors, it is true, will tell you that they always sit at their desks from nine to one; but they will also tell you, if you press them, that on some days they write thousands of words and on others use only the x key on their typewriters. Where would the excitement be in golf or tennis if you were always on your game? Why, even the world isn't a perfect sphere; it is flattened on both ends, quite irregular; it is undoubtedly meant as a symbol.

Bicycles and Sundries

ON the outskirts of a small New England village stands a quaint establishment which is worth journeying to see—especially in these days of standardization, when all establishments, in the country and city, are pretty much alike, and when the racy individualism which once characterized New England is in such regrettable process of dying out.

It is popularly known as "the harness shop," and probably that is its title rôle, the function with which it began its career many decades ago. Its most conspicuous sign-board still advertises it as the purveyor of everything pertinent to horses. But underneath one of its wide low windows is a smaller sign which better expresses the scope of its present service: "Bicycles and Sundries." There is something haphazard and helpless about the oddly mated pair of words, as if the owner of the shop was himself put to it to state just what he had in stock, and the effect on the thoughtful passer-by is arresting and stimulating.

Once inside the wide low room which harmonizes with the windows, one sees no bicycles nor any space for a great range of sundries. A large and motherly old stove stands in the centre of the uneven floor and around it, winter and summer alike, some customers, actual or potential, are always loitering. Pieces of harness hang from the ceiling and against the walls, and there is a dusty smell of grain in the dimly lighted, rather heavy air. The place seems just what it primarily claims to be—a harness shop. But, as one moves toward the chair which he immediately desires to occupy in the welcoming spot, one is vaguely aware of having to steer his course carefully lest he hit something; and if one has time to linger an hour or so, he witnesses transactions the variety of which amazes and delights him. Department stores in the city think that they must have many counters and floors, elevators, sales men and women, floor-walkers, and what-not; but this little harness shop modestly and humorously knows how to cater to every human need without putting itself out at all.

Serenity is its watchword, and haste is anathema to it. The native customer understands this and, drifting in through the low portal, salutes the shopkeeper with a nod, and if he says anything at all, falls to discussing the weather. Nor does the shopkeeper rise from the bench where he is mending a bridle to ask what the customer wants. Perhaps he does not want anything. Perhaps he is not a customer but merely a friend dropping in for a chat. By and by however, casually, as if it did not matter, a request is proffered, say, for a dozen eggs.

"Eggs?" says the shopkeeper. "Eggs! Well, yes, I did have some, and I think they were over by the new calicoes. Let me see." He rises and hunts with a puzzled brow which clears presently. "Oh, here they are!" And, matter-of-fact as a conjurer, he stoops and begins to gather eggs from the otherwise empty coal-hod, not in the least to the surprise of the customer.

If, however, the next customer is a stranger to the valley, one of the "city people" in whom the beautiful region is beginning to abound, there is nothing casual about him and his surprise is frank.

"Good morning," he says, entering briskly with a light in his eyes which, to the initiated, indicates that he is putting some wager to the test, "I came in to see if I can buy a pair of trousers here."

"Sure!" Once more the shopkeeper lays aside his bridle and rises with the loose-jointed leisureliness peculiar to his class. There is a twinkle in his eye. Perhaps he also divines the wager. "You want a good pair, I suppose. Wool. Well, you wait a

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minute and I'll show you the best wool pants I've had in stock for a year."

He goes to a corner and, moving out of his way an oil-stove, a tea-cannister and a carpet-sweeper, opens a drawer and begins producing men's garments: coats, sweaters, trousers, socks. "There, you see! Ain't they beauties? Only $6.95."

Not many wagers are lost with such amusement and gratification as the man from the city displays, and presently he goes chuckling away with his wool pants under his arm.

A woman succeeds him, a "cottager," evidently in some doubt and a little apologetic.

"Good morning. I read your sign and I thought perhaps—you see, the cottage I've rented hasn't a dust-pan—but I don't suppose——"

"Why, certainly!" answers the shopkeeper. "I got a new line in a few days ago and I know just where to put my hand on them."

He goes to another corner and, with deliberation, begins taking down hams.

For a minute the woman watches him; then, more doubtful than ever, interrupts: "I think you must have misunderstood me. I said dust-pans, not hams."

The shopkeeper smiles. As if one could confuse such dissimilar words!

"Yes, I heard you all right," he explains with a tolerant patience; "but, you see, the dust-pans are behind the hams."

Everything is behind something else; in fact, to one who waits and observes, it appears that most things are behind many other things, the more incongruous the better. The shoes are behind the biscuit tins which, in turn, are behind the window screens; and the big cheese, when not in requisition, serves as a table for thimbles and scissors and a trowel or two. The ladies' hat trimmings are in the same drawer with the lamp-wicks and the garden seeds; and the breakfast cereals form a solid background for the alarm-clocks and hair tonics.

Everything is there somewhere, however, positively everything any customer might want; and, though the shopkeeper is sometimes transiently at a loss, he never has to reflect more than a second or two before he goes straight to the article required. His resourcefulness is famous. During the war, one of the villagers gave an afternoon tea, and to the surprise of her guests, sweetened their beverage with lumps instead of granulated sugar. "Lump sugar!" they cried with one voice. "Why, where in the world did you get it?" "At the harness shop," she replied as a matter of course.

And a whimsical smoker told me once that the fancy took him to refresh the memories of his college days by smoking a peculiar old-fashioned brand of tobacco no longer easily procurable. "By Jove! if I didn't find it in the harness shop! It took some hunting. For once, the shopkeeper was almost stumped. But, after scratching his head for a few minutes and poking around in two or three corners, he opened a drawer full of tack-hammers and fountain pens, soap-shakers, hair brushes, and knitting-needles, and there was my tobacco. I hadn't seen a box of it in fifteen years."

Nor are the triumphs of the harness shop always strictly practical. It has æsthetic surprises in store for those who challenge it. One summer one of the cottages bloomed softly out in new wall-paper which called forth admiring comments from all its visitors. "What lovely colors! What a distinguished design! Of course you got it in Boston or New York." "Indeed I didn't! I dare say I should have been silly enough to do just that if I'd known I was going to have to repaper before I came up. But when I found that the roof had leaked during the winter and something must be done in a hurry, I went to the harness shop and this was the first thing which came to light from behind a stack of wash-tubs and gramophones."

They say that the social practice of country-store congregating has decreased in the last decade or two, and has wholly lost its freshness and intimacy. The few loafers in the grocery stores of our village look self-conscious and uneasy. But in the harness shop the old custom flourishes with all its native spontaneity and assurance. During the winter evenings, the stove is surrounded by tilting chairs, and stories and tobacco juice flow genially. Games of cards are played and newspapers and magazines are read. It makes no pretensions, the harness shop, but it is a thoroughly invaluable institution, and sad would the valley be if modern methods ever crowded it out.

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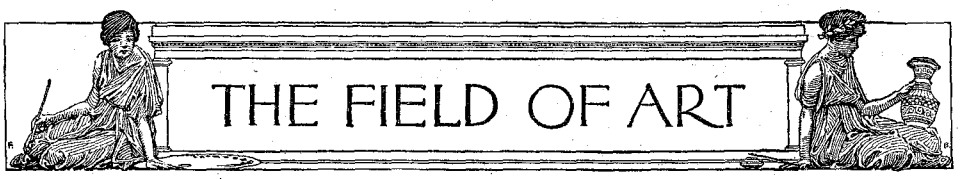

Charles Willson Peale

BY ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON
Author of "Heirlooms in Miniatures," "Life of Martha Washington," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PORTRAITS BY PEALE

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE was born in St. Paul's Parish, Queen Anne County, Maryland, in 1741. As the junior of John Singleton Copley by only four years and the senior of Gilbert Stuart and John Trumbull by fourteen or fifteen years, his place is unquestionably among our early American-born artists.

What we must ever admire in these early limners, quite aside from their genius, is their native enthusiasm, their persistency, their patience, and their faith in the ultimate triumph of art, at a period when it required no small amount of courage to adopt for their life-work a career that was looked upon by the greater number of their compatriots as an elegant accomplishment, the amusement of a leisure hour, rather than as a serious profession. The great impetus to American art was yet to come in the years succeeding the War of the Revolution, and in this movement Stuart and Peale were destined to play an important part and to be ranked among the leaders of their profession in America.

Mary Sterrett (Mrs. Richard Gittings of Baltimore).
Original owned by her great-grandson, D. Sterrett Gittings, of Baltimore.

Having early developed a talent for drawing and in his boyhood tried his hand at portraits and landscapes, Charles Willson Peale was not at liberty to devote himself to the profession of an artist until he had learned and practised several trades. The reduced circumstances of the family after the death of his father, who held a Free School near Chesterton, Maryland, made it necessary, as he said, that he and his brothers should exert themselves toward the support of their "Honored Mother." Frankly as young Peale wrote of the straitened circumstances of his family, he seems to have taken great pride in recording the fact that his grandfather, the Reverend Charles Peale, was heir entail to the Manor of Wotten in Oxfordshire, and that he could thus claim the right to a good English ancestry.

At the age of thirteen, Peale was apprenticed to one Nathan Waters, a saddler at

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Annapolis, and afterward followed this trade with the addition of those of coachmaker, silversmith, and watchmaker. To this early training in handcraft he doubtless owed something of his mechanical skill, as well as his remarkable dexterity in the use of his brush, for he was a rapid as well as an exceedingly accurate painter. At one time, while in Maryland, where he was painting portraits of six early governors of that State, he speaks of copying a portrait of Governor Paca in less than a day.

Mrs. Benjamin Rush.
Original owned by her great-grandsons, the Messrs. Biddle of Philadelphia.

For interesting details of the life and work of Peale we are indebted to a diary which was kept throughout his busy life, and later expanded into an autobiography. In this autobiography the artist, like Mr. Henry Adams, always spoke of himself in the third person; and, although he did not call this record his *Education*, like Mr. Adams, it well deserved the title, being the story of the self-education of a man of untiring industry and perseverance as well as of unquestionable genius.

While still working at his several trades, young Peale met John Hesselius, who was living and painting in Annapolis. Intent upon gaining instruction in art, he offered Hesselius one of his best saddles if he would allow him to see him paint a picture. The older artist accepted the offer, allowed Peale to watch him paint two portraits, and after painting one half of the face of a portrait, he left the other half for his pupil to finish.

Soon after this first essay in portrait-painting, Peale was so fortunate as to be in Boston, where he saw a number of Smybert's unfinished portraits, and was admitted to the studio of John Copley, then our most distinguished American artist. Copley showed a friendly interest in his young compatriot, or as he recorded "Mr. Copley treated him very civilly, and lent him a candle-light to copy." It was during this visit to Boston that Peale tried his hand at miniature painting, and like so many of the old masters he chose his own head for his subject. His first portrait is said to have been painted upon a board and with colors procured from a coach-painter, the subject a young lady whom he had seen in church. This lady, Miss Rachel Brewer, Peale fell in love with when he was seventeen; and, although she was very coy for some months, and turned a deaf ear to his proposals, as the artist tells us in his diary, she finally yielded to his persuasions, and the happy couple were married before the groom had reached his twenty-first year. Fortune seems to have favored these rash

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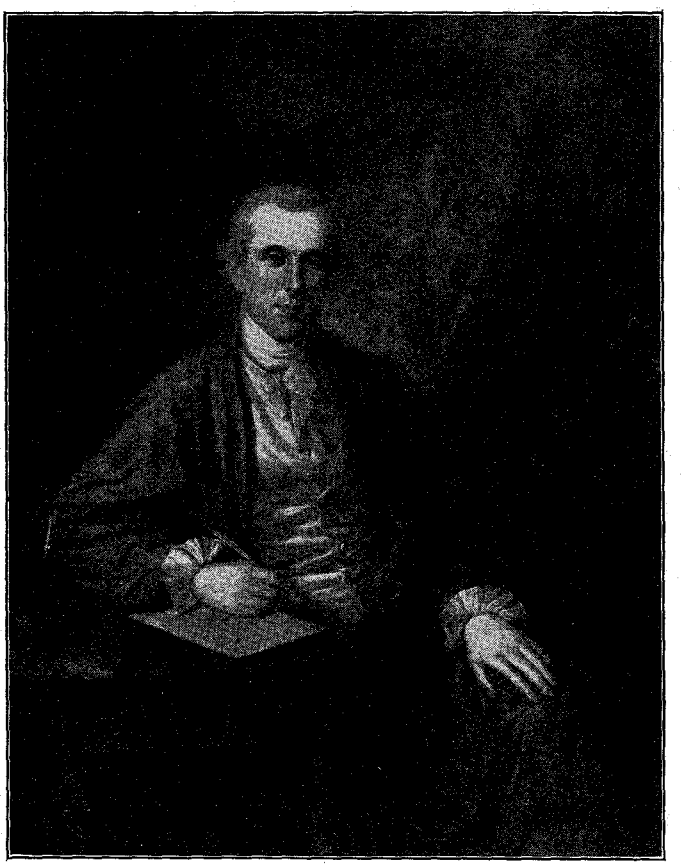
young people, as Mr. John Beale Bordley became interested in Peale's work, after seeing one of his portraits while in Annapolis attending the governor's council. This painting evidently made a decided impression upon Mr. Bordley as, after studying it carefully for some time, he said to his sister: "Something must and shall be done for Charles." He immediately sent for him, and after some conversation, asked him, "if he was willing to go to England to get improvement." This was readily agreed to, and Mr. Bordley drew up a paper which he headed generously. In addition to his own subscription this paper secured for his protégé a sum amounting to about eighty-three pounds sterling. Among those who contributed were Governor Sharpe, Charles Carroll, Daniel Dulaney, Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, and Benjamin Calvert.

Provided with what seems to us a very modest sum, and some letters of introduction, Peale set forth upon his voyage to the Old World. When he reached London he was warmly welcomed by Benjamin West, who not only gave his young compatriot instruction in his studio, but offered him a home in his own house. Some of the artists whom he befriended outstripped West in their chosen careers, but none could exceed him in hospitality, and envy of their success never seemed to have clouded his generous mind. While in London the ever-versatile Peale improved the shining hours by taking lessons in modelling in wax, in moulding, and in casting in plaster; in engraving, in mezzotint, and in miniature-painting.

Although tempting inducements were offered Mr. Peale to remain in England, he resolutely turned his face homeward to rejoin his young wife and children. The period of his greatest activity as a portrait-painter was doubtless in the years between his return to America and his entering the Continental army. It was during these years that he painted most of his Maryland portraits, as he wrote in 1774 that he had so many orders "in Baltimore town" that he rented part of a house where he and his family lived for two winters. It was at this time that he painted a charming portrait of Miss Mary Sterrett, afterward Mrs. Richard Gittings, one of Peale's most graceful compositions, in which, while doing full justice to the gentle refined beauty of his subject, the artist paid more than usual attention to her costume. The gown of soft grays and pinks, like a sunset cloud, blends in harmoniously with the out-of-door background



Dr. Benjamin Rush.
Original owned by his great-grandsons, the Messrs. Biddle of Philadelphia.

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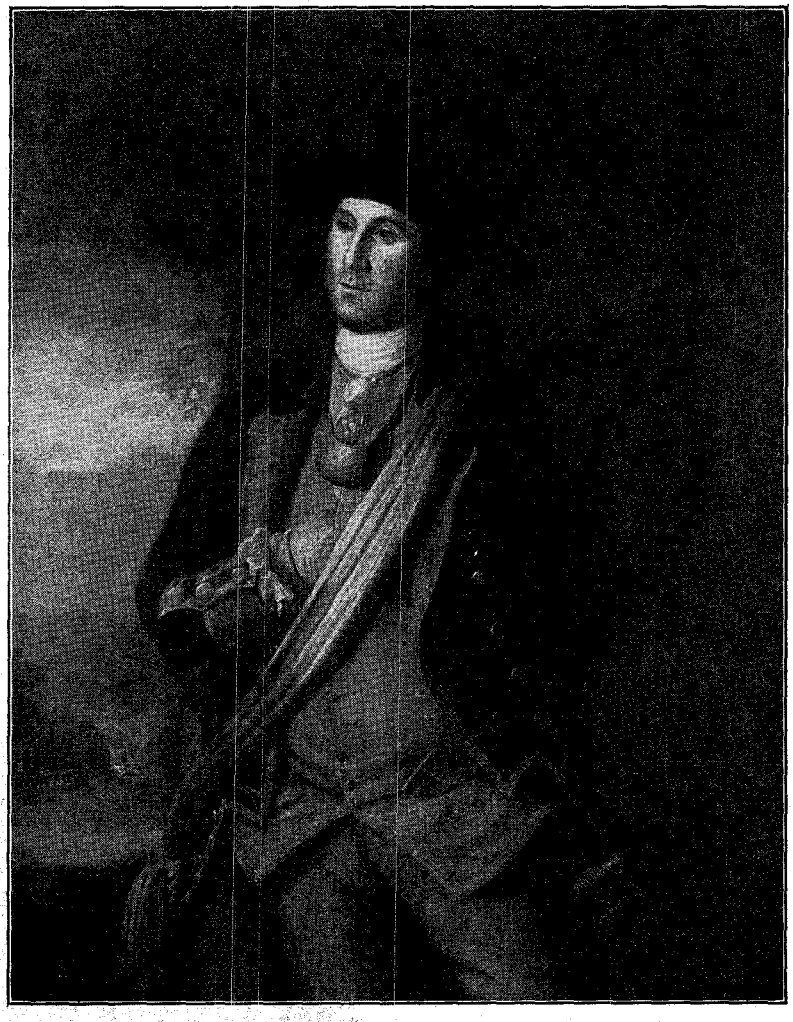

George Washington.
Colonel commanding Virginia colonial troops.

with its pale sky and delicately outlined foliage. Another of Peale's pictures of this period was of the children of Benjamin Stoddert, first secretary of the navy, and of Governor Thomas Johnson of Maryland and his family. One of the children in this group, Tom, married Charlotte, a daughter of John Hesselius, the artist, who figures in her mother's rhymed chronicle as "Charlotte who loves a craped head and is fond of a train."

Of these groups, called "Conversations," Peale seems to have been especially fond, as we find many of them among his paintings. That of General John Cadwalader and his wife, lovely Williamina Bond, and their child was painted after the artist's studio was removed to Philadelphia. Here also he painted portraits of Doctor and Mrs. Benjamin Rush, the latter a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and one of the most distinguished physicians of his time. Mrs. Rush, who appears in her portrait with a mandolin in her hands, was Julia Stockton, a sister of Richard Stockton, another signer, and one of Washington's devoted friends and adherents. The portrait is in Peale's best style and represents a lovely, high-born lady of the period. While still living in Maryland Mr. Peale was at Mount Vernon, in May, 1772, painting a portrait of Colonel Washington. This portrait reveals a youthful, almost boyish, face whose rounded outlines give little promise

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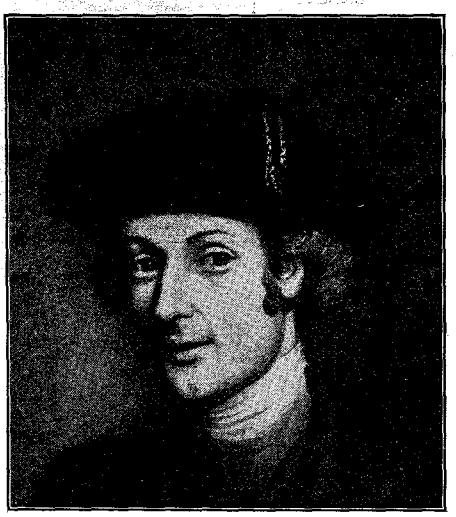
of the strongly marked countenance of later years, although there is a dignity and grace in the figure and bearing that seem always to have distinguished this man among men. The original full-length portrait is at Lexington, Virginia; and the study for the head and shoulders is owned by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, having been presented to that repository of many priceless relics, on February 29, 1892, by Mr. Charles Ogden of Philadelphia.

In the years that followed, while serving the cause of the Colonies in the Continental army, Peale painted a number of portraits of Washington, and of many of his officers. Thus, although he made a distinct sacrifice by giving up his profession to enter the army, while not engaged in active service he painted so industriously that he has left to future generations a valuable legacy of portraits of leading men of this period. Mr. Horace Wells Sellers, the great-grandson and biographer of the artist, says that Mr. Peale was wont to carry, with his camp luggage, small canvases (6 inches by 6 inches); and from studies of this size, and from his miniatures on ivory, he subsequently painted the larger portraits in his collection. One large portrait, painted at Valley Forge, is that of Washington wearing his military cocked hat. This portrait was painted on a piece of bed-ticking, no canvas being available. It was during the winter at Valley Forge that Peale painted his own portrait in the uniform of the Pennsylvania Militia. The charming face that looks out from this canvas reveals certain well-known characteristics of the artist: here is ideality, of course, some shrewdness, and so much sweetness that we can well understand why Peale endeared himself to all with whom he was associated.

Unfortunately, the artist wrote very little of his personal relations with Washington, of whom he naturally saw a great deal, as the General sat to him several times during the war. On one occasion, in 1777, they spent the afternoon together, on a hillside overlooking the Raritan in New Jersey, watching the distant operations of the enemy; but while Peale made a sketch in his diary to recall the view, which shows the General and himself in the foreground on a rock, he recorded nothing of their conversation except an invitation from Washington to dine with him on the following day.

When relieved from continuous military service, Mr. Peale again set up his easel in Philadelphia and painted in the large his full-length portrait of Washington, and replicas for other patrons belonging to this period. His full length of the French minister Gerard, ordered by Congress, was also an important commission and an excellent example of his work.

Although in the full activity of his chosen profession, Mr. Peale laid aside his brush before he had reached his sixtieth year, and devoted his energies to what he fondly hoped would become a national museum and portrait-gallery. This museum of natural objects was started in his own house at Third and Lombard Streets, and was afterward removed to the hall of the Philosophical Society, and later, about 1800, to the second floor of Independence Hall. In these busy years, this public-spirited citizen interested himself in the founding of an Academy of the Fine Arts. In writing to President Jefferson, June 13, 1805, he modestly stated: "Some gentlemen have met a few times at my house and planned the design of an academy for the encouragement of the Fine Arts in this city." A building was soon after erected on Chestnut Street above Tenth, and on March 28, 1807, Mr. Peale had the satisfaction of recording: "Our Academy of Fine Arts is ready to be opened." He contributed to many of its



Portrait of Charles Willson Peale painted by him about the time of his removal to Philadelphia and services during the Revolution.

Original painting owned by his great-grandson, Horace Wells Sellers of Philadelphia.

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annual exhibitions, and was a member of the board of managers until his death in 1827.

Although Mr. Peale had long since given over his miniature-painting to his brother James, and much of his portrait work to his children, artist-born and artist-named, he resumed his brush, at an advanced age, and did some excellent work. His portrait of the learned Quaker lady, Mrs. Deborah Logan of Stenton, was painted when he was in his eighty-second year; and so great was his activity at this time, and even later, that he thought nothing of a stroll from Philadelphia to Stenton, a long walk for a man over eighty, although young John Smith of Burlington walked these five or six miles many times when courting Hannah Logan.

Mrs. George Logan (Deborah Norris).

The last years of Charles Willson Peale were spent at Belfield, a charming country-seat then on the outskirts of Germantown. Here he built a number of summer-houses, or pavilions, on whose sides he placed various inscriptions such as:

"Labour while you are able, it will give health to the body, and peaceful content to the mind!"

Some of these quaint and instructive inscriptions are still to be seen at Belfield, which has been in possession of the Wister family for several generations, whose members have carefully preserved what Mr. Peale was wont to call his "Mementoes, conveniently placed," as he said, "to remind him of his duties."

It is interesting to know that the talent for painting in the Peale family has persisted through several generations. James Peale, who was taught by his brother Charles, painted miniatures so beautifully that they are sometimes mistaken for those of Malbone; his daughter Anna C. Peale also painted excellent miniatures. Rembrandt Peale inherited much of his father's ability; and even if his portraits lack the strength and virility of the work of the elder Peale, they certainly possess a charm and grace all their own. Raphaelle and Titian Peale both painted, the latter was also a naturalist of no mean order; Franklin Peale, born in his father's rooms in the American Philosophical Society, and named by the assembled philosophers after the great Franklin, distinguished himself as a scientist and mechanic. Regarded as a whole, no family in America has done more to enrich its native land in art, science, and mechanics than that of Charles Willson Peale, himself mechanician, scientist, soldier, and patriot, as well as a distinguished artist; of whom Mr. Custis of Arlington, the adopted son of General Washington, wrote: "Honor to the memory of the Soldier artist, who hung up his palette in the Spring, girded on the sword, and fought a campaign in the War of Independence—then resumed his palette and painted the portraits of the general officers, and without whose artistic labors we should not have had the likeness of the illustrious soldier (Greene) who was only second to him who was first of all."

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 13.

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